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November 13, 1937

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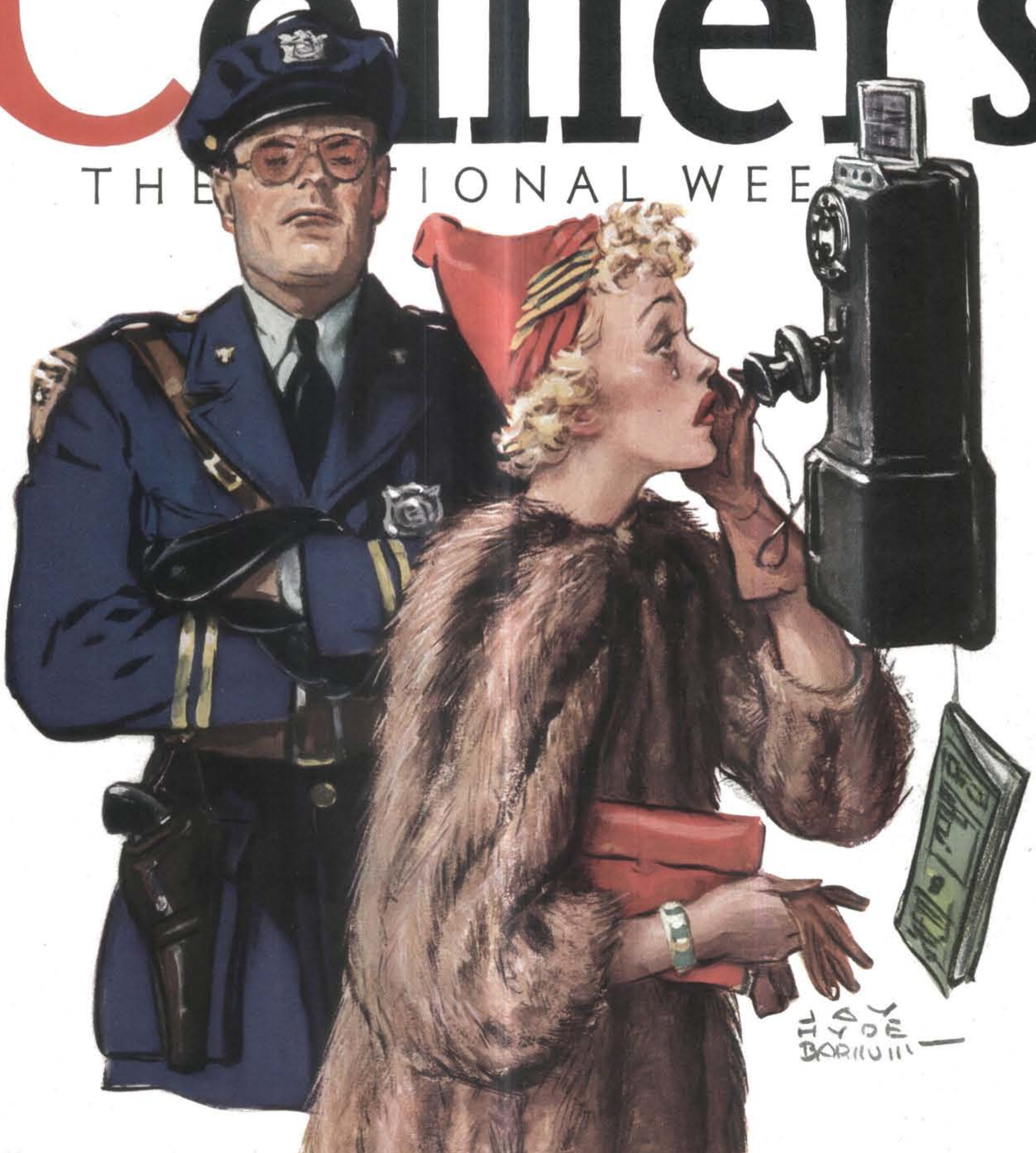
Collier's

THE TIONAL WEE



SAX ROHMER

W. B. COURTNEY

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

WALT

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KAAS
D37
DOLORES FRY
2220 HOLMES
GPO
KANSAS CITY
MO

ov. 13, 1937

A HIGHBALL AT NIGHTFALL

AH, to relax at nightfall over a whiskey-and-soda!

A drink with sparkle and zest and tang—a drink to be sipped slowly . . . so that the enjoyment of it may be prolonged!

But be mighty careful, in making *your* highball, to use a whiskey worthy of this congenial drink—a whiskey that *holds* its flavor, as you sip it, to the very end.

In short—make your highball with Four Roses! For Four Roses gives *life* to a whiskey-and-soda. Four Roses *holds* its delicate aroma and forthright flavor down to the last drop!

That's easy to understand. For while Four Roses is *all whiskey*, it's not just *one* fine straight whiskey —it's a glorious combination of *several* selected American straight whiskies. Several whiskies, so blended together, that they unite their noblest qualities in *one* illustrious whiskey—a whiskey greater than any one of them alone could ever be!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

We Believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey, regardless of age or price

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, also make Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper brand, Mattingly & Moore —all blends of straight whiskies, 90 proof.

Four Roses
A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT WHISKIES

EXPOSURE?

GARGLE LISTERINE

When a person coughs or sneezes on you, the air carries bacteria and deposits them in your nose and throat. Prompt action with Listerine, which kills germs, may avert an oncoming cold.

DRAFTS?

GARGLE LISTERINE

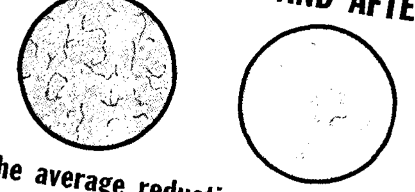
Like wet feet, drafts are dangerous because they chill the body unequally, weakening its resistance to germs. Avoid all drafts, and when you have been in one, gargle Listerine.

CHILLED?

GARGLE LISTERINE

Late-season football games are usually followed by severe colds, health reports show. After attending one, it's a good idea to gargle Listerine when you reach home.

BEFORE GARGLING AND AFTER



The average reduction was 96.7%

The graphs show test results as to the relative number of disease germs before gargling Listerine Antiseptic, and 15 minutes after. The average reduction was 96.7%.

Listerine kills germs associated with colds and sore throat

Tests During 7 Years' Research Show Cold Prevention Results That Amaze Even Medical Men

No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine advances. Listerine offers you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or *no colds at all*. It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day *had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users*. More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the *dreaded danger zone of the chest* less frequently than colds of non-users.

Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages?

Here is why: Listerine treats colds for what they really are—acute local infections. And the quickest way to combat local infections, as any doctor will tell you, is to kill the germs involved in them. That is exactly what the Listerine gargle does.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenza and streptococcus germs. These "secondary invaders" are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. *They must be held under control.*

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

Tested and Approved ★ 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

HELLO, DRUG STORE? I'VE A TERRIBLE COUGH. WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND TO RELIEVE IT?
I'LL SEND A PACKAGE OF LISTERINE COUGH DROPS RIGHT AWAY. THEY'RE GREAT!

GET THE DROP ON THAT COUGH WITH THIS QUICK ACTING COUGH DROP

LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS
Medicated ★ Soothing

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

November 13, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

SHIRLEY learned, when she was a kid, how to get things for nothing. She got the technique by watching Cora, her mother. She could wheedle cigarettes, shoes, cash, hats, orchids, bids to the country, tickets, from anybody. Cora was trying to catch a man and meanwhile was keeping Shirley out of sight.

Finally Shirley rebelled. She wanted a man for herself; it didn't much matter who. So she stole one from Cora. In "The Moocher," Mildred Cram shows you the dramatic moment at which she discovered she didn't want something for nothing.

WHAT'S moral turpitude? The question is important because by juggling with those words a host of alien criminals remain comfortably in this country while honest aliens get all tangled up in the law. George Creel gives you some conspicuous examples of men who should be sent "Back Where They Came From."

IF YOU gave Chet Frazee a top hat and tails and put him in front of a movie camera, you could be sure of a nonchalant and dizzy performance. The trouble was that Chet's family behaved off the screen the way Chet did on it. It made Chet long for quiet, for something "Simple and Dignified." The girl in the carefully darned bathing suit seemed to be the answer to his prayers. But she had a family, too. The story is by Frederic Mertz.

IT USED to be that when you talked about an anesthetic you meant ether. Now there's a whole slew of new ones, general anesthetics and local anesthetics—a different one for practically every purpose. Hannah Lees explains their good and bad points in "Knockout Drops—New Style."

THE story of Ting-san, the ricksha runner, and his romance with Ah-mi, who worked on a road gang, is told by Naomi Lane Babson in "The Gods Smile."

TO a simple fox-hunting man like Stanley Warburton, girls were puzzling creatures, a lot more complicated than horses. More changeable, too. That's why Stanley wasn't surprised but only hurt when Phyllis decided to ride in the team race with a hedge-hopping bounder named Taggart. "Take a Chance," by Edward Shenton, tells what happened.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, Richard L. Neuberger, Ernest Haycox, Henry F. Pringle, George F. Worts, Freling Foster, W. B. Courtney and others contribute handsomely. Watch for them.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

MARGARET CRAVEN
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●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Of all things. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Wealth is What You Make It. Page 86

COVER JAY HYDE BARNUM

Any Week

A TRIFLE irate is Mrs. Helen Hough Wilson of Newton, Iowa. She demands "a law that all children showing symptoms of hay fever be exterminated at once, hence doing away with adults having it. Also, no more marriages in the spring only to find that one has married a sneezing, blowing, red-eyed mate. Or has something been done about this by Mr. Roosevelt? I know I've missed a few of the latest laws, being pretty busy in the house."

THE fury of Mr. E. P. Loressy of Green Bay, Wisconsin, was well-nigh uncontrollable when he saw the photograph at the top of Page 14, of our issue for October second. "Damn," wrote Mr. Loressy. "Don't you dare call those tin hats in that picture Bluejackets. Those things are Marines, seagoing cops, floating dicks, salt-water bouncers. I used to be one. Don't you know that Bluejackets just cart them around as very necessary evils?"

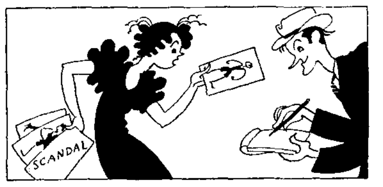
ANOTHER protest arrives from Miss Ruth Ingalls of Lexington, Massachusetts. Not long ago we published a cartoon captioned "Who's been dropping hot pennies on Indiana?" The picture is of a co-pilot of an airplane, the receiving end of the radio to his ear, looking severely at the passengers. Miss Ingalls was in Indianapolis at the time and, feeling a bit frustrated by the joke, she made inquiry of a large number of Hoosiers. Says she: "Fifty-seven saw nothing funny. Fifteen men said it was some kind of an attack upon the state of Indiana and they resented it. Thirteen women said they thought it must have been something one of the passengers said. One man laughed heartily but when I asked him to explain he got mad."

MR. LEO D. SEERA of Memphis, Tennessee, has not yet decided upon the office he will seek, but he has a charming platform. "It's simple," says Mr. Seera; "anybody can understand it. The trouble with Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Uncle Mose Townsend and the rest of them was that they promised entirely too much. All that I'm asking is a law exempting everybody who earns less than $3,500 a year from all forms of taxation, including the sales tax. Maybe I'll run for President."

WE have read Mrs. Olive Yeager's letter several times. And now we give up. From Los Angeles, California, she demands to know "why other magazines do not print all the things you publish. If," she goes on, "all these things are true, like funny-looking members of Congress, unnecessary taxes, selfishness and racketeering, why don't I read the same facts elsewhere?"

MRS. YEAGER'S questions give us the uncomfortable feeling of being on a spot. Our famous modesty forbids coming right out with the truth. No one hates to flaunt superiority as much as we do. The only thing we can think of is to tell you what Mr. Tom Neely of Greeley, Colorado, overheard not long ago when a number of Rocky Mountain statesmen were discussing a pretty scheme to pick the government's pocket of seven million dollars. Says Mr. Neely: "The meeting broke up when one of them said: 'Well, we better get going before someone notifies Collier's.' "

"I HAVE been reading you for twenty-two years," says Mrs. M. Nordbein of Duluth, Minnesota. "I have been noticing that you have no fear of exposing public scandals and troubles. Do you ever touch scandals and troubles which are not public ones in a way and at the same time *are,* in a way, everybody in this city knowing to what I refer? If so, I will be glad to see your representative. I have pictures of all the parties involved in this business, some in bathing suits."



BUT we don't go in for private disorders. And it is not because we fear that someone will rip the cover off our own private lives either. Personally we're so blameless in that way that some people think we're pretty uninteresting. Therefore we're in no position to answer Mr. Toll McCollomb of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. "Divorce," says Mr. McCollomb, "is a Bible abomination. No man who is divorced from his wife is fit to raise his voice or any woman either. I have been informed that there are men now in public office who are divorced men and women, too. Give us the list and we the people will attend to them."

SOMETHING tells us to be careful.

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Quick Picture Story of 1938 Plymouth

YOU MUST SEE IT! NEW LUXURY—SMOOTHNESS—AND EASE OF HANDLING! TEST ITS NEW COMFORT FEATURES! GET FACTS ON ITS AMAZING ECONOMY!

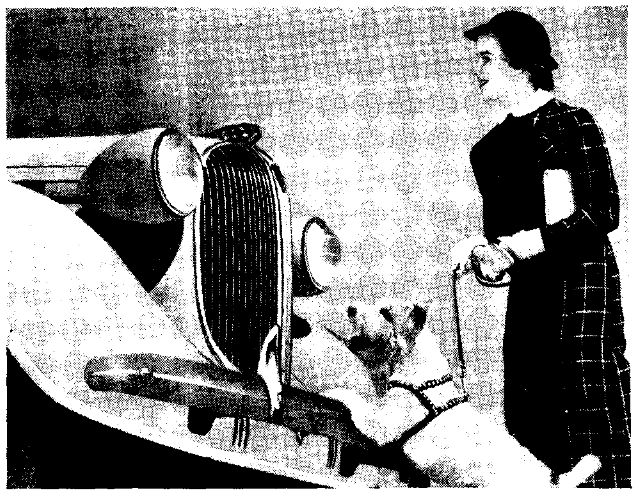
A GREAT RECORD

It's here today...the new 1938 Plymouth ...climax to 10 years of great cars!

The first Plymouth was built in 1928. *Within three years,* one out of every twelve low-priced cars was a Plymouth. In seven years, *it was one out of every four!*

Today, *millions* make Plymouth their first choice in the low-price field. And today the new 1938 Plymouth is here. See it!

PLYMOUTH'S LOW PRICE. Look at these pictures of the great new Plymouth, and remember...it's *still priced with the lowest.* The Commercial Credit Company offers easy terms through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Tune in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thurs., 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.



1 **Look at the Gleaming New Front End** of the beautiful, new 1938 Plymouth! Headlights are bigger; the hood is long and sleek. The whole car looks more distinctive—smarter!

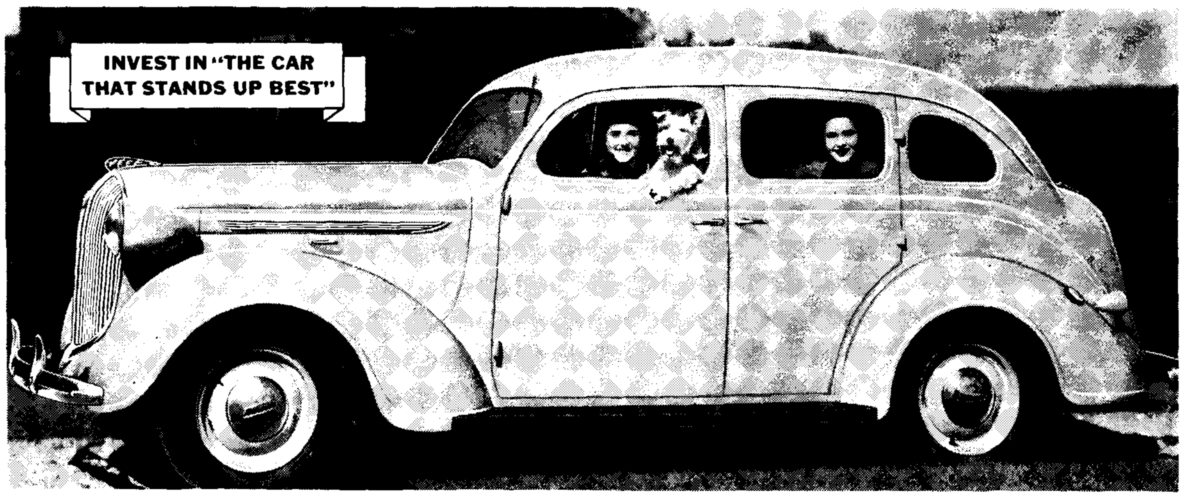
2 **The Lady Is Holding** the new hand-brake. It's under the panel—easy to reach. Plymouth's steering is easier!

3 **She's Saying There's Loads of Room.** Seats are wide and deep. Head room and leg room are something to marvel at! Door-pillars and the entire body are *all steel*...welded into one solid unit.

4 **The Lady Can Hear** her watch ...because Plymouth is soundproofed like a radio studio.

5 **She Relaxes**... and admires the lovely new upholstery he's pointing out. Big airplane-type shock-absorbers and rubber body mountings block out nerve-racking jolts and road vibration.

6 **Lift the Hood**...look at that 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine. It saves you money. Plymouth is the most economical of "All Three" low-priced cars; *"stands up best!"*



7 **There's Fresh New Beauty in this 1938 Plymouth—** And with it you get the protection of Plymouth's famed hydraulic brakes...still smoother performance made possible by further improved Floating Power engine mountings. It's a big car...and an economical car. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

See the 1938 Plymouth

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
VISITS THE FLEET AT SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA
WELL, IF IT ISN'T JUDGE ROBBINS AND CHUBBINS. COME ABOARD. I GOT YOUR TELEGRAM
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, COMMANDER
WHAT'S ALL THE WIG-WAGGING ABOUT?
THE OTHER SHIPS ARE SIGNALING A WELCOME TO JUDGE ROBBINS
OH, DADDY, AREN'T YOU THRILLED?
THIS IS ONE OF OUR NEW FAST-ACTION ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
YOU CERTAINLY KEEP 'EM SPIC AND SPAN
THIS IS THE NAVIGATING BRIDGE, JUDGE. 31,000 TONS OF FIGHTING STEEL CAN BE CONTROLLED FROM THIS SPOT
GOOD GRIEF-WHERE'S MY PRINCE ALBERT?
ER-I'M SORRY SIR, OUR LITTLE MASCOT, JOCKO, TOOK IT. HERE YOU ARE SIR
EEE-K!
-AND THE FUNNY PART IS I NEVER FELT A THING WHEN THE MONKEY TOOK MY PRINCE ALBERT
I GUESS JOCKO TOOK YOUR PRINCE ALBERT TIN BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT MOST OF US ABOARD SMOKE P.A. IT'S OUR CHOICE FOR MILD, MELLOW, NO-BITE PIPE-SMOKING!

ELECTED BY THE LEADING GROUPS OF PIPE-SMOKERS-P.A. SUITS ALL 3
BEGINNERS! OUR VOTES GO TO PRINCE ALBERT BECAUSE WE WANT MILD SMOKING. P.A. IS NO-BITE PROCESSED
REGULARS! WE'RE SOLIDLY BEHIND PRINCE ALBERT. IT HAS THE FULL RICH TASTE WE WANT, WITHOUT HARSHNESS
OCCASIONAL! WE CAST OUR BALLOTS FOR P.A. ITS SMOOTH, MELLOW-SMOKING CRIMP CUT PUT OUR PIPES ON STEADY DUTY
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
NG BURNING PIPE AND
IGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

SO MILD

TRY PRINCE ALBERT "ON THE HOUSE"

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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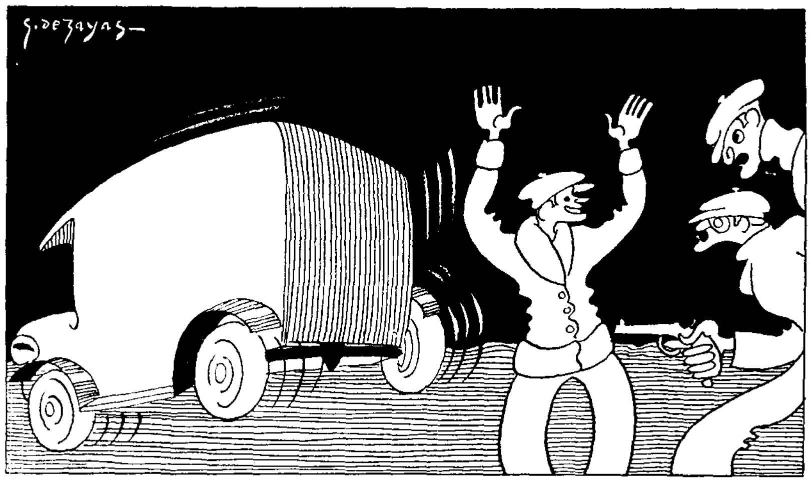
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Hundreds of trucks in this country now are equipped with a "burglar alarm" which, when robbery is attempted, automatically cuts the ignition and turns on a siren that can be heard for several miles. Even in a holdup, the driver does nothing to start the alarm. A few seconds after he stops, raises his hands and steps to the ground, it sets itself going.

Many housewives have been burned while cleaning garments in gasoline by rubbing the textile too briskly. This brisk rubbing generated a spark of static electricity, which ignited the gasoline vapor. In one such case, a woman was burned to death while cleaning a silk dress in the open air.

The waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific do not meet in the Panama Canal because about 35 of its 50 statute miles—between the Gatun Locks and the Miraflores Locks—is about 87 feet above sea level and filled with fresh lake water.—*By Parker D. Dix, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Between 1793 and 1827 in Connecticut's first state prison in Wethersfield, inmates slept in an abandoned copper mine, worked in heavy iron collars hung by chains from the ceiling of the smithy and boiled their meat in the same water they had used to cool the iron at the forges.

When American postage stamps first came into use, postmasters often cut a two-cent stamp in half when they needed two ones, or a ten-cent stamp when they needed two fives. Today some of these bisected stamps are fifty times as valuable as whole ones of the same issue.

In the tropics, the weathering of some rocks occurs to such an extent that even those whose normal hardness is comparable to granite often become so soft—to depths of hundreds of feet—that they can be dug with a spade.

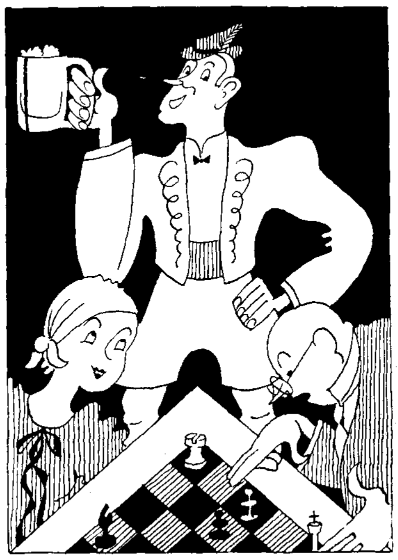
Central Park in New York City, although only two and a half miles long by about one-half mile wide, with its improvements, is appraised at $637,000,000, or $755,635 an acre.

The most destructive hailstorm that ever struck an American city occurred in Dallas, Texas, on May 8, 1926. Lasting only fifteen minutes, it did more than $2,000,000 worth of damage to property. In several cases, the hailstones, some as large as baseballs, punctured the steel hoods of motorcars.

During the past two hundred years, the ships of the British Navy have surveyed and charted approximately 100,000,000 square miles of the oceans and open seas, or about three quarters of the salt-water area of the earth.

The fighting crickets of China often have individual trainers who make them strong and pugnacious, through special diets, before their matches. An insect that wins a number of these battles-to-the-death is awarded the title of Grand Marshal, and his name is recorded in the historical records of the sport.

Everyone in Strobeck, Germany, a village of 1,500 peasants, plays chess several times a day, like many generations of their ancestors before them. Girls marrying outside of Strobeck are required to play a game with the magistrate to prove their ability to uphold the reputation of the village.—*By Josephine Allen, New York City.*



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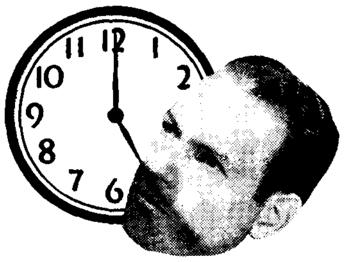
You shave again or.. I don't go!

GEM
MICROMATIC
BLADES
SINGLEDGE
GEM
MICROMATIC
BLADES
DOUBLEDGE

DON'T LET "5 O'clock Shadow" SPOIL YOUR EVENING...AND HERS



Avoid "5 O'clock Shadow"—that premature beard growth which crops up at 5 P. M. because inefficient shaving instruments have merely "topped" your beard.

Stay clean with Gem! Gem keeps your face neat to the end of the longest day... because Gem is scientifically designed to shave you *clean* at the dermal line! No other razor has Gem's face-fitting bevel, which compels you to use the long, gliding stroke of the master barber. No other razor has dual-alignment which locks the blade rigid at 5 points! No other razor uses the fine Gem Micromatic Blade—stropped 4840 times to a super-keen, longer-lasting edge!

End "5 O'clock Shadow" today! Get a Gem Razor and 5 Gem Blades from your dealer for $1.00. Or send coupon below and 25¢ for special convincing "PROOF" offer!

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

For perfect shaves—use a Gem in a Gem!

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept.C47, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME ______

STREET ______

CITY ______ STATE ______

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

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DO YOU WANT THE RIGHT ANSWER *right now?*

PICK UP your telephone and ask for Long Distance. The whole world of business is at the other end. In approximately a minute and a half (average) you can talk to any one anywhere in the country.

The accelerating pace of business makes minutes more valuable, puts a premium on quick, correct information. Will the buyer be in when you reach Chicago? Can the factory fill from stock or start production? When will the shipment arrive?

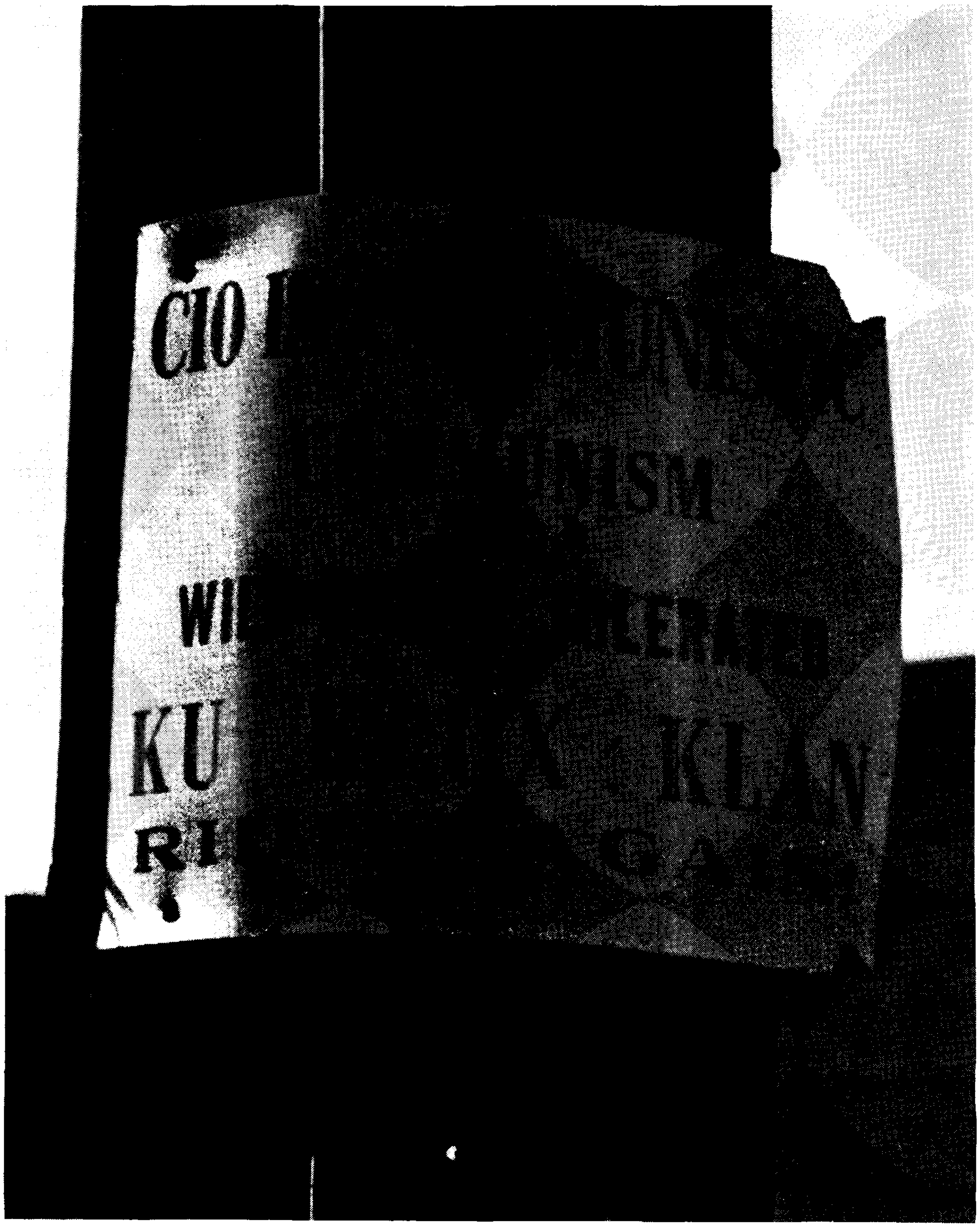
Get the facts, discuss details, make decisions, and be free for other affairs. It *pays*. Try it!

Collier's The National Weekly for November 13, 1937

ALL WORK and NO PAY

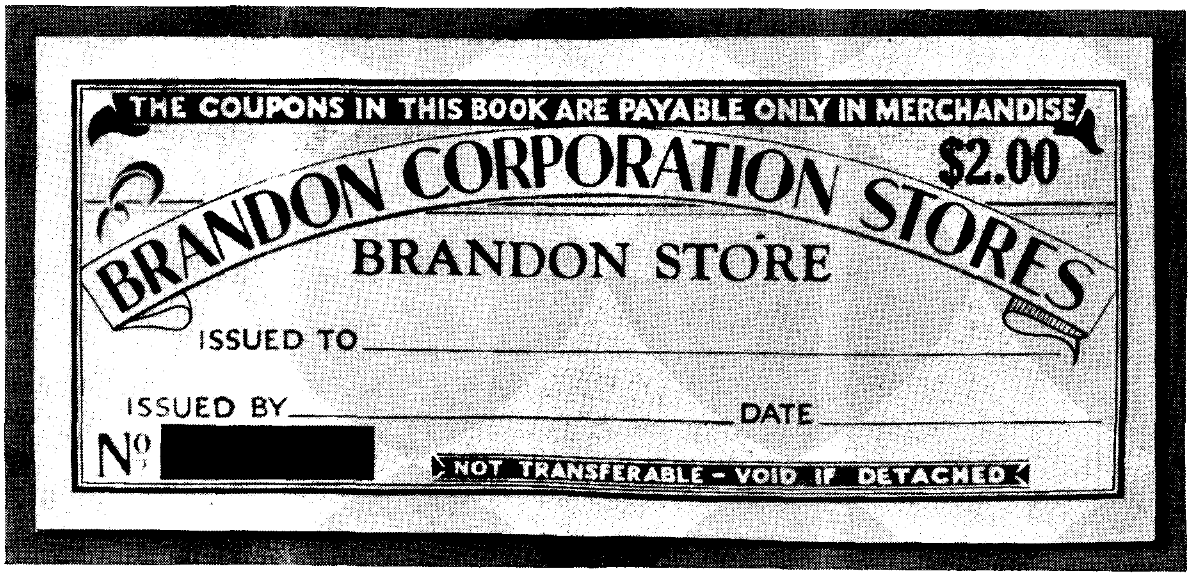
By Walter Davenport

A weekly pay envelope marked $0.00 might discourage some people. It might even make them consider quitting work. In certain textile mills in the South there are men and women who have been getting pay envelopes like that for years. And they can't quit. They're in debt and they're not going to get out. Mr. Davenport takes you to see the peonage system as practiced in the United States of America today



The Ku Klux Klan takes a hand in the fight to organize the millworkers of the South. This poster and the one on the next page were displayed as warning to workers in the Greenville-Spartanburg textile center in South Carolina

Below, one of the merchandise coupon books issued to textile workers for use at the company store of the mill that employs them. Used in lieu of cash, their cost is deducted from wages, making it necessary to trade at the mill's store



THE COUPONS IN THIS BOOK ARE PAYABLE ONLY IN MERCHANDISE

BRANDON CORPORATION STORES $2.00

BRANDON STORE

ISSUED TO ____________

ISSUED BY ____________ DATE ____________

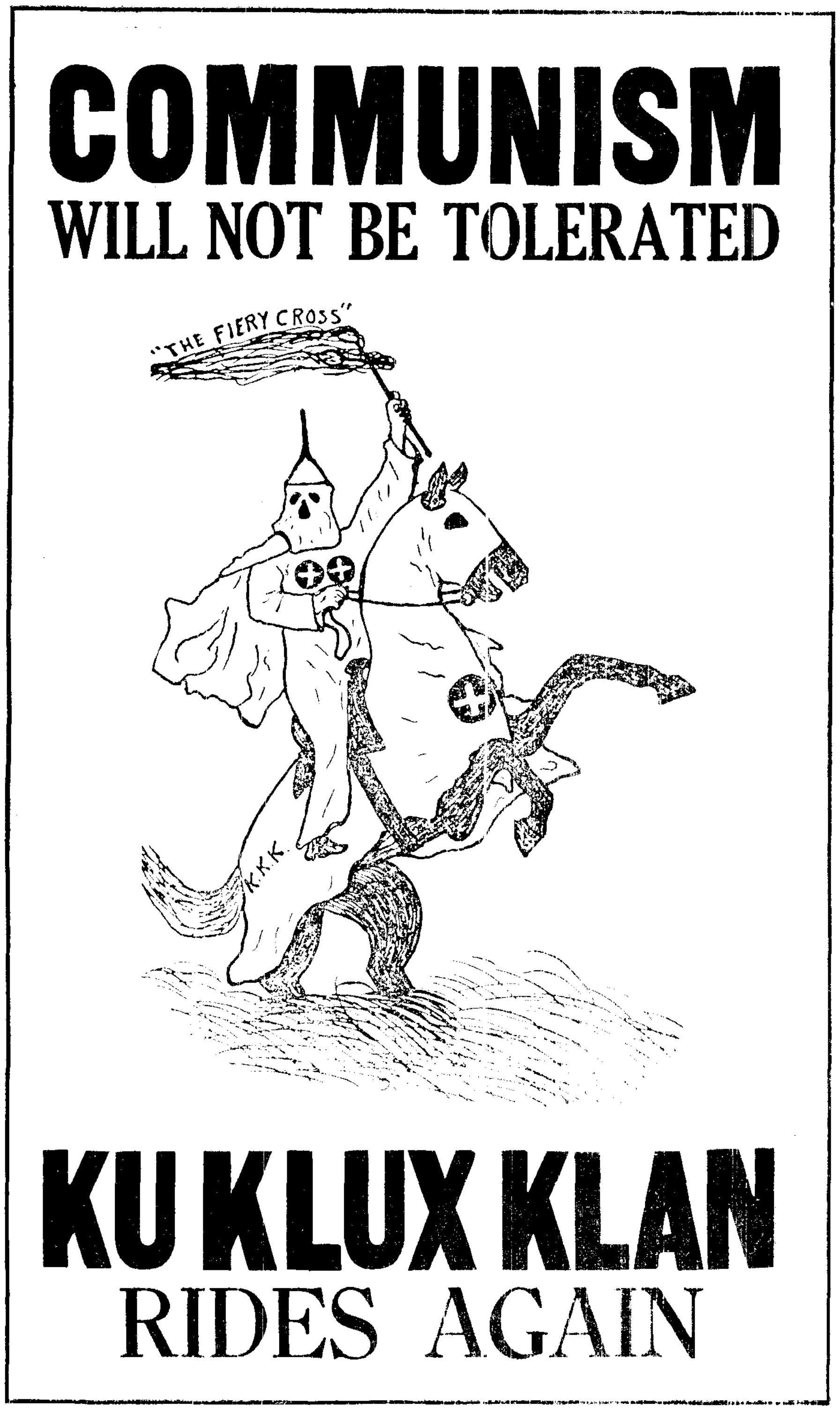
Nº [redacted]

NOT TRANSFERABLE - VOID IF DETACHED

AFTER reading the letter twice, Mr. Linger handed it to his wife. "There's something important missing from that letter," said he in his own way. "As long as you're staying home today, see if you can study out what it is."

Mrs. Linger, her relaxed bulk at ease in a hickory rocker, her lower lip comfortably dipped with snuff, was not at work because she was feeling low-choppin'—that is, her back was ailing. Moreover, she hadn't slept well. During the night the Ku Klux Klan had stopped in front of the house intending to tack a warning placard on the door. It was a notice that the reviving Klan was opposed to Communism, that the Textile Workers Organizing Committee of the C.I.O. was communistic, and that the Klan in its patriotic fervor was going to rid Dixie of all such un-American activities—particularly the C.I.O. Mr. Linger was a hill-hollerin' member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, a C.I.O. affiliate. Furthermore, he was a membership hustler for the T.W.O.C. So the Klan proposed to warn him.

But when the Kluxers, in full regalia, stopped their cars at the Linger cabin in the Greenville-Spartanburg district of South Carolina, Mr. Linger arose, grabbed his double-barreled shotgun, leaped to the porch in his shirttail and told the sheeted patriots that the first man to set foot on the premises would be buckshotted so thoroughly that it would take ten doctors ten days to scrape up his remains. Upon being thus informed, the ghostly defenders of our sacred American institutions deliberated briefly and nervously among themselves. Then, glancing at the half-clad Mr. Linger and his poised weapon, they hitched up their skirts and scrambled back into their cars and



COMMUNISM
WILL NOT BE TOLERATED

KU KLUX KLAN
RIDES AGAIN

sped off into the Carolina night. Somewhat disappointed, Mr. Linger let go with one barrel just to relieve his feelings, firing high, and padded off back to bed.

"I aim," he told us, "to git me one of them Klux pelts some night. And I don't care who it belongs to. Look right pretty nailed to the side of the mill."

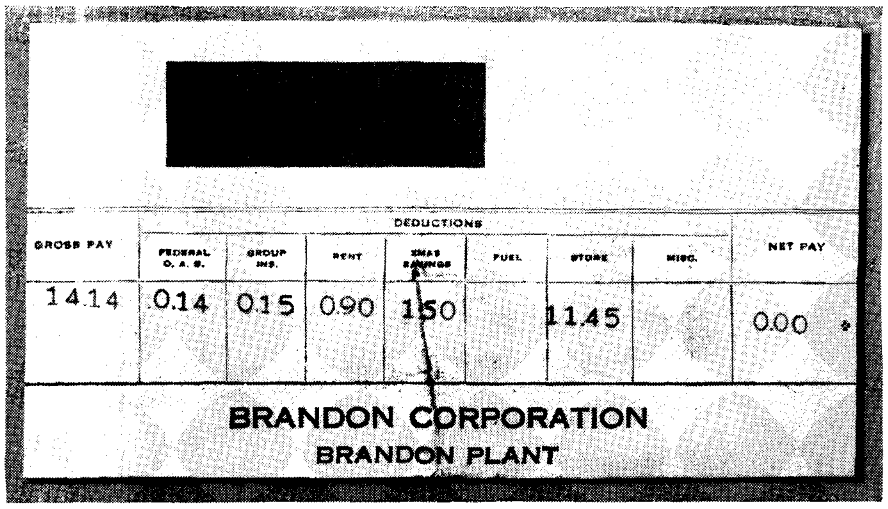
So Mrs. Linger hadn't slept well and wasn't in the best humor to match her wits with Mr. Linger. Sitting there in the calm of the forenoon, the first balm of the South's Indian summer caressing the land and mollifying its creatures, Mr. Linger was inclined to be more philosophical than he had been in the night's darkness. He gave it as his mature opinion that whoever wrote that letter had been overworried about the future of the cotton mills and that his mind hadn't been working.

Of course other employees of this South Carolina mill where Mr. Linger and his wife worked for nothing a week would have received similar letters, duplicates. They too would have thus been requested by their employers to write sharply to their representatives in Congress protesting the impending Black-Connery Bill—the glowering wages and hours measure, the intent of which would be to limit all industrial workers to forty hours a week and insure to them a minimum of forty cents an hour. We'll talk about that a bit later.

Mr. Linger's neighbors in that South Carolina mill village—shabby blocks of tired tinder houses on squat brick piers—would presently converge upon him, the letters in their hands, intent upon a general studyin' along with the ailing Mrs. Linger. Mr. Linger was a leader in the community, a man of many lively ideas and vast mental resources. Although in his early middle years, Mr. Linger enjoyed an elder statesman status in the village, his latest profundity being an elaborate and thus far unsuccessful plan to beat the company-store racket. It was too much for us—the plan. All we got out of it was that you refused to deal at company stores. However if, like Mr. Linger and many more textile workers, you didn't get any cash at the end of the week the problem of what to use for money in independent stores was likely to be troublesome.

We weren't able to learn, either, whether it would be economically sound to switch from the company store to the independents. Naturally we made the effort. Most of the company stores were like the one we visited near Atlanta. You could buy anything you wanted from oatmeal to an overcoat, from a rolling pin to a radio. But nothing bore a price tag. At the chain store on the edge of the village, where placards and tags notified you precisely what you were paying for each article, they assured us that company stores "charge what they need." At the company store they told us that their prices were "same as the chain stores'." We asked the company storekeeper to let us see his price list. He told us to go to the chain store and copy what we saw there.

(Continued on page 70)



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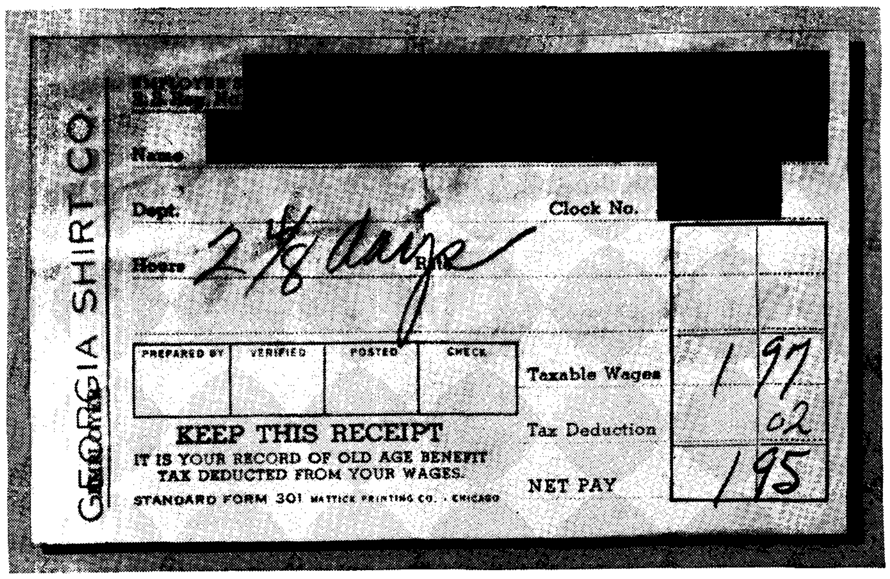
GROSS PAY	DEDUCTIONS							NET PAY
	FEDERAL O. A. B.	GROUP INS.	RENT	XMAS SAVINGS	FUEL	STORE	MISC.	
14.14	0.14	0.15	0.90	1.50		11.45		0.00

BRANDON CORPORATION
BRANDON PLANT



GEORGIA SHIRT CO.

[redacted]

Name [redacted]

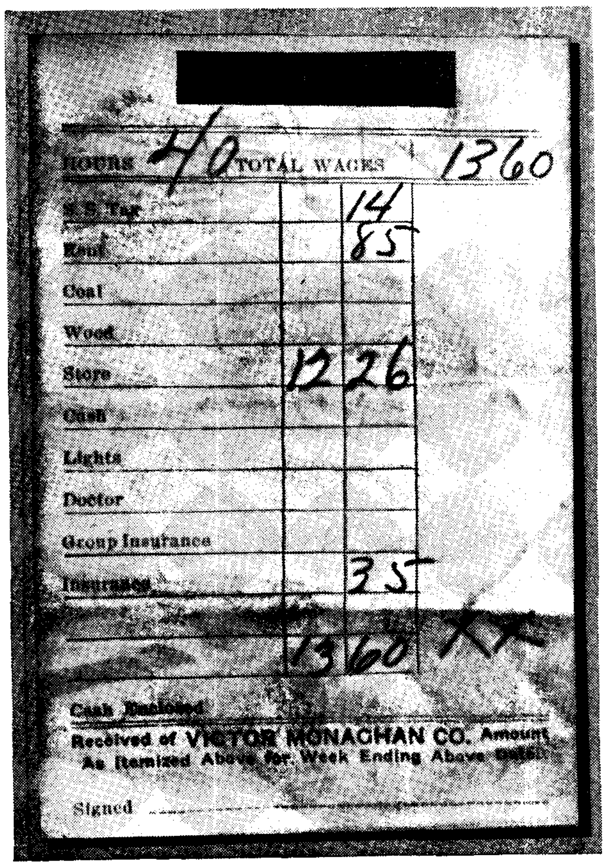
Dept. Clock No. [redacted]

Hours 2 1/2 days Rate

PREPARED BY	VERIFIED	POSTED	CHECK

KEEP THIS RECEIPT
IT IS YOUR RECORD OF OLD AGE BENEFIT
TAX DEDUCTED FROM YOUR WAGES.
STANDARD FORM 301 MATTICK PRINTING CO. - CHICAGO

Taxable Wages	1	97
Tax Deduction		02
NET PAY	1	95



[redacted]

HOURS 40 TOTAL WAGES 1360

S.S. Tax		14
Rent		85
Coal		
Wood		
Store	12	26
Cash		
Lights		
Doctor		
Group Insurance		
Insurance		35
	13	60 XX

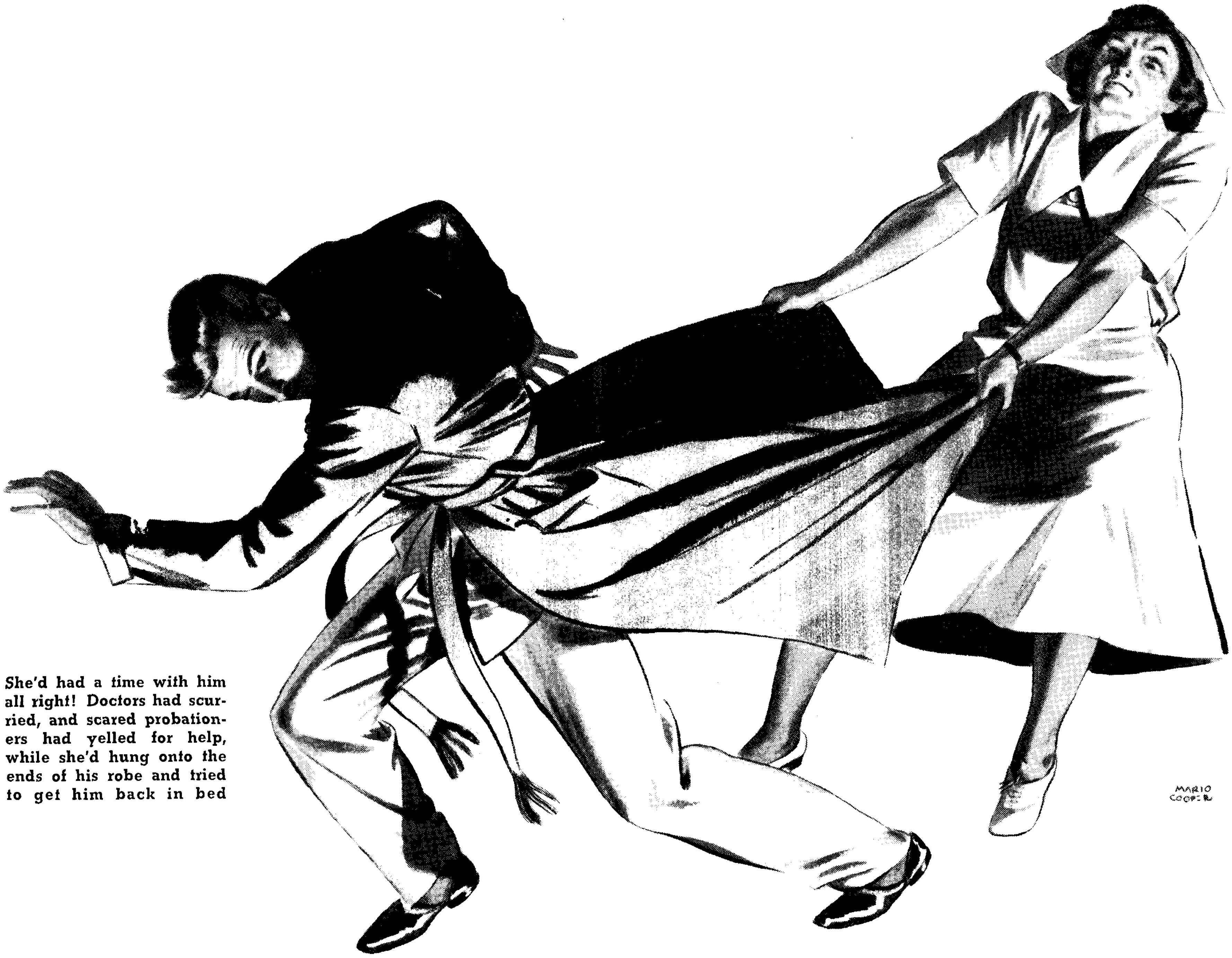
Cash Enclosed

Received of VICTOR MONAGHAN CO. Amount
As Itemized Above for Week Ending Above Date.

Signed

A wage-slip received by one of the Greenville workers, showing net results of exactly nothing after a week of forty hours of labor

What mill hands find in their pay envelopes instead of cash. The above vouchers are self-explanatory; the names of the recipients and their working numbers have been deleted for obvious reasons. They show returns of, respectively, nothing and $1.95, for a full week's work in the first instance and 2½ days in the second



She'd had a time with him all right! Doctors had scurried, and scared probationers had yelled for help, while she'd hung onto the ends of his robe and tried to get him back in bed

MAN HUNT

By Margaret Craven

The chivalrous conduct of young Bill Braydon, who was able to recognize a lady in distress when he saw one

HE MADE rather a romantic figure sitting there beneath the banyan in his whites with the hospital pallor still upon him.

The little Japanese flower woman thought so anyway. Every morning as she walked along the sea wall, balancing her basket on her head, she would toss him a lei. He would catch it on the end of his cane and set it around his hatband, making himself look festive and jaunty, belying his feeling that he was dead and gone to heaven.

All the nice old ladies were tremendously interested in him. Here was somebody new to be shown the pictures of their grandchildren and told about their husbands' blood pressures. Such a handsome young man, too, and still so weak he couldn't walk away—at least not very fast. You couldn't expect them to miss a chance like that.

Miss Pilkins—she was his nurse—had worked out a system for the nice old ladies. She said it was hard enough to struggle with the bug that had bitten you without having to listen to the ailments of all the husbands of all the wives who were visiting the islands that season. Every time she saw a solicitous soul approaching, she would give him a look—such a look as to make him shut his eyes and pretend he was asleep.

"And how is he today?" the solicitous soul would ask in that poor-little-pussy-pussy tone he'd grown to hate, and Miss Pilkins would shake her head gloomily and answer, "Just as disagreeable as ever, thank you. Just as disagreeable as ever."

He said that was hardly necessary, but Miss Pilkins insisted that it was. She said she was only getting back at him for the rumpus he'd raised in the hospital. She said he'd raised enough rumpus for three men—what with his picking up some obscure oriental germ nobody knew much about, and then—right when his temperature was 104 and still going up—insisting that he be given his clothes so he could go back to work in Siam. Oh, she'd had a time with him all right! Doctors had scurried, and scared little probationers had yelled for help, while she'd hung onto the tail ends of his hospital robe and tried to get him back in bed.

MISS PILKINS was a joy to him. She was middle-aged and astringent. No man in his right mind could call her a beauty, or deny that her heart was as big as her hands and as gentle.

The fleet was holding maneuvers that year. Sometimes when he hobbled out onto the lanai it would be to see a battleship moored offshore, the gobs' washing hung in the rigging. Miss Pilkins would pick up the binoculars and say, "Hmmmmm—that sailor's washed his pants again. I can tell them by the patch."

And sometimes when they returned to the bungalow for lunch, it would be to find a neat printed note under the door, announcing that the Navy would shoot off its big guns that day and please put all dishes and pictures on the floor. There were three of these notes in one week, and poor Pilkins spent most of her time on her knees. It didn't work very well either, because Bill was so pleased that he could hobble around a bit that he was always stepping on something.

He stepped on the best platter, and on the vegetable dish, and when Miss Pilkins saw the salad bowl go, she said that if the Navy didn't break everything in the house, he would. She said what he needed was some diversion, and she was going out to get him some.

She put on her hat and marched out, and in a couple of hours she came back with the diversion—several thousand pounds of it. It was one of those big, black, old limousines, suitable for taking mourners to a funeral.

"Fifteen dollars a month. Isn't it beautiful?" Miss Pilkins said proudly.

"It used to get eight miles to the gallon, but now it gets five."

After that they drove around—very slowly and sedately so as not to joggle his bad leg. They drove every place they could think of, and finally as a last resort they took to meeting boats.

YOU know how it is in Honolulu. Everybody meets boats. It doesn't make any real difference whether you're expecting anyone or not. You just go down anyway. If the boat's coming in, you laugh, and if it's going out, you cry. He didn't cry, of course, but Pilkins did. She said it did her a lot of good.

Anyway that's where they were, and that's how they happened to be there on the morning that adventure befell Bill and came close to killing him.

This day the ship was from San Francisco on its way to China. It made a beautiful sight—huge and white against the soft green of the sea, moving majestically to berth. The diving boys had paddled far out to meet it. You could see their bronze bodies and the flash of coins in the sun, and the passengers—most of them were coming ashore just for the day—pressing eagerly against the rail.

When it was in at last, the headline thrown and caught, the gangplank down, Miss Pilkins moved forward. She liked to see the passengers pounced upon by friends and decked with flowers until only their faces stuck up from a ruff of leis. Bill felt suddenly lonely and apart. It made him remember that he had started out from Siam to go back to the States for his first real vacation in five years only to be lugged off the boat feet first when he had reached Honolulu three months ago.

He drew back from the crowd, and walked to the street, and stood by the car. It was parked at the end of a row of other big cars, most of them from hotels waiting to pick up guests, some of them wearing "To Hire" signs. He was standing there, looking rather like a chauffeur himself in his whites and yachting cap, when he saw the girl.

He knew she was a passenger by her clothes. Mainland clothes, darker and more formal than the island variety. She was walking rapidly away from the crowd, eyes down, as if she were running away from somebody or something. She wore no leis—not one—and when she approached the curb, she raised a face so white, so tense with fear that it startled him. Her eyes ran over the line of cars. Then she came straight toward him.

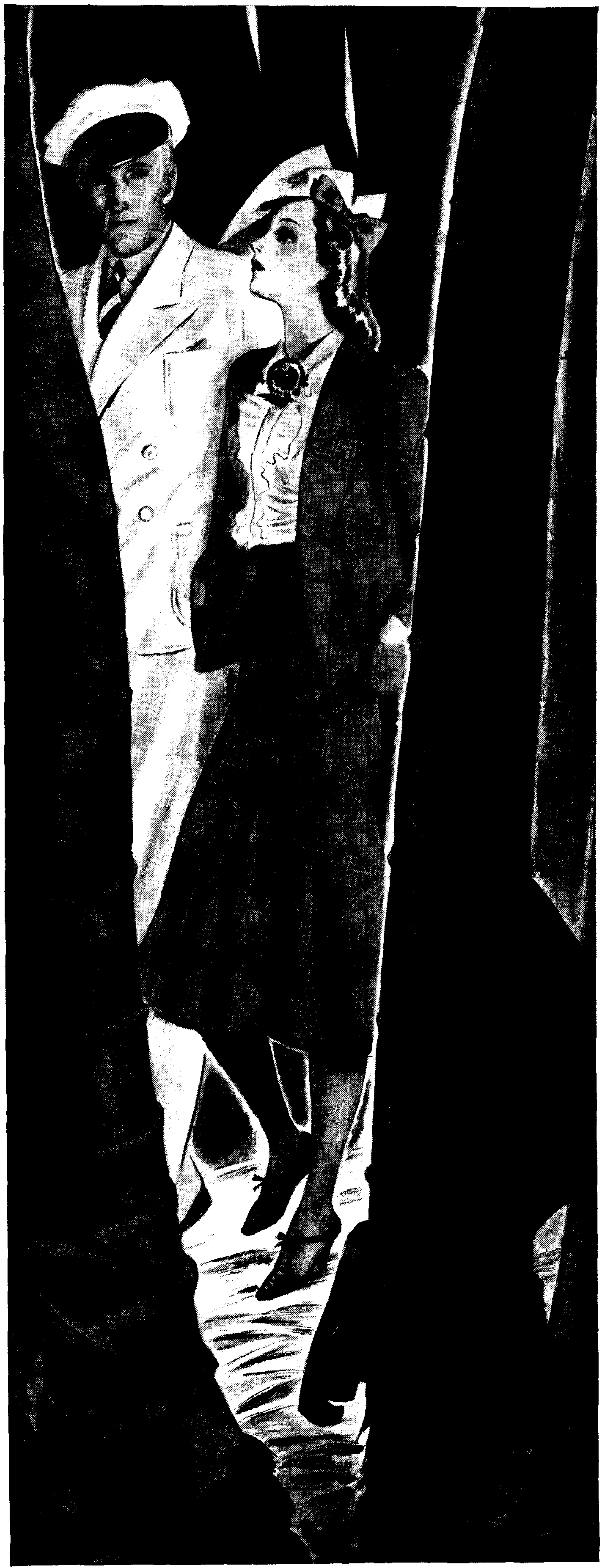
She said, "I'll hire your car for the day," and before he could tell her that she had made a mistake, she had opened the door and climbed into the back seat.

Bill said, "I'm sorry. I don't—that is, you—" but she cut him short. She said: "Oh, it doesn't matter. Anywhere. Anywhere will do. Just drive. Drive fast."

HE HAD never felt so foolish in his life. He wanted to say that he didn't think the old bus would go very fast, but you couldn't say that, could you, to one whose voice was void of all expression as if its spirit had been crushed by shock? He didn't think so. As a matter of fact he didn't think at all. He just climbed in. When the big old car was pulling away from the dock, he remembered Pilkins.

"If she catches me at this, she'll skin me alive," he thought.

He drove out by the beach, past the fishermen's boats, past lagoons so delicate in shadings of green and blue as to make anyone feel better. She saw none of them. He watched her in the windshield mirror. She seemed to be trying to make up her mind about something, concentrating on it to the exclusion of all else. There was something desperate about her face, a stunned look as if her whole world had been swept away by some sudden blow. Then her jaw set as if she had come to some decision. She leaned forward.


MARIO COOPER

It was so dense no sun got through, and the bamboo trees made a strange, tinkling sort of music in the breeze. She seemed to like that

"Take me to a pawnshop," she ordered. "A—a disreputable one."

He was beyond surprise. He turned around without a word and started back. He and Pilkins had done some meandering through the native quarter. He knew a place. There was a parking space in front of it, fortunately. She didn't wait for him to get out and open the door. She rushed right in, as if she were afraid she might change her mind.

He waited by the car. He could see her quite well through the window. She went up to the counter, and a dirty old man came forward to wait on her. She didn't open her purse or take out any jewelry. She talked to him a moment, and the old man shook his head. Then he talked. They argued quite a while about something, and then the old man gave her arm a little paternal pat, which struck Bill as a very strange action—and she turned and came quickly back to the car.

HE SHUT the door after her, and was just going to ask where she wished to go now when he saw that she was crying. He didn't say a word. He climbed in the car and drove. He drove and drove, and she cried and cried. He waited until he was sure there couldn't be another tear in her—they were up one of the valleys by this time—and then he drew off the road under a tree, climbed out, and walked over to a tea shop—one of those charming outdoor places where you can sit in the shade and be served tall iced glasses with sticks of fresh pineapple in them. He returned presently with a tray of coffee, walking very slowly so as not to limp, and he handed her the tray.

He didn't watch her or even look her way, but he could hear the plop of sugar in the cup and the tinkle of the plated creamer as she set it back on the tray. He waited until he was sure she had finished, then took the tray and carried it back to the shop. When he returned, she was in the front seat.

She didn't speak and neither did he. He guessed she was there, not because she had any desire to explain or confide, but because she was afraid to be alone in the big back seat—afraid of thought.

He noticed that her clothes were simple but exquisite in line and fabric, and all apparently brand-new. Her hands were ringless, well-formed and well-kept. Her face was oval, with strength and character in it as well as pride.

He drove her up to the Pali, and as they sat there looking over the cliffs down on the valleys and the ocean, he began to talk. He told her about the old Hawaiian kings and the great battles they'd fought here. He told her about the wind blowing so hard some days you didn't dare drive up for fear it would take the top right off your car.

She listened attentively, and after a while she said, "You haven't been over very long, have you?"

He said, "Only about three months. How did you guess?"

"Well, you're not as tanned as most of the others."

He laughed a little at that, and he said, "I have one of those odious white skins. Very embarrassing. Makes people think you've been ill."

She said, "It does rather."

After that it was easier. He was very careful not to ask any questions or appear curious. He suggested that there would be time for a drive around the island before her ship sailed, and she said she supposed she might as well.

He drove as slowly as he dared—his bad leg was beginning to hurt now—pointing out the pineapple fields and the

(Continued on page 76)

The World's Her Stage

By Katharine Roberts

An Italian actress, speaking English with a Russian accent and playing the part of a Grand Duchess in Paris—that was America's introduction to Miss Marta Abba in Tovarich. Miss Abba will at a moment's notice play anywhere in almost any tongue

IFOR THOMAS

A YEAR ago this past May, Mr. Gilbert Miller, American theatrical producer, was in Europe hunting for a foreign actress to play in his New York production of Tovarich. His London offering of the same play had run on and on. It ran, to be exact, for a year and a day. The play had had similar success in Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, and other Continental cities—in twenty-two languages altogether—and he naturally wanted to cash in at the American box office while its theatrical sun was still shining. But—where to find the actress?

The name of Marta Abba was suggested. Now, Mr. Miller, being an astute gentleman of the theater, knew that she was not only famous in her own Italy, but had played her way to glory and good notices in most of the capitals of Europe and in South America. He was aware, too, that for some years the playwright, Pirandello, had chosen her as the foremost interpreter of the various enigmatic women of his highly enigmatic plays—in fact, that he had dedicated to her both As You Desire Me, and Trovarsi.

She sounded like a good bet. But, strangely enough, Mr. Miller had never seen her. Moreover, she had played in London in Italian—not in English. What about the language question? And considering the close Pirandello association, would she agree to make her debut in America in a light comedy by another writer? Dr. Colin, her personal representative, who was at that time in Paris, thought "It might be possible. Yes—very possible."

"But her English?" persisted Mr. Miller, growing interested in bringing Miss Abba across the Atlantic.

"She was in London only a year ago," said Dr. Colin. "You will find that her English for the play will be perfect," he added, becoming slightly enigmatical himself. Still Mr. Miller wanted at least to hear her speak. With arrangements well on toward completion, it was decided that he should meet her a little later in Rome, where she was appearing in an Italian adaptation of Shaw's Saint Joan.

Dr. Colin speeded for Italy. Mr. Miller, having detoured to Budapest, arrived in Rome the night after Miss Abba closed in Saint Joan, and once more missed seeing her on a stage. The conversation between Miss Abba and Mr. Miller began in French.

Finally, Mr. Miller asked, "Do you speak English?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Abba, apparently being modest about it, "I speak it a little."

"Do you speak it *well?*" inquired Mr. Miller. And then his startled ears heard her accented speech begin:

"*'If you can keep your head when all*
about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on
you;
If you can trust yourself when all men
doubt you—' "

Had an aspiring American actress attacked the sophisticated Gilbert Miller with a recitation of Kipling's If—, which has long ago been mangled to shreds by most of the "elocutioners" in our country, it is doubtful if she could have got past the first line without being stopped. But Miss Abba, cheerily unhampered by any such knowledge, went steadily on through her own particular reading of the poem and Mr. Miller, nodding now and then in a pleased sort of way, found her accent very good.

"Of course," she finished carefully, "my speech will be better when I have studied a part."

And then because French was "still easier for conversation" and because Mr. Miller spoke it so well—at any rate, there was no more English, and Dr. Colin heaved a sigh of relief, for he realized that Miss Abba had returned from London fluent only in such phrases as "Open the door," "Shut the door," "Yes, please," and "No, thank you."

English had to be learned. However, she had learned to play in French in much less time than she had ahead of her for this new language. Immediately she went to England to study. In her previous three months there, she must have absorbed more than she had guessed, for in another six weeks she was safe in the role of the Russian Grand Duchess and began to play it in the English provinces. But because of the part, she was obliged to speak English with a Russian instead of an Italian accent—a bit tricky.

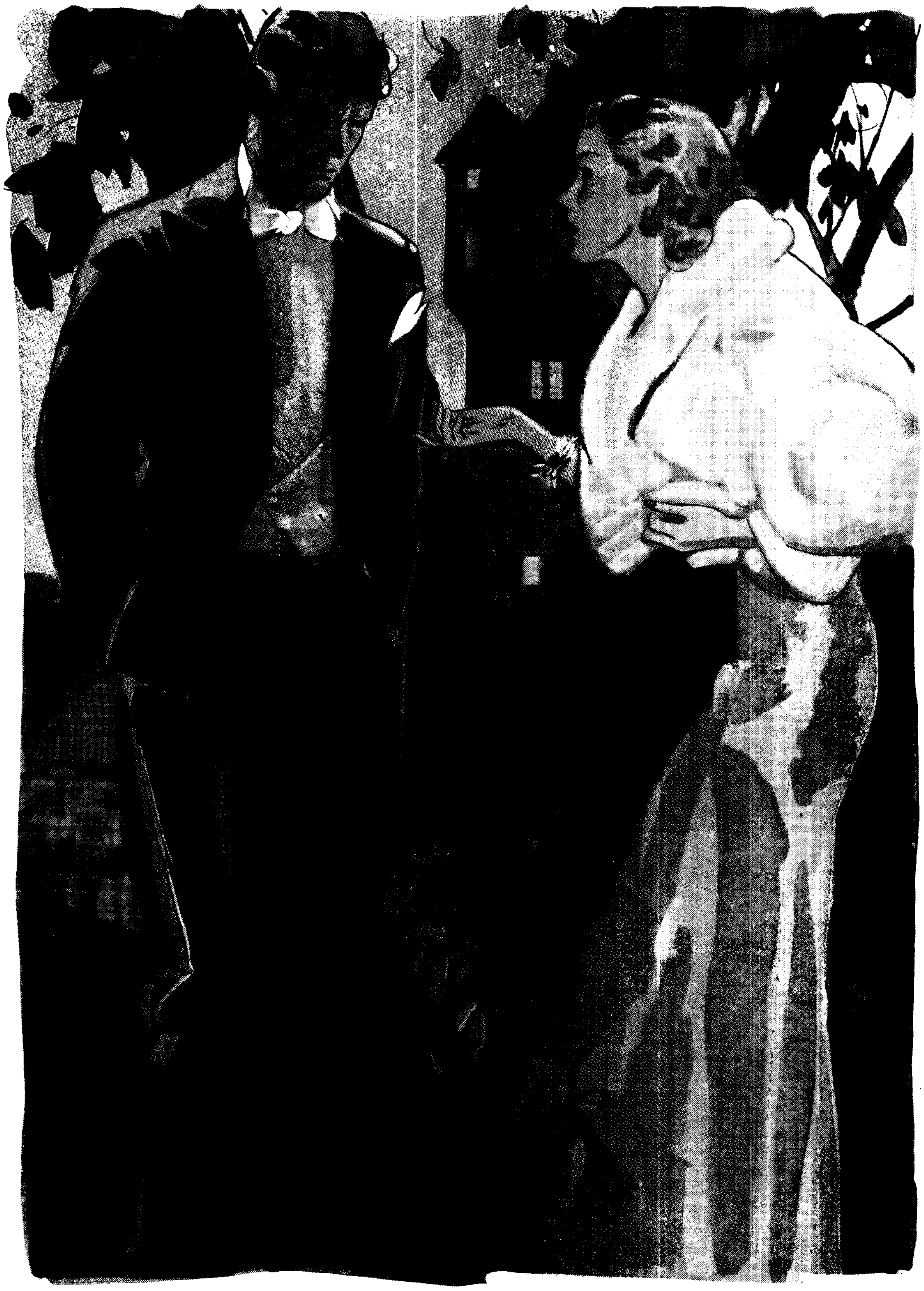
She also had to learn to play the

(Continued on page 40)

Guard for a Lady

By George Weller

All Phil Means wanted was a dirt farmer's little plot of ground between tackle and center to defend with his life. Miss Lois Farlow, on the other hand, dreamed of a fullback replete with touchdowns. The rousing story of a November compromise



"How do you think I feel," she said, "after telling every girl what a big football man you are?"

DOC says, take it in at fullback on Team C," the assistant manager remarked as he walked by Phil Means, who was exchanging underhand laterals with a halfback near the charging machines.

"Be back in a second," said Phil to the halfback. Helmet under his arm, he ran across the field to where Doc Mooney was chalking up blackboard stuff for Team A's skull practice.

"Hello, Phil," said Doc, "want to see me?"

"A heeler just told me that you want me to work out at fullback on C today," said Phil. "Doc, I'm not crabbing, but—"

Doc Mooney pushed back his baseball cap before he turned around. His eyes looked out keenly from under experienced gray brows as he rubbed his wrinkled fingers free of chalk dust. "Be mighty sure you don't crab around my field," he said kindly.

"No, Doc, I agree with you that I'm not more than a Team C fullback," said Phil. "I may not be even that. But I want to ask a favor of you. Will you put someone else at fullback for a while and let me try working out in signal practice at guard?"

"Guard?" Doc put his hand on the blackboard in a mock gesture of needing support. "Whoever heard of a backfield man that willingly changed to guard?"

"I guess nobody ever did," admitted Phil. He chanced a wink at Doc Mooney. "Looks as though I've gone out of my senses, probably from long neglect."

"Neglect my neck," said Doc. He raised a minatory forefinger. "Either you have a girl coming to the Michigan game and think that because I'm short of replacements in the line you might be able to sneak in, *or*—" he paused long enough to see that he was right. "Guess that's near enough," he said. He picked up his megaphone. "Look at this," he said. "I've spent two years, shouting you into being a fullback. You're a junior now. You're going to be a fullback." He put down the megaphone. "Phil, I'm trying to work out the plays for this squad to handle that Michigan attack. I don't want to be bothered with your heart troubles. Take it in at fullback on Team C."

IN THE long-distance telephone booth at the Thurston House he waited for her voice, his breath caught, his body tense. The skinny night clerk pushed one earphone of the little hotel exchange set aside, announced out of the corner of his mouth, "Here's your Chicago call, Mr. Means," and plugged in the booth. And then he heard the voice for which he had hungered more than two months, the voice of Lois Farlow, whose hair was the color of the corn at harvest.

"Hello, Phil."

"Hello, Lois."

A moment of pause. Which should first speak from the heart? "It's good to hear you again," he said quickly.

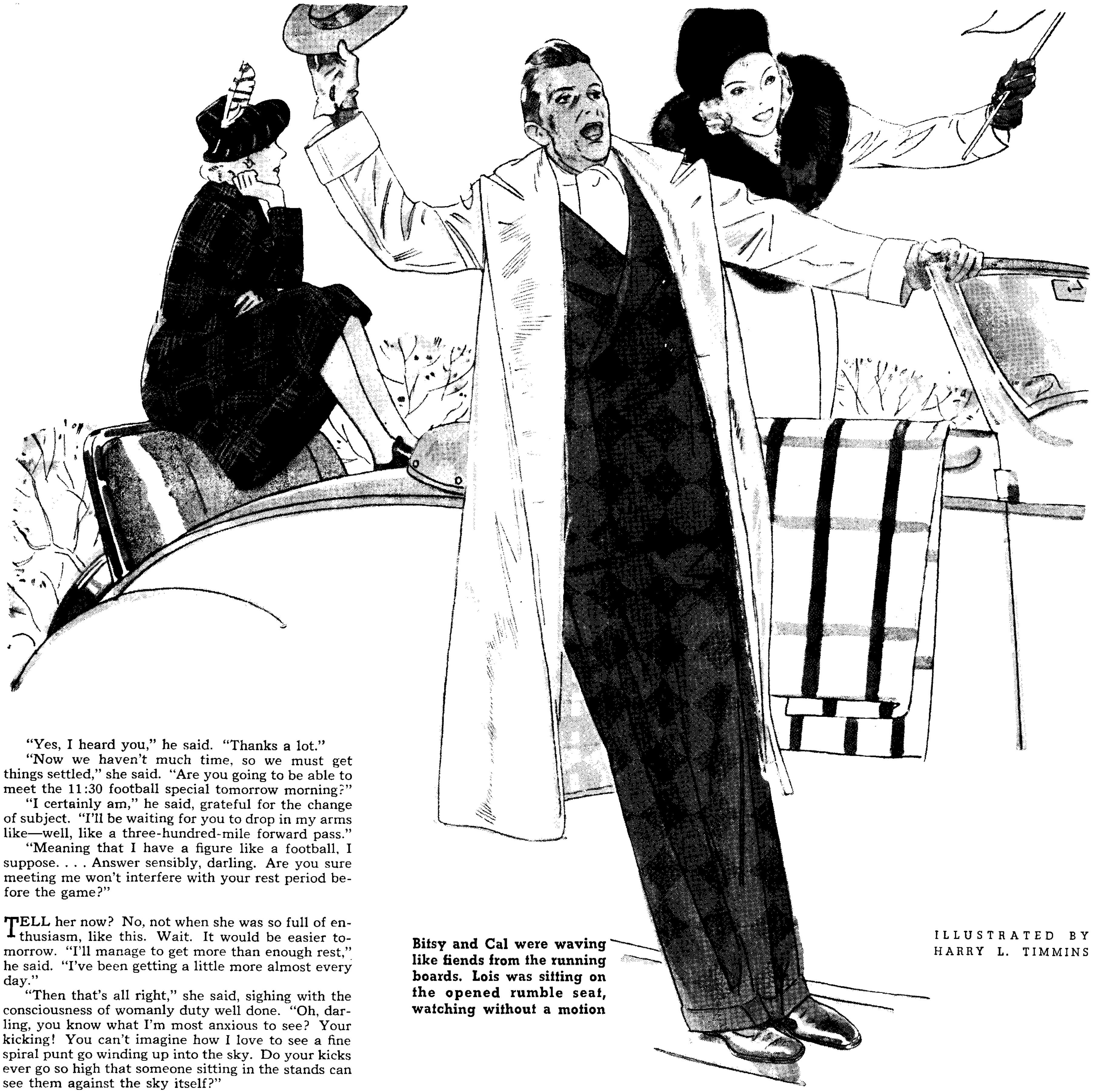
"Darling, it's good to hear you," she said instantly.

"I've loved your letters," he said. "I wished I could write better ones, to tell you what I've been thinking."

"Don't tell me yet," she said with a little laugh, "because this is long distance. Never can tell who might be listening."

"Then let them listen to this," he said, going down to a whisper: "*I've still got that little green handkerchief of yours.*"

"Wear it in the game tomorrow as my favor," she said. She heard no answer from him at that. "Did you hear me?" she asked.



Bitsy and Cal were waving like fiends from the running boards. Lois was sitting on the opened rumble seat, watching without a motion

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"Yes, I heard you," he said. "Thanks a lot."

"Now we haven't much time, so we must get things settled," she said. "Are you going to be able to meet the 11:30 football special tomorrow morning?"

"I certainly am," he said, grateful for the change of subject. "I'll be waiting for you to drop in my arms like—well, like a three-hundred-mile forward pass."

"Meaning that I have a figure like a football, I suppose. . . . Answer sensibly, darling. Are you sure meeting me won't interfere with your rest period before the game?"

TELL her now? No, not when she was so full of enthusiasm, like this. Wait. It would be easier tomorrow. "I'll manage to get more than enough rest," he said. "I've been getting a little more almost every day."

"Then that's all right," she said, sighing with the consciousness of womanly duty well done. "Oh, darling, you know what I'm most anxious to see? Your kicking! You can't imagine how I love to see a fine spiral punt go winding up into the sky. Do your kicks ever go so high that someone sitting in the stands can see them against the sky itself?"

"I—I suppose they do," he said. "In practice. When Team C is doing dummy scrimmage with Team B. But never in a game. I sit out my games."

The Chicago operator cut in with: "Three minutes, please."

"I just wanted to tell you," hurried Lois, "in case we don't get much time alone before tomorrow's kickoff, that I'm proud of you, and—and—"

"Please deposit fifty cents additional if you wish to continue talking," intoned the operator.

"—and I love you more than any other member of the team," she blurted, and she hung up, laughing.

He was alone again. He glanced out the big window of the Thurston House, where traveling men sat all day, smoking endless cigars. The bell on Templeton Hall began to toll noon, and the drumming of its echoes came softly across through the trees of the campus. He saw the undergraduates coming out of Geology 37, shifting their notebooks, the graduate students turning toward the library for an hour's reading before luncheon, the young bespectacled instructor shouldering his green felt sack of books and taking a light birdlike drink of water at the bubble fountain before turning to walk up the hill toward the Faculty Club.

Forget about his being Team C. Forget about his only games that year being Beeman (Templeton, 67; Beeman, 6) for the last three minutes, and Morton Tech (Templeton, 33; Morton Tech, 0). Forget about his desire to be a guard instead of a fullback, to have a dirt farmer's little plot of ground between tackle and center to defend with his body, to meet every attack shoulder to shoulder with his comrades of the dogged, fighting line. Forget all this, and leave explanation of failure until tomorrow morning at 11:30. Lois was coming. Her nearness would be enough.

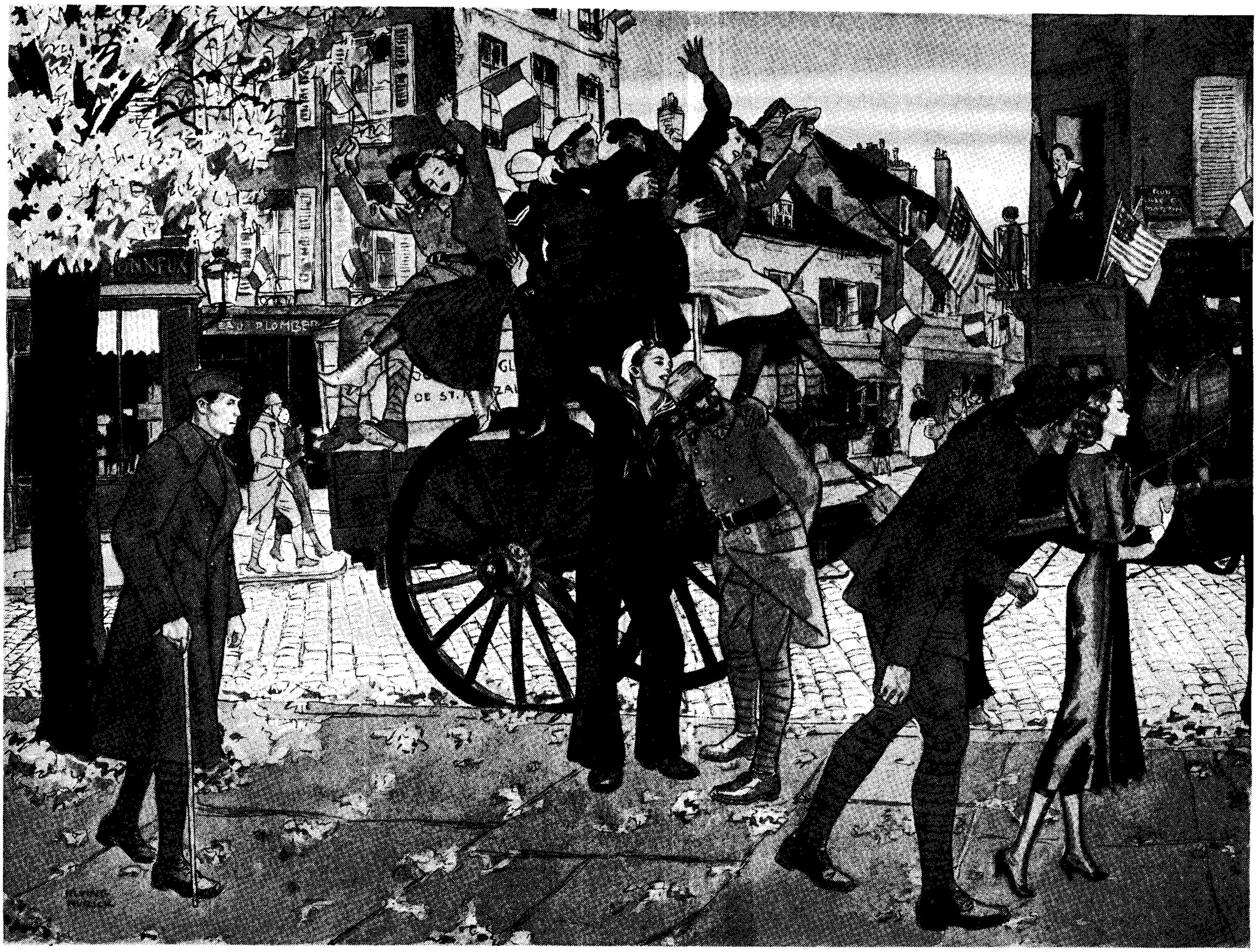
WHEN the football special from Chicago, flying Templeton and Michigan colors, hove in sight around the bend and came hooting down the straightaway, he was on the platform. The girls, aglow and beaming, swung down the steps of the Pullmans and coaches. "Hal!" "Darling!" "Phyllis!" "Eddie! Why *roses?* You shouldn't!" "Your bag, Dorothy!" "Gene, my dear!" Each girl was caught by someone before she reached the ground, for it seemed that love had a way of guessing at car steps.

But Lois? Where was she? Twice Phil ran the length of the train, and when he saw the conductor, with the professorial air of all conductors, extend his hand and put his black left shoe on the lowest step of a car, when he heard the first deep emphatic *chug* of the locomotive he wanted to shout: "Stop! You can't leave! You didn't bring Lois! Where's Lois?" But another *churrug* came, deeper than the first, the line of Pullmans was inching forward faster, and then the professor-conductor swung aboard and stood there in his traveling vestibule smiling at the couples trooping arm in arm across the platform to the automobiles.

When at last there were no more empty car windows to stare at, Phil looked at his watch—11:32, and in just a half hour he had to be at training table, where the squad was eating at noon. What had happened to Lois?

He felt a soft hand thrust into his arm. "Hello, Phil!"

It was Bitsy Moore, Lois' *(Continued on page 27)*



IRVING NURICK

The soldier stepped even with her and said something. She paid no attention, quickened her pace, and the two were soon lost

Armistice Night Dinner

By John R. Tunis

The story of a soldier who learned that France never changes

EARLY afternoon on Armistice Day, and Gaston, the headwaiter at the Grand Hotel in St. Nazaire, was annoyed. The parade in which as a former soldier he was to take part started in forty minutes, and those two Americans who had arrived late on the Paris express were still at table. How, asked Marie, the cashier, did he know they were Americans? He could tell. Didn't they speak French with an atrocious accent?

When the parade finally got under way, however, Gaston was there at the head carrying the flag. Meanwhile, the American couple had sauntered down by the docks, come up the water front, and sat down on a wooden bench on the Boulevard President Wilson overlooking the ocean. Behind them came a fanfare of trumpets, the sounds of *Sambre et Meuse* as the local garrison moved off from the Place de la Gare. The American quickened to the familiar music. Just then a pretty young French girl in a black dress walked past, followed by the eyes of the loungers hanging over the parapet of the sea wall. She gave no sign of seeing them or hearing their remarks. The American on the bench sighed. It might have been nineteen years ago. Nineteen years—yet only yesterday. He could still feel the prickle of the rough khaki overcoat as it chafed his chin, still wince to the stab of pain in his leg as he sat alone on the bench that gray Armistice afternoon nineteen years before. . . .

LIKE everyone else he had hobbled away from the big base hospital directly after dinner. Why wait for dinner? Only because he had no money to eat elsewhere. Because of his wound he had been separated from his outfit for six weeks, and casuals drew no pay. There were three hundred francs sewed into his inside pocket when they hauled him into the casualty clearing station below Romagne, but those boys in the Medical Corps would take the gold from your teeth. No money, no, and no mail from home for a couple of months, either. Once you lost your outfit you were out of luck That's the way it was in this man's army.

For a while the parade made him forget the pain in his leg. It was a French parade, unorganized, spontaneous; an American band at its head; then a couple of American officers beside the mayor who jounced along on his cane; next an indiscriminate mass of humanity, French and American, men and women, soldiers and sailors. Negro troops from Montoir, children and their parents, young girls with poilus—everyone singing a different song in a different language, some drunk, some sober, everyone hilarious and gay. The Armistice had been signed at last!

But the parade passed. A November haze hung over the town, and he shivered slightly sitting on the bench. His leg started throbbing. If only he had some money he could have a drink. While he was speculating on the chances of borrowing from Sergeant O'Brien, if indeed the sergeant could be found, she went by. Pretty, medium height, dressed all in black with a small black hat on one side of her head, she was so provocative as she tripped along that the doughboys lounging on the parapet of the sea wall spoke to her. She paid no attention, nor yet to the glances of the men she passed, and there was something in her manner which prevented their turning to follow.

(Continued on page 80)

Below: Jesse Owens, Negro track marvel who holds the running broad jump record now, and Peter O'Connor, an old-time record holder. Below, right: John L. Sullivan shaking hands with Jim Jeffries. Jim Corbett is standing at Sullivan's right

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Is the human race getting stronger and faster? New athletic records seem to prove that. But before we stick out our chests let's look at the old records. James B. Connolly, himself the holder of an Olympic record, introduces you to the giants of yesteryear

AT PRETTY nearly every important track meet in these years—Olympic, National or Intercollegiate—some athlete breaks an old record. There are occasions when several athletes break records. A frequent happening then is for somebody to point out that the human race must be advancing physically. It must be, or the men of today would not be running faster, jumping higher and putting the shot farther than ever before—and so on.

Comparing new records with old ones does no harm, but to take records overseriously is something else. The great trouble with records is that they tell only part of the story. They say nothing of the changing rules and other inventions in the athletic world to make record breaking less difficult.

Take the pole-vaulting record, which is close to 15 feet today. Not so very long ago—back in the 90's—the record was 11 feet; which makes the old-timers look like a lot of scrubs, but were they?

Those men of the 90's performed with long and heavy ash or spruce poles, a burdensome weight for a vaulter to carry in his run toward the bar. Nowadays our vaulters use a lightweight bamboo pole with joints that are like washers for keeping a man's hands from slipping. It is also wrapped around with sticky tape for a still surer grip.

Also in the 90's the vaulter had to drive that heavy pole firmly into the earth and at exactly the right spot. Nowadays the vaulter doesn't have to hit any exact spot with the point of the pole; and he doesn't have to drive it into the earth at all. We now have a wide-mouthed wooden chute under the bar. Any vaulter with half an eye in his head can come tearing down the runway without fear of missing the wide mouth of that chute. His pole slips into the chute, slides down the incline until it fetches up against the front end, thus leaving our vaulter with all the power of his spring and lift for his try at the bar.

The old pole-vaulting rules were made to take the measure of a man in overcoming natural obstacles. If a man had to vault a stream of water, say, that heavy, solid, old pole would be something like what he could cut along the road to aid him in vaulting the stream. In a tropic climate he might find a bamboo pole lying around, but hardly a prepared wooden chute in midstream to poke it into.

It's Easier to Make Records Now

That same idea of testing a man's ability to meet natural difficulties lay behind the old rules for broad jumping. (Also for the hop, hop and jump and hop, step and jump.) A man in a hurry comes to a ravine or a chasm—20 feet wide, say, and 40 or 50 feet deep—and the only quick way across is to leap it. To approximate that natural difficulty, the old rules called for a ditch immediately in front of the take-off.

Nowadays we have no ditch in front of the take-off, which means that our jumpers can now come sprinting down the runway at a 10-second gait and dab a foot at the take-off, without fear of a bad sprain or a broken ankle if they overstep.

Peter O'Connor of Ireland cleared 25 feet, 2½ inches, under the old rules. The present record is 26 feet, 8¼ inches, by Jesse Owens. Great leaps both. Owens had a smooth, hard-rolled cinder runway to aid his speed; O'Connor a grass runway, but not of close-clipped grass.

The old-time broad jumpers rose well into the air (shoulder high many of them) and they had the body under control at all times. O'Connor could take off and land on a concrete walk and safely cover good distance. His style of jumping would be the thing for leaping that deep chasm; but what would happen to the sprinting type of jumper who so frequently oversteps the take-off? As the old-timers say, let him overstep that take-off and whatever else happened it wouldn't be a new broad-jumping record.

Take the high jump: nowadays we have what is called an improved technique. Most high jumpers of today run diagonally at the bar, step close in to it, turn the body sideways, and wriggle over the bar. The men of the 90's never thought of going acrobatic in a high jump. They thought of the high jump as a test of a man's "spring"—his jumping power. The idea was to leap a hedge or a stone wall; and so they would come

(Continued on page 68)

PICTURES, INC.

KEYSTONE

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

The Story Thus Far:

WITH Senator Larsen as chairman, a senatorial committee is probing the activities of Stefan Zorane, a notorious labor racketeer, when, in the course of a curious adventure, Eric Larsen, the senator's son, encounters a beautiful girl—Sally Porter, a brilliant newspaper columnist—and learns that she is somehow involved in Zorane's machinations.

Eric is certain that she is the "mystery woman" for whom the committee is looking. But, fascinated by her and eager to see more of her (although she is engaged to Barney Teel, a reporter, and is planning to dine with him that evening), he forces her, under threat of exposure, to promise to dine with the senator and him, instead of Barney. Furthermore, saying that he wishes to impress his father, he informs her that she must pretend to be his fiancée!

Badly frightened, Sally decides to obey the young man's orders; she tells Barney that she is "on the trail of something" and must dine alone. As a matter of fact, the girl is not a crook, not a criminal; but, for reasons not thus far disclosed, she is co-operating with Guy Van Arden (special agent of the Department of Labor, who, supposedly combating Stefan Zorane, has apparently "sold out" to the racketeer), and her position is a precarious one.

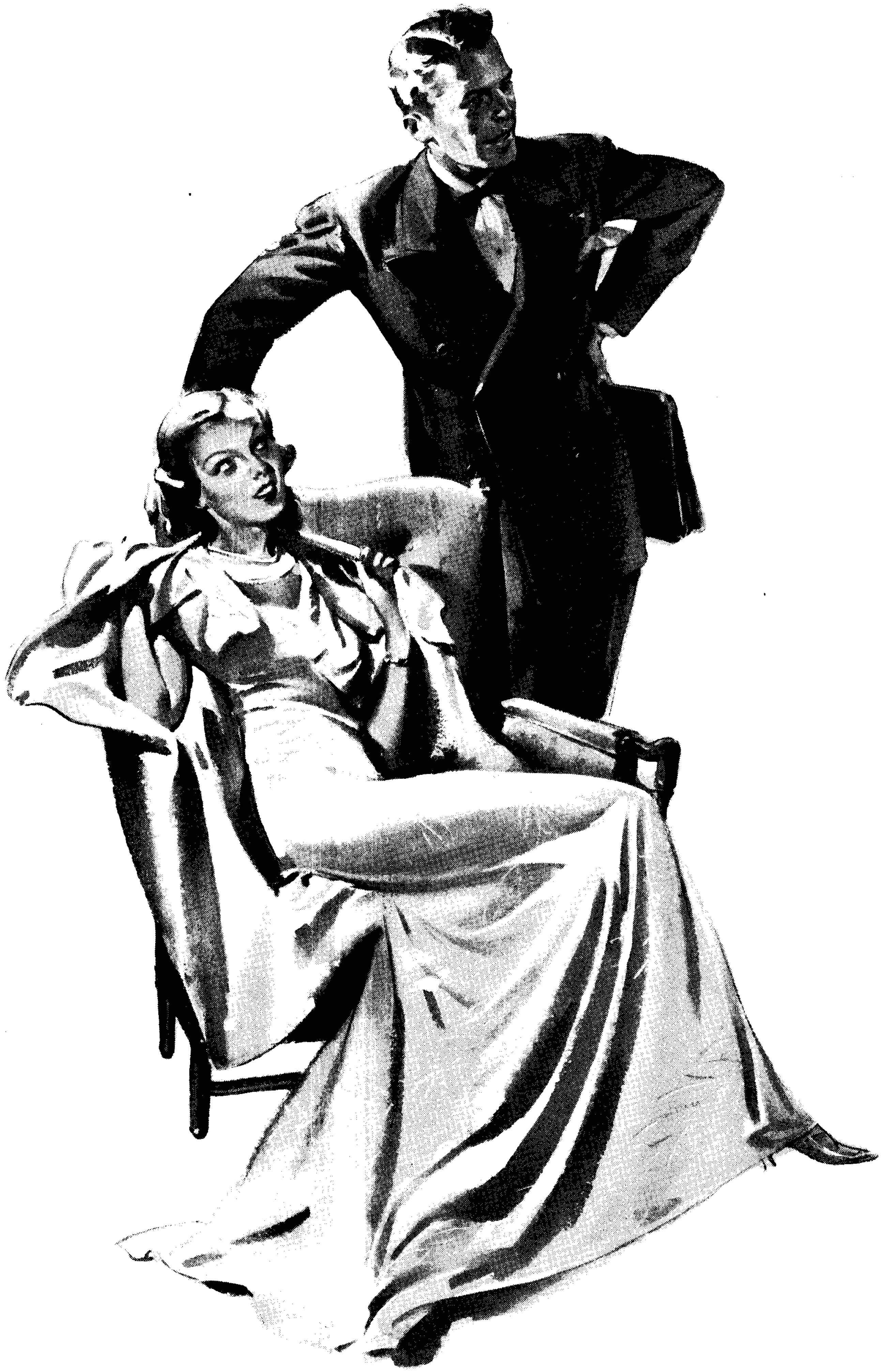
Among Zorane's bitterest enemies is Pop Kresco, head of a great construction company. Kresco tells Barney (who knows nothing of Sally's connection with Zorane) that Sally is working with, aiding, the racketeer. But Barney does not believe him.

That evening, Barney's city editor tells him that Senator Larsen's secretary (in reality Eric, who hopes to alienate Sally from the man she loves) has telephoned to request that he, Barney Teel, run over to the Dubonnaix for an after-dinner coffee with the senator. Suspecting nothing, Barney goes to the restaurant, where he finds Sally with the two Larsens. A few minutes later, he is listening, appalled, as the senator explains that Eric and "Miss Porter" are engaged!

Controlling himself with difficulty, Barney congratulates Eric, and leaves the restaurant. When the two men take Sally home in a taxicab she has a moment alone with Eric. "That," she exclaims, "was without doubt the most contemptible thing a man ever did. *You had him come there!*"

The senator is delighted with Sally. "Do you suppose," he asks Eric, "that, as a very great favor, she might be persuaded to help us track down this mystery girl?" "That," Eric replies, "is a rather remarkable idea. The next time you see her, ask her."

III



SALLY had just enough strength to cross the rest of the sidewalk to the lobby door. There, with her hand on the knob, she stopped. She was so faint she could go no farther. She squeezed her eyes shut. She heard the cab door slam and the whine of its gears as it left. She bit her lower lip and tried to force strength into her legs.

The knob turned under her hand. She opened her eyes and looked through the glass panel. A man was coming out of the lobby. The man was Barney.

Sally made a little moaning sound. Nothing was under control now. His face was stone-white and his eyes were black and as wide-opened as those of a staring cat.

"Such a long, sweet kiss," he said.

"Barney, please," she whimpered. "I can't stand it. You've got to listen to me. I'll explain every single bit of it to you."

"I don't know why I should," he said. "I don't know why I'm here at all. I must be masochistic. I must love to take it all over the chin. Love is a pretty funny thing sometimes, isn't it?"

"Please, Barney." She was crying now. He backed against the wall. She fumbled blindly at his breast pocket for a handkerchief. He pushed her hand roughly away, took out the handkerchief and gave it to her.

"I can't stand the feel of your hands," he said.

She said, into the handkerchief: "You're being cruel and unjust. I don't care how strong the evidence is."

"Strong?" he said. "I merely saw you kissing the man you're engaged to, and a few hours before that I practically found you in another man's arms, and, aside from that, all you've done is lie and cheat all day long."

His articulateness when he was furious always made things harder. When Sally was furious, she could hardly enunciate.

"Barney, you've got to believe one thing—that I love you. It's the one thing that's important."

"Is it?" he said.

"You loved me this morning. Nothing has changed. It's wrong to condemn me, no matter how awful things look. I haven't done anything wrong. There isn't one thing I can't explain."

"Even the fact that you were celebrating your engagement to a supercilious snob that you know I loathe?"

"Yes, even that, Barney," she told him.

"Even the fact that I practically caught you in Van Arden's arms this afternoon?"

"Yes, Barney."

"Even the fact that I saw you in Eric Larsen's arms, not two minutes ago, in a kiss that lasted fully ten seconds?"

"Yes."

He laughed sharply once. "You're going to be a better man than Clarence Darrow."

"Let's walk," Sally said wearily. His favorite walk was along the east side of Central Park, along Fifth, because there were so few streets to cross and he admired the new zoo buildings.

She did not take his arm. She wanted to touch him, but first she must win him back. If she took his arm now, he would coolly pull away from her. They walked the half block to Fifth, with Barney a half step ahead. He always walked a half step ahead. Usually it annoyed her. Tonight, it suited her humility.

She tried to arrange the awful confusion of her thoughts.

"I want to tell you everything, especially about Eric Larsen."

"It's a large order, isn't it?" His face had stopped being stone-white. Its normal color had returned. He was going to listen to her, then decide. His air was one of calmness and indifference. Actually, she knew, he was getting a certain perverse pleasure out of this, enjoying her discomfiture at having been trapped, waiting for what would have to be an elaborate explanation if she cleared herself at all.

"I want to tell you step by step just what happened today."

"You don't have to explain anything if you don't want to."

"BARNEY, please give me a chance. To begin with, I know you were furious because I promised not to see Van again. The reason I saw him was because it was a chance to get you that beat. He called me up and asked me to deliver that interne suit in exchange for the beat for you."

"Was that kiss part of the payment?"

"Darling, he simply grabbed me and kissed me. I'm not in love with him. I'm not even faintly attracted by him."

"All right. Skip that. Let's hear about the interne suit. Why did he send you with the interne suit?"

"So Zorane could get away without being grabbed by Pop Kresco's men."

"Why didn't Van Arden simply call for him in a taxi?"

"He didn't want his hand to show."

"Is that all?"

"I don't know what you mean, Barney."

"Don't you even suspect that Van Arden is as phony as a five-and-ten-cent-store wedding ring?"

"No."

"Then you're lying again. Why did Van Arden want him out of that building?"

"So Pop Kresco's men wouldn't get him."

"You knew Zorane was making Kresco lose millions with these strikes and that Van Arden was doing nothing about it. Kresco had a right to take him out and beat him up."

"Van wanted to get Zorane safely away on the same principle that a sheriff won't allow a murderer to be lynched by a mob. And to avoid diplomatic unpleasantness. Zorane is really a political prisoner, and Van has to protect him."

"And you believe all that?"

"I don't see why Van should lie about it."

"Either you're lying or you're a fool, and you aren't a fool. You're supposed to be one of the smartest girls in New York. Has Van got something on you?"

"How can you say such things?"

"Something is sour. You aren't telling the truth. You didn't deliver that interne suit simply to get me that story. You knew how dangerous it was. Why did you fly to Chicago two weeks ago?"

"To interview that Japanese princess."

"You're still lying. You were running an errand for Van Arden."

"Barney," she wailed, "stop saying that. Van has always been kind and decent. He's tried to make love to me, but he's no worse than half the men I meet."

BARNEY said in a more reasonable tone: "What I don't understand is how a girl as smart as you are can be taken in by him. He's always been phony. Why did the Department of State yank him out of Madrid after he'd made that grandstand play of rescuing those marooned Americans? Something was phony. And what's he done since he went to work for the Department of Labor? Let's check them off. First, Theodora Patra, the Greek singer. She was unfortunate enough to get a part in Rogue's Rest. It was so heavily censored by women's clubs that she made a nice easy mark. At the climax of the third act, he rushed out onto the stage, arrested her and stopped the show. Headlines for the gallant, fearless Van Arden!"

"Does that prove he's phony?"

"It does to me. Next, that Albanian light heavyweight Dimitri. He was very unpopular because he used his thumbs too much. Van Arden brilliantly stopped his fight with Hotchkiss in the fourth round and arrested him for illegal entry. Oh, very spectacular. More headlines.

"And how about Stefan Zorane? Public opinion is against Zorane. The workers are for him. The vote is split. So what? Van Arden was assigned to the job of getting Zorane out of the country. Van Arden prosecuted Zorane. Zorane had fine lawyers. The case was submitted to the Board of Review, and Van lost."

"Does that prove Van is phony?" Sally said.

"Van Arden got rid of evidence so that the solicitor for the Department of Labor, when he got ready to present a tremendous amount of evidence which he thought he had, didn't have enough to convict Zorane, and Zorane got out on a writ of habeas corpus."

"You can't prove that," Sally said.

"I wish I could!"

"It was up to the Board of Review. Van is preparing another charge and is going to present it to the Board of Review in another week or so."

"I see. I've been on the case for months. I know that Van Arden is crooked, but feminine intuition tells you he's a dandy fellow."

"WASN'T it enough," Sally said wearily, "that I got you that beat?"

"No," Barney snapped. "It was incidental. It doesn't hold water. How do you suppose I felt when Kresco told me about it? You know what Kresco is. He swears he'll get even with you. He accused me of arranging it all."

Sally groaned.

"It's all right. He knows better now."

"What can he do to me?"

"I don't know. It serves you right. I warned you about Van Arden. But you're too clever. I'm just a dumb reporter. You're the dazzling, scintillating girl who does Let's Be Smart because you're so smart."

She said desperately, "Oh, it seems so hopeless. You won't believe anything I tell you."

"Because you're still lying."

Sally was on the verge of tears again. "You won't believe anything I say," she said in a small voice. "That's all."

He stopped and faced her. "All right,"

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

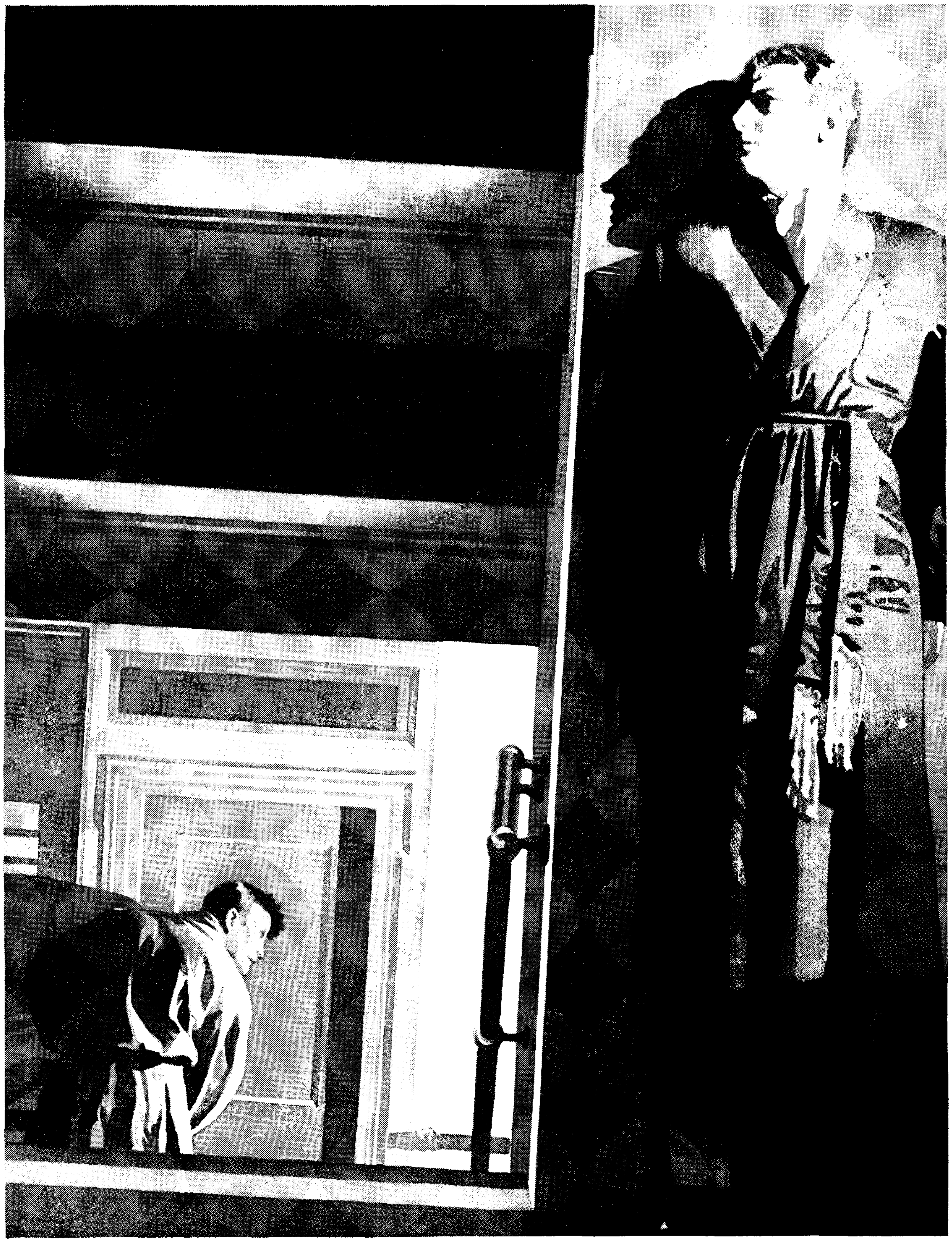
The young man laughed. "Senator, you're a pushover. There you were, sleeping like a slug, and there sat the briefcase for anybody to steal. I'm putting it in the hotel safe"

Tunnel of the Apes

By Sax Rohmer

Bazarada and the key to Gibraltar. Further exploits of the great magician, to whom all things mysterious are revealed and no task for humanity is too difficult

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



Back turned to me, he inserted a key in the lock of the office

"AS WE are to be fellow passengers, Mr. Roder, I shall not say goodby, but only good night."

My stout acquaintance smiled, bowed in his oddly formal fashion and hurried away.

Seven miles north the triple flash of Colombo High Light callously stabbed the tropic night from its lofty station on the clock tower. Fishermen's flares flickered along the silver-sanded coastline where natives beached incoming catamarans. And the air was pungent with an acrid smell of wood fires from the adjoining village.

Herman Forz was my stout acquaintance's name, buyer for a well-known firm of Fifth Avenue art dealers, a remarkably informed man and an amiable and amusing companion. I had come down from Kandy Heights the day before, having spent an enjoyable fortnight with my old friend Rawlinson, who grew tea but always preferred whisky. I had slightly curtailed my visit as the R. M. S. Roratonga homeward bound from Brisbane was due at Colombo in the morning.

I had secured accommodation through the agents—for Bazarada was on board returning from an Australian tour. It was good to think that I should see Buzzy in the morning.

It would be fine to meet again Dan Dillon, his chauffeur manservant, equally ready with tongue or fist; Edmundson, his carpenter in chief; and Laroo—particularly, perhaps, Laroo. I wondered how, in the months that had elapsed since our last meeting this strange romance had developed. In addition to these the world's greatest magician carried three tons of baggage, including Satan, the black puma, and a team of six white ponies; the menagerie being in charge of Mahmoud, that decorative Arab who had toured the world with Bazarada. Nor must I except Mammy Nono, the colored cook.

I remained seated for some time after Herman Forz had gone.

A human problem was bothering me. It was this: On my arrival the day before, I had noticed Mr. Forz, whose acquaintance I made later, lunching with a fair-haired young man, quite obviously a soldier. Forz, bald-headed, bespectacled and brimming with geniality, had made an enormous meal. But the younger man had eaten next to nothing and had seemed unhappy.

I never saw them together again.

A Cunard cruise, outward-bound from Southampton, called that night, and I was at the reception desk when one of her passengers arrived ahead of the rest and booked a room. I could not avoid hearing his name, and it stuck in my memory: Major Blaise Garth, a gray-haired, grim-faced officer somewhat sardonic but with a twinkle in his light blue eyes.

He had taken his breakfast next

(Continued on page 35)

Under His Wing

By W. B. Courtney

Major Rudolph W. Schroeder has been our national peacetime ace in the drive for safer flying. He is the greatest aviation detective in the world today and has taken the mystery out of many accidents. When you follow this quick hop through aviation's most colorful and longest career, you will know that here is a man who "has flying in his heart"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Major Schroeder watches a speeding plane chart its own course on a Bureau of Air Commerce map in Washington, D. C.

THERE was an Air Line Safety Conference in Washington recently. All the master wits of the flying business came in and took off their spectacles and in strong, manly terms broached enough ideas to make flying too safe to be interesting, even for married men.

After a while a tall, lean man, with an expression like the attic window of a haunted house, managed to raise his voice to a higher pitch than any other; and so was heard. "One thing aviation needs to be safer," he said, "is two of everything!"

That is his famous pet notion; duplication of all gadgets and equipment, not excluding stewardesses, in commercial airplanes. Then, if one goes haywire, you've got t'other.

But when the alp man sat down, the representative of one of the largest aviation insurance groups in the United States arose and held up a hand for attention. "I would like to point out," he shouted, "an inevitable failure in the principle of having everything in aviation in duplicate. We can have, it is true, spare engines and spare radios and spare altimeters and spare pilots, but the weak point, the great trouble, is that we can't have two Shorty Schroeders!"

"Hear! Hear!" yelled everybody. For the tall man was none other than Major Rudolph (he'll kill me for giving away the secret of the R. W.) Schroeder, who lacks only a flat in Baker Street, a medical friend named Watson, and a checkered cap to be the Sherlock Holmes of aviation. He is known as the only flyer who does not have to take off to make an altitude hop: for he is in height anywhere from 6 feet 4 inches to seven feet, depending upon whether you try to lie to him during an investigation of why your plane ran out of gas just when you got over Independence Square in Philadelphia. No matter how tall you are, there is about Shorty a peculiar quality which makes it necessary for you to look up to him.

It may surprise you old fellows to know that aviation has been with us long enough to have its elder statesmen. Shorty is the Nestor of the crop. About fifty, he has given his entire working life to flying. Foulois, Milling, one or two other veterans of the Army and Navy, can match him in longevity of service, perhaps; but in the commercial field no rival's name comes to mind. His contribution has not been exclusively labor but also integrity. Indeed, when panic threatened last winter because of the rash of accidents, his character was the rock to which all factions clung.

That is why everyone cheered good old Shorty, who just sat and blushed until his ears were red shutters dangling from his gray head when the aviation industry paid a compliment to him.

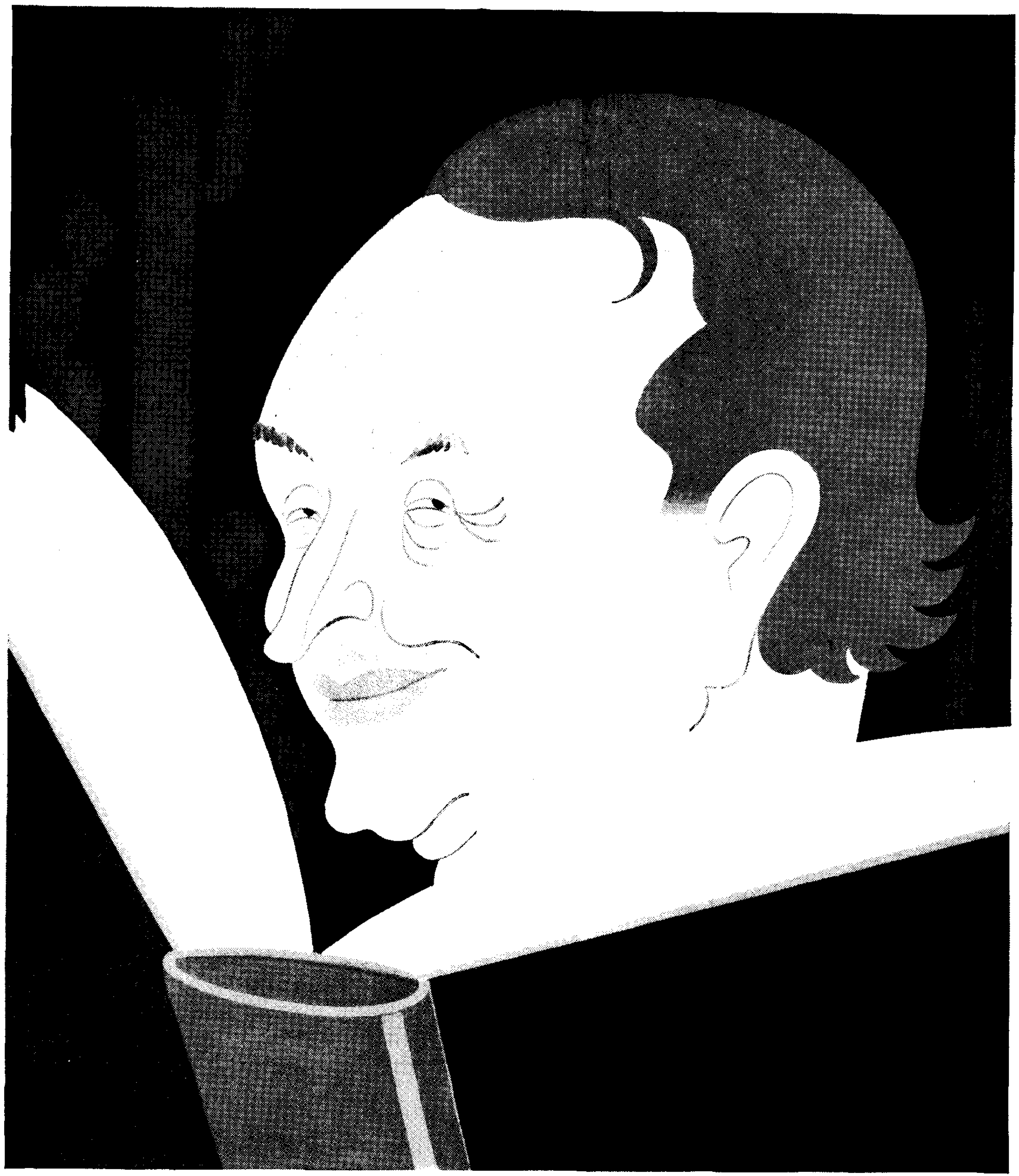
The present tribute to him was all the more significant, because no love was then being wasted between the aviation industry and the Air Commerce Bureau of the Department of Commerce. Shorty was Government; but Shorty also, the industry realized, was for the lay public a symbol of prudence, of honesty, of zealous and impartial devotion to the cause of greater safety in air travel. We lay folks knew that when accidents took place, Shorty was on the job at once; and the industry knew he was not there to blame anyone, but to find out whys and wherefores and to help all concerned to avoid a repetition.

He was then Chief of the Air Line Inspection Service of the Air Commerce Bureau. Now he is Manager of Operations for United Air Lines, and will supervise all operation policies and procedures of that company.

Like all men who are truly practical (which is something beautiful and quite different from the crass pragmatism meant by ordinary use of the term) Shorty is an idealist. The history of American flying lies unwritten in his heart. A store of axioms, attributed to him and known as "Schroederisms," has grown up in aviation; you will hear them quoted from in hangars and planes the country over. "There is no place for heroes in flying!" is one. Another indicates his distrust of perfection in the cockpit, or any other part of the air system: "A few fleas on a dog always keep him scratching." And there is a whole pattern in this observation, out of the trouble he's seen: "Too many have flying in their pocketbooks instead of in their hearts."

In Chicago long ago, his father died before Shorty got far in school; and the boy had to put aside formal learning and hustle up the daily bread for his mother and younger brother. He found work in a garage; and immediately was entangled in the major interest of his life. One of the mechanics—older than our Shorty—was Otto Brodie. He and *(Continued on page 82)*

COCONINO CLOUDBURST



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Senator Henry Fountain Ashurst, Arizona's Chesterfield, has never been addicted to the "withering, embalming vice of consistency"

By
George Creel

OUT in Arizona they call Senator Henry Fountain Ashurst the Silver-Tongued Sunbeam of the Painted Desert. Such gross understatement shames the Great Open Spaces. Sunbeam indeed! Why, the man is an expression of Nature in her most torrential mood, and comes properly under the head of tidal waves, meteors and seismic shocks. How much more fitting to have dubbed him the Cloudburst of Coconino County, the Arizona Avalanche or Big Hell Roaring Wind of the West.

In its time the Senate has had many abnormally articulate members, but compared to The Ashurst all were broken-winded stutterers. No sooner does he gain possession of the floor than his colleagues send out flood warnings, and either crouch behind sandbags or else take to boats in frantic search for high ground. After long years of ineffectual competition, even such a master of multiloquence as J. Ham Lewis has been forced to fall at the feet of the tall Arizonian and pay homage.

A gift? Not at all. Just patient, plodding industry. While other statesmen find their pleasure in harassing trout, quail and deer, Henry hunts for words and fishes for phrases. Not for him the forest, the stream or the golf course, but rather those deep pools in Webster's Unabridged where fifteen-pound adjectives may be found, or a stalk for synonyms through the thickets of Roget's Thesaurus. In Washington it is a common thing to see him coming home in the late twilight, staggering under the weight of a Saxon noun or an Aztec adverb, and those who have seen his trophy room report that it contains stuffed specimens from every known language.

On a recent afternoon, your correspondent leaned across the Ashurst desk and launched a series of pointed questions. The first was this: "Is it true that after you have written a speech you go over it painstakingly and discard every word in ordinary usage, substituting the polysyllabic and even the obsolescent?"

"Of course." The senator's mobile face registered surprise. "And why not? As someone has said so brilliantly, perhaps myself, how stupid to pick coppers from the top when there are gold pieces at the bottom. I love auriferous words, and nothing delights me more than to pluck gems from the dictionary that otherwise might never see the light of day. Our shrinking vocabulary should be a matter of concern to every true American."

"And during the course of some debate, did you describe yourself as a veritable peripatetic bifurcated volcano of language?"

"A correct quotation, and if memory serves, it was on the same occasion that I pointed out the manner in which I lived up to my middle name. Always the fountain," he beamed, "and never the cistern."

"And what about the statement that, on the day when you were elected for a fourth term, you turned to a friend and said, 'Here dies a demagogue; now is born a statesman'?"

"I cannot recall the observation," answered the senator after a thoughtful twirl of the long black cord that anchored his eyeglasses, "but," he admitted blandly, "the rhetoric has a familiar ring and an invincible optimism was always one of my distinguishing characteristics."

The Evils of Consistency

It is this saving grace of gay and elfin humor, his technique of self-deprecation and self-raillery, that makes Henry Ashurst a unique figure in the Senate. Long ago his colleagues gave up attempts at attack and derision, for he is the first to laugh at himself and to turn a spear against his own breast. What can be done with a man who, winningly genial and disarmingly candid, admits charges before they are made, beating opponents to the punch, as it were?

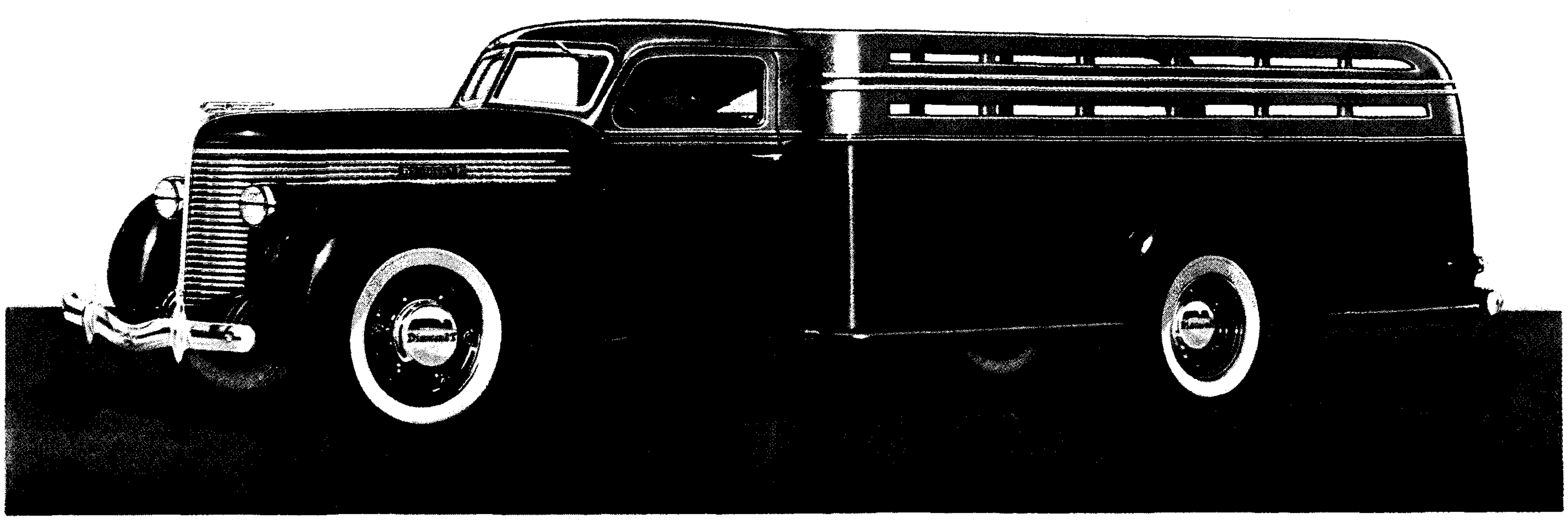
By way of illustration, take the Ashurst record in the Supreme Court fight. No man was more vehement in his denunciation of the "scandalous insinuations" that the President planned to enlarge the august tribunal by statute. In speech after speech Henry declared his own detestation of schemes to reorganize the judiciary by "whittling, chiseling, indirection, circumlocution, periphrasis and house-that-Jack-built tactics." As he saw it, "The way to reach the desired objective is by bold frankness, asking the people of the states to ratify the necessary amendments." Imagine then the stupefaction of the Senate when none other than Ashurst sponsored the Roosevelt six-justice bill, blandly praising it as both fair and moderate.

"Wait a minute." Burke of Nebraska was the first to get back his breath. "Did you or did you not, exactly one week ago, denounce this very method?"

"I did." Having made this confession, and before the empurpled Burke could swallow his Adam's apple, Henry turned intimately and tenderly to the gaping chamber and said: "My faults are obvious. There can be no doubt I have my full share. I suffer from *cacoëthes loquendi,* a mania or itch for

(Continued on page 48)

DIAMOND T



STILL GREATER TRUCKS
of even Greater Beauty

EVERY truck man knows that most trucks for years have patterned closely after Diamond T in appearance. This has been so obvious that a far more important fact has often been overlooked—Diamond T *engineering* leadership.

Diamond T engineering has just as surely led the entire industry, and leads today. Not merely at one or two points, but in nearly every important feature of chassis design, Diamond T has consistently introduced the vital advancements in truck construction.

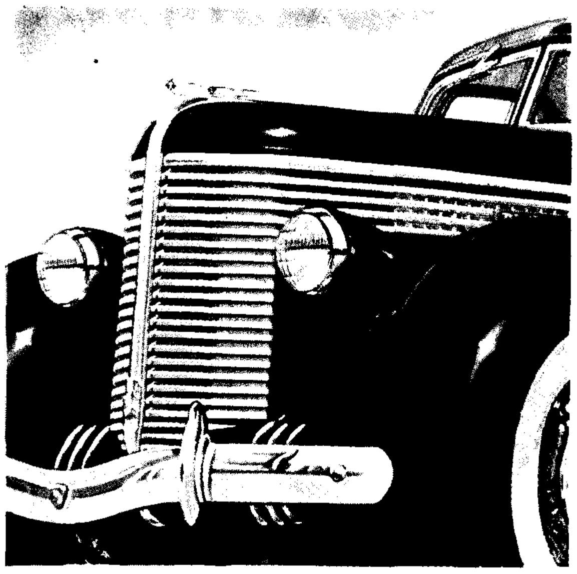
The new Diamond T, precisely pictured above, sets a fresh, crisp, style note. But take time to study the Diamond T *chassis* with your Diamond T dealer. Let him show you how Diamond T engineering has practically *eliminated* engine crankshaft wear; has *minimized* engine bearing maintenance; has *stopped* destructive drive shaft whip; has *banished* spring shackle noise, wear and need for greasing; has endowed a heavy-duty truck with passenger-car ease of steering, handling and riding; and has achieved a new low in operating and maintenance costs.

All these features and many more brilliant advancements, pioneered by Diamond T, are built into these great new 1938 models, and in no other trucks can you duplicate or approximate them.

That is why we simply say—these are *Still Greater Trucks,* and urge you sincerely to examine them for yourself.

◆

The Diamond T line is built in a complete range from ¾-ton up, and includes six-wheelers, new Cab-Over-Engine and High-Speed Diesel Models.



DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR CO.
Established 1905
Factory and General Offices, Chicago, Illinois

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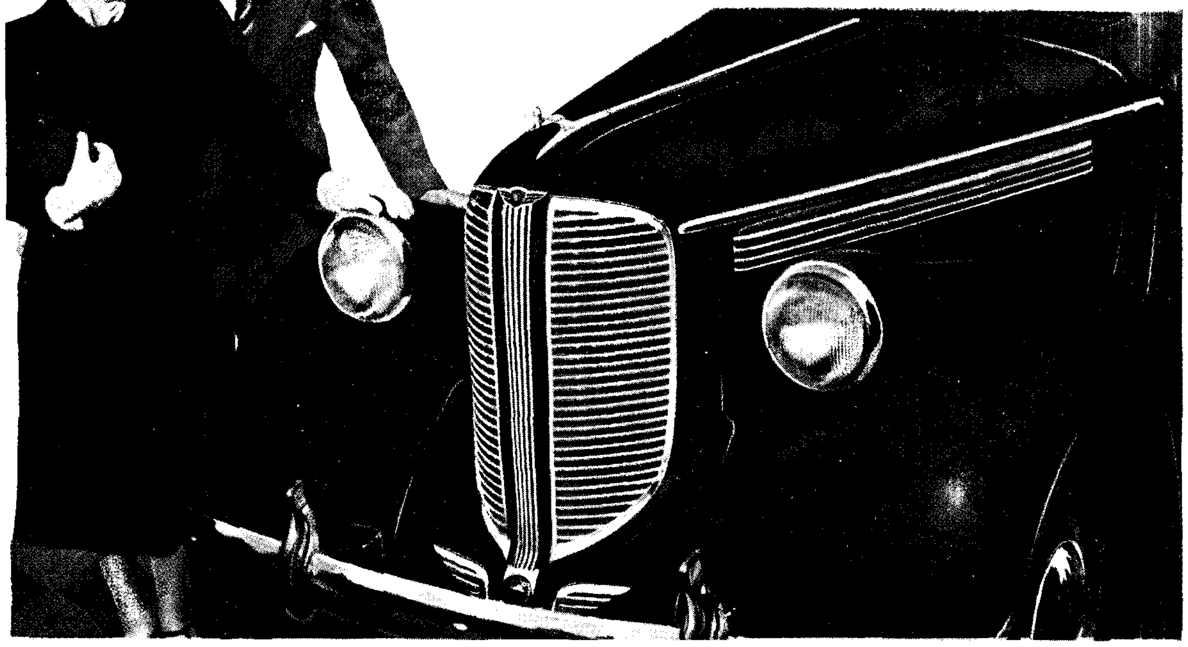
Diamond T Trucks are sold and serviced by progressive dealers throughout the United States and in more than sixty other important countries.

WHAT MR. AND MRS. CANNON
OF THE BIG NEW

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cannon, of Chicago, who attended the "coming out" party of the new 1938 "American Beauty" Dodge.

The Most Beautiful Dodge in Dodge History...With 47 Pr
gressive Improvements and Refinements Plus the Prov
Money-Saving Features That Made 142,525 Owners
Other Make Cars Switch to Dodge in the Past Yea

Lovely to Look At!—"Isn't it the most graceful looking car you've ever seen?" says Mrs. Cannon. "I'll say it is!" replies Mr. Cannon, "just look at that sparkling new radiator grille! And see that good-looking medallion at the base of the radiator! Notice how smartly tailored the new louvers are and the way the lamps are partly recessed in the fenders."



New "Simplified Driving!"
"All the familiar driving controls are easier, quicker and more responsive than ever...and what a lot of room in the front compartment!"

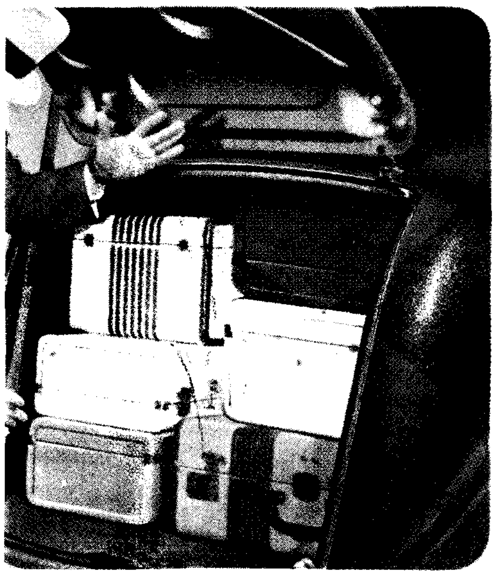
New "Lustre-Lounge" Interior!
"Roy, this entire interior is perfectly gorgeous! The name 'Lustre-Lounge' certainly fits! Notice the lovely lustre of the light window mouldings"..."And the instrument panel has the same finish," replies Mr. Cannon. "And look at the dials—right in front of the driver—you can't miss them!"

22% More Trunk Spac
"Look at all the space in thi
trunk, dear! I understand it'

JOIN THE 'SWITCH PARADE' TO THE BI

SAW AT THE "COMING OUT" PARTY

1938 Dodge



ier. No one owning this new 1938 Dodge will have to worry about where to put luggage, no r how long the trip!"

What a Money-Saver!—"This 'gasometer' gives you free proof of Dodge economy. It shows the exact gas mileage the new Dodge will give! Any Dodge dealer will make this free test without obligation."

See this Big Money-Saving Dodge at Your Dealer's Today!

SPARKLING inside and out with fresh, new details of design...brimming with 47 progressive new improvements in *riding* and *driving, appearance* and *performance* ...the new 1938 "American Beauty" Dodge scores a nationwide hit as not only the most beautiful, but the greatest *plus-value* Dodge of them all!

Here in this new Dodge are all the things that motor car buyers should demand today—the things they're entitled to...New "Lustre-Lounge" interior..."Simplified Driving" Control..."Silenced Airglide Ride"...Genuine hydraulic brakes...1938 Safety all-steel body!...And yet with all these plus advantages Dodge still delivers for just a few dollars more than lowest-priced cars!

And, above all, the new "American Beauty" Dodge gives you the record-breaking economy of the powerful Dodge engine—the engine which owners report gives them 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline and saves up to 20% on oil! See this new Dodge today and learn how you, too, can switch to Dodge and save money! Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

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Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

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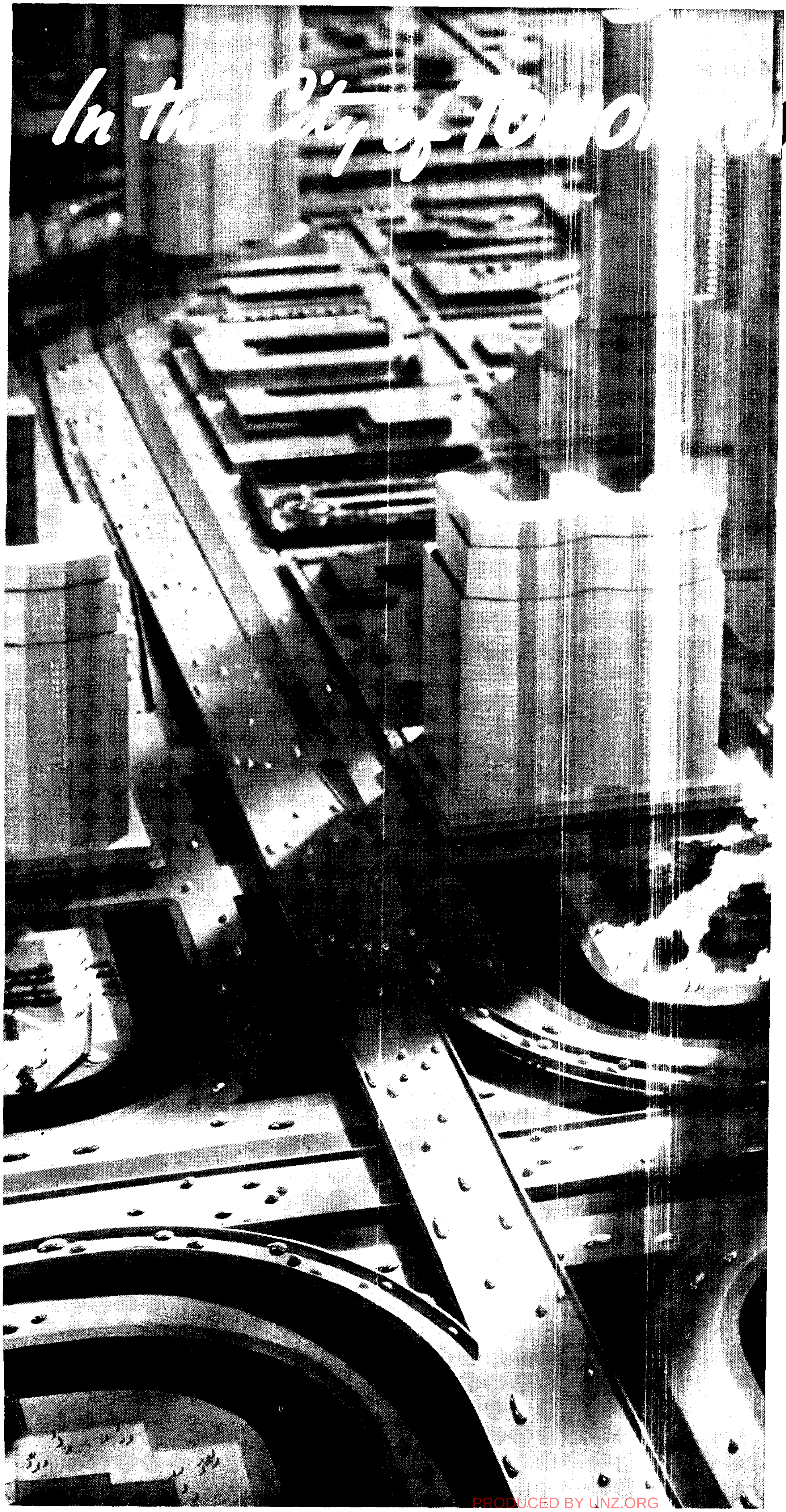
In the City of TOMORROW —you'll breeze right over cross-town traffic



predicts **NORMAN BEL GEDDES**

"You won't have to slow down at intersections on t morrow's 'Main Street,'" *says Mr. Geddes, authority o future trends.*

"By 1960, express traffic will speed along at 50 mil an hour over high-speed boulevards, reached by ram every ten blocks. No stop lights . . . no intersections.

"Local traffic will travel on one-way streets, made wide by the elevation of sidewalks. Parking and truck loa ing will be inside buildings.

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STOP for a streetcar . . . stop for a traffi light . . . 30 stops a day is the nation wide average. And one stop can wast enough gasoline to drive you ⅓ mile

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Save by the regular use of Super Shell. A Shell dealer is near you.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

Guard for a Lady

Continued from page 15

roommate. She was carrying a great football blanket, and dimpled as she showed him that it was woven in the Templeton colors. Bitsy had a genius for the trivial at times of crisis. "Heaven's sake, where's Lois?" Phil exploded.

Bitsy waved to Cal Tompkins, the engineering student who was her especial preoccupation, signaling that she would join him immediately. "She's flying down on the noon plane," she said. "She was the only one in her advanced economics class. So she had to stay late and fly."

"But, Bitsy, I can't go out to the airport to meet her!" he protested. "We've got squad luncheon in twenty minutes, and then after rest period in the field house we have a final chalk talk and then dress for the game."

"Lois understands all that," said Bitsy soothingly. "Cal and I are going out to the airport to meet her and we'll take care of her ticket for you. Oh, Phil!" she breathed, her eyes starry, "if only you knew the way she's been talking about this game!"

"There was something," he said with difficulty, "that I wanted to tell Lois before the game."

"Tell me and I'll tell her," said Bitsy. She caught his reluctant expression. "Or write it out, if you'd rather," she amended demurely.

"The message will have to wait, I guess," Phil said. "I'll meet you both at the Thurston after the game."

"Don't come too early, Phil," warned Bitsy, "because Lois and I are going to start dressing for the prom almost immediately afterward."

HE HAD forgotten the prom, and a sudden dread of it assaulted him. Why hadn't he said something on the telephone the day before, at least to cushion Lois' disappointment?

"Bitsy," he blurted desperately, "will you tell Lois not to be expecting too much? I mean, not to be counting on a whole lot from me this afternoon? You see, I haven't written her about football in my letters and she's got an exaggerated idea—"

Bitsy gave his arm a little pinch. "Oh, don't talk that way, Phil," she whispered. "Lois will be satisfied if you make just *one* little touchdown."

So all I'm going to make against Michigan is one little touchdown, thought Phil. I'd like to tell that to Doc Mooney, just to see his expression.

"WELL, 15-7," said Keeker, a big tackle with a red neck, as he turned on the hot water. "I guess that's the last time Michigan will ever come up here and try an end-around play against us." He soaped his deep chest.

From the hot shower next to Phil's the quarterback who, like Keeker, had just played his last game for Templeton, put his head out through the steam and said: "Yes, but what about *next* year? What's Templeton going to do for a line then?"

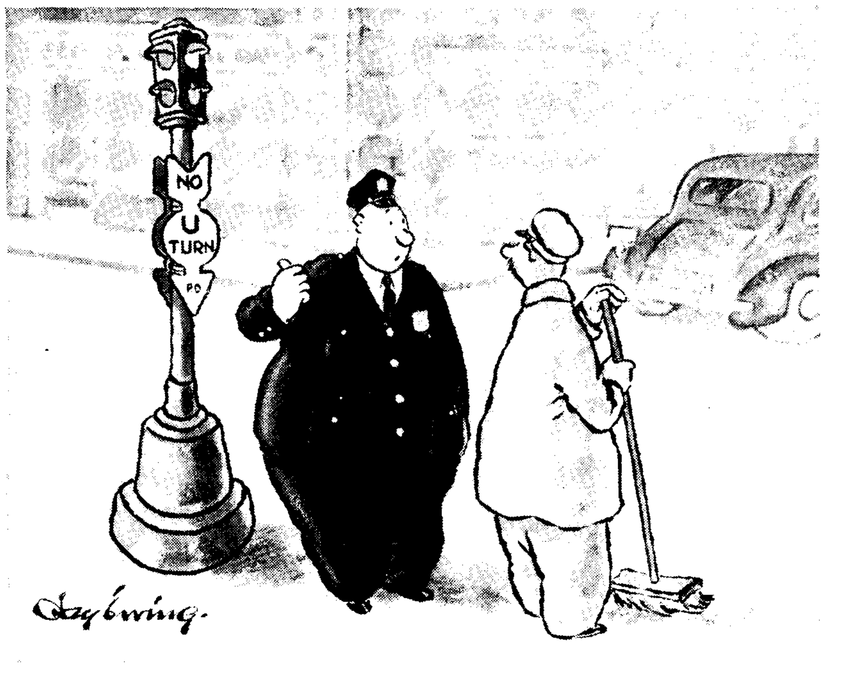
Phil, watching Keeker lathering in the clouds of steam, imagined how good it would feel to come in from having beaten Michigan, to clean away the dirt and leave oneself tingling with work well done, and then saunter down to the Thurston, about seven, in evening clothes, and wait for Lois to come downstairs. How different it was to have sat all afternoon under a blanket, waiting and hoping, with hope and the body growing colder together, and then to come in, unlettered, the season ended, and take a shower that felt like a Turkish bath with a body that felt fat with disuse, inaction and hours of sitting. Even with all that waste behind him, he still had his explaining to do.

Now Keeker had turned on the cold shower and was leaping ecstatically in it, gasping. "Hey," he said to the quarterback between jumps, "who told you"—jump—"I was through football?"—jump—"Don't you know I'm playing"—jump—"for the Shamrocks tomorrow"—jump—"at American Legion Field?" He soared free of the shower, breathing hard, reaching for his towel.

"Who are the Shamrocks?" asked the quarterback listlessly, still dreaming in warm steam.

"It's a tough kind of amateur outfit that plays only Sunday afternoons," said Keeker, rubbing himself. "They mostly practice after dark, under the arc lights at city playgrounds. They're glad to give college players a chance, after the varsity season is over."

The quarterback looked a little more interested. "I might drop down and get into a game sometime."



"Look, I'm new here. What's a 'U-turn'?" JAY IRVING

"But you'd have to play in the line," Keeker warned him with a toothy grin. "You couldn't learn the signals overnight, so they'd have to put you up forward with us toughies."

"No playing the line with strangers for me," said the quarterback hastily. "I like the shape of my nose this way."

Phil tapped Keeker on the shoulder. "Can you get me in as a guard?" he said.

"But you're a fullback, aren't you?" objected Keeker. "Are you sure you can take it?"

"Try me," said Phil.

THE three trombones blatted a soft, sweet finish. The dancers dispersed for their cubicles, which were fringed with ferns and punctuated with popping corks.

"Could we go out for a walk?" asked Lois. "The floor's awfully crowded."

She was wearing a dull bronze gown, sullen as a fallen autumn leaf. Above her smooth arms her hair was like yellow fire, and her eyes were quick and alert. Even Phil had not expected her to look so beautiful.

When he came back with her white wrap and they moved out past the four tall carnationed ushers in tails, her fingers tightened on his arm. But once they were out under the trees of the campus itself, she drew away her hand. "Phil," she said, "can I ask you a trivial question?"

Here it comes, he thought. "The more trivial the better," he said cheerfully.

She took his arm a moment at that, but only to shake it and let go. "Why did you allow me to think for so long that you were one of Templeton's first-string players?"

"Oh, that?" he said. "I don't know. There didn't seem to be much point in my reporting my Pilgrim's Progress to you in my letters, particularly since it was mostly downward." He glanced at her; she was staring straight ahead. "Then, too," he said, "there's always a long chance, you know, even for mugs like me."

They were out of earshot of the music now. "It would have been better if you'd explained things before you asked me down," she said explicitly.

That went under his skin. What was the idea, couldn't she go out with anyone but Team A men? "I don't see why it should mean more to you than it does to me," he said.

"You *don't*?" She whirled on him incredulously. They were at a corner of the campus not far from the street, and across the bushes a street lamp illumined her face. "How do you think I feel at this prom, after telling every girl from school what a big football man you are?"

"I'm sorry, Lois," he said. "I never realized that the difference between Team A and Team C could mean that much to a girl."

"It wouldn't have," she said, folding her arms and seeming to tighten into herself, "if you'd given me some warning. Oh, Phil, I'm not so petty as I sound, and it *is* sweet of you to ask me down, but can't you realize how all these things tie in together?" She gulped for breath. "How can I love you without having a stake in everything you do?" The little corsage he had brought her rose and fell tempestuously on her curved décolletage. "Did it occur to you that a certain sorority might have pledged me partly because of what they heard me and other girls like Bitsy say about the two of us? Well, does that make me look to every girl at my college like a salesman and a schemer, or doesn't it?"

It was his turn now to be incredu-

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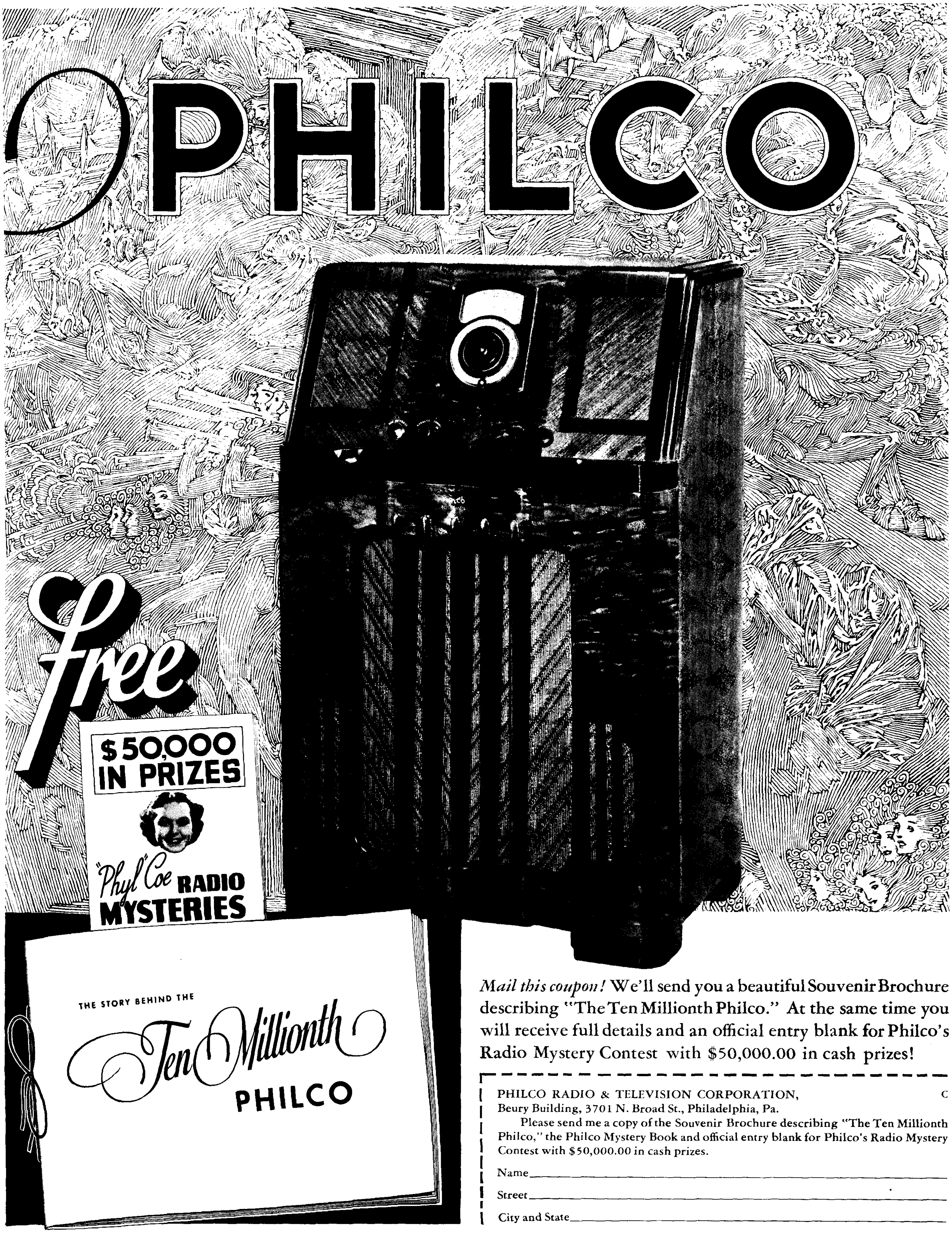
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lous. "Does the mere fact that I didn't get into the Michigan game—"

"And didn't even get your letter—" she interjected.

"Well, and didn't get my letter," he stared at her, astonishment slowly taking control of him, "does that mean—hey, Lois, you don't mean to say that my not getting my letter—"

"It means that I'm having a perfectly *horrible time at Templeton*," she said, and she stamped the gravel with her little bronze sandal.

He put his hands in his pockets and looked down at her, wondering at himself, that she could still seem lovely to him. "Well, then, Lois," he said, "why don't you go home?"

"What?"

"I said, why don't you go home?"

"Philip Means!" She stepped close to him suddenly and he thought she was going to slap him. But she did not. She simply reached in his pocket for her vanity case and started away from him.

"Take this, too, while you're about it," he snapped, overtaking her. She looked in his hand and saw that he was offering her back a little ball of green laciness, drawn from a pocket of his white vest.

She flashed him one look, and for an instant it seemed there was a glitter like tears in her eyes. Then she reached down for her skirt, to draw it up from the campus path, and she was running, running as fast as she could go, away from him under the trees. She flew thus through the Class of 1909 gate, never turning back any more, and finally she was wholly gone.

At Thurston House the cadaverous night clerk said she had given orders that no calls were to be put through to her room. Phil wrote her a message in six words: "Please come down and forgive me." The bellboy said there was no answer.

In his bedroom he set his alarm clock for six and by seven o'clock he was around at Thurston House again. The three bellboys were sweeping out confetti from the lobby, moving about on tiptoe because there were three tired couples, in gowns and rumpled tails, asleep like children with their legs interwoven in the big leather sofa of the main lounge. But Miss Lois Farlow, the clerk whispered, had waited only for Miss Moore to return from the prom, an hour before—Miss Moore had been motoring with Mr. Tompkins meanwhile—and then had left, alone, on the Interstate Flyer for Chicago.

He wandered out, dazed. Well, let her go, then. Let her go. As for himself, he was going to seek strong drink and he was going off on the finest, longest, blindest binge that ever honored a glorious football victory. He sat down on the curbstone to think about the kind of binge it was going to be.

A yellow roadster drew up: Bitsy and Cal, still in evening dress. "Go to bed, you two," he said. "Take off those funny clothes. Prom is over. We beat Michigan. It's Sunday; look at that sun coming up, if you don't believe me. Sundays people go to church, but Lois and I don't have to go." And then, quite suddenly, he found that he had buried his face in his hands.

Bitsy got out and stood near him. "I'm sure you two must both be crazy," she said.

"So am I," said Cal.

"But you two harmonize beautifully," said Phil. "Do you also carry cigarettes?"

Bitsy pushed aside the package that Cal held down to him. "A stag named Keeker," she said, "who walked all over these lovely pumps last night, told me that you and he were going to play football this afternoon. I came down to Templeton to see you in action—as well as for the company of Mr. Tompkins here—and you'll get no cigarettes till that game is over."

"Why all the conscience?" said Phil. "Aren't you going to tell your roommate how terrible I am—cheer her up—convince her she didn't miss anything?"

Bitsy flushed. "I have to take this high-powered language from Lois, but I don't see why I should take it from you," she said. She wavered a little. "Do you, Cal?" she asked.

"I do not," said Cal, covering a yawn, "not at this hour of the morning. Let him play his own game. Get in, Bitsy."

Bitsy got in, the yellow roadster roared, and was gone. Phil Means remained sitting on the curbstone, wondering what brand of cigarette he would break training with and finally deciding on a cup of coffee, instead.

Once donned, the Shamrock jersey seemed a juvenile green, becoming to him more as the color of inexperience. But Keeker's, too, looked just as green. "I told them you used to play in the line, but you were a roving center," the big tackle whispered. "That's your excuse if you get a crack in the head and start wandering around in the backfield again. But someone else'll probably take care of you. These fellows aren't so long on grammar, but they know football, all right."

The Wasps, their antagonists, wore yellow jerseys with purple arm stripes, Phil found as he went on the field. He also learned that he was not to start the game. The Shamrock quarterback, whose front teeth were full of gaps, gave him a sketchy idea of the signals. "We'll putcha in w'en we needja," he said kindly. The town crowd, which always rooted against Templeton, was wildly partisan for the Shamrocks. He felt and liked their surging enthusiasm and the way they, having no cheers or cheerleader, broke out in scattered wild yelps: "Cut his lip, kid!" "Give him the straight-arm, Eddie," and even, "Sock him with everything!"

From the first the Wasps took the lead. The Shamrock running plays were blocked left and right, and they could not seem to gain through the line. But the town crowd remained blindly loyal. A woman standing near the Shamrock bench, wearing a coat over a house dress of calico, and carrying a fat baby, screamed: "Come on, Ole," to a big Swede leading the Shamrock backfield, and Phil learned that Ole was her husband. On the next play Ole punted but his kick angled off the side of his foot, and the Wasps got the ball cheaply on the Shamrocks' forty-two-yard line. "Daddy didn't sleep good last night," Phil heard the woman say to her baby, and the baby nodded as though it understood.

Opening a vicious running attack, the Wasps stabbed twice through the line on the side opposite Keeker's, gaining six yards with each thrust. They tried Keeker's side and Keeker threw their big halfback for a loss of two yards. They went back immediately to the other side and took four yards more. The Swede intercepted a forward, but the Shamrocks' running plays were stopped. As the teams came in for the quarter, spitting the water out of their mouths onto the ground, Keeker spoke to the Swede, and Phil was beckoned into the game.

"They're putting you in to see whether you can plug that hole," said Keeker. "Remember: get down low and charge with everything you've got."

The Wasp guard opposite Phil was about five-feet-six and certainly weighed over two hundred. He had a short, new beard, which he had apparently decided became him well, for he stroked it carefully as he surveyed the Shamrock backfield over Phil's lowered helmet. But when he waded across the scrimmage line the blows of his palms on Phil's head felt as though he bore a hammer in each hand.

On the very first play he broke through as though Phil were paper and was into the Shamrock backfield only a split second after the ball. That time it was all right, because the play went around the other end. But the next Shamrock thrust was through center and Phil found himself back on his haunches and the Shamrock halfback lying prone at his feet with the bearded guard wrapped like ivy around his legs. Four yards lost. "Say, couldja hit that guy a little harder?" the quarterback asked him.

When the Wasps took the ball he saw their quarterback send an appraising glance across the top of the huddle of yellow jerseys. Would he throw his first play at the new Shamrock? No, not the first, nor even the second. But on the third Phil found himself, fighting hard, riding back on the shoulders of the bearded guard, and the Wasp carrier had gone through his hole for seven yards. "Whatsa idea?" inquired the beard amiably. "Got your mind on your girl or something?"

Before they lined up again Keeker came over to him. "That guy thinks he's good because he's a semipro wrestler. Just keep hitting him low and hard, always with a little more than he gives you. That'll cure him."

Phil found that he could charge almost as fast as the bearded Wasp, but the Wasp knew more tricks. As the thick heels of his hands smote like fists on

"A slice of dry toast and a drop of butter—I'm famished!" A. ROSS

Light Conditioning

HELPS PROTECT PRECIOUS EYESIGHT

. . . *Begin with* BRIGHTER G-E MAZDA LAMPS

Her eyes are clear and sparkling, today . . . but how will they be by the time she is ready for college?

On an average, two out of five school children have developed impaired eyesight by college age . . . and poor lighting is an important contributing cause.

Guard your children's eyes, and your own, by light conditioning *your* home. Light Conditioning simply means providing the right kind of lighting and the right amount of light for young eyes and old at work or play.

Begin with new G-E bulbs. They start you right.

For thanks to constant improvements and new developments, G-E MAZDA lamps actually give you MORE LIGHT this year than ever before. The 60-watt size, for instance, gives 10% more light than it did last year . . . yet it costs no more to burn or to buy.

To get bulbs that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER, always look for the G-E trademark on the end of the bulb when you buy.

For other helpful suggestions on light conditioning, write for a copy of our interesting new illustrated booklet, "Light Conditioning." Department 166, General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

The first step in *Light Conditioning* is to use the new and brighter G-E MAZDA LAMPS

60-WATTS AND SMALLER **15¢**
75 and 100-watts . . . **20¢**

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Life Begins At 40

Today—for the First Time in History—You can Expect More from Life After 40 than Before

20 Years Older —NEVER Know It!

YOU are living in a new world. Work that used to be done by hard, muscular labor *now* depends on the skill of fingers on a machine, and on keenness of mind. Your body is saved from exhausting wear. You are *still young at 40*—physically and mentally.

The new "young people" of 40 *don't resign* themselves to discouraging conditions, or to taking a back seat!

Take Inventory and Start Going Ahead Again

In the mentally competitive world of today—the man of 40 is more competent, more resourceful and better poised than in his youth.

This is the time for you to take inventory. It is the time to reconsider the goals towards which you have been working. If you have plenty of energy on tap—as you should have—now is the time to go after what you want most. AND GET IT!

You Can Gain New Happiness —THESE People Did

Henry T. Adams —Income bigger

Had Slump—Then Struck Faster Pace

Dear Life Begins:

I am 41. I no longer just work with *figures* in our financial department. I have learned what these figures *mean*.

But I nearly lost my job some months ago, because of *physical* incompetence.

My trouble started with constipation. Then my stomach went bad. Distress, gas and headaches were constant.

I could not concentrate on my work. A doctor said intestines and stomach tend to become less active—and put me on Fleischmann's Yeast to strengthen the digestive organs. Soon my headaches and indigestion cleared up.

This slump was a turning point. Since then, I have done the best work of my life—and *received a substantial salary increase.*

Henry T. Adams.

Mrs. Catherine Dorry Success Came at 46

From Linen Room Worker to Hotel Housekeeper

Dear Life Begins:

Sixteen years ago I had to start supporting myself and young daughter. I got a job in the linen room of a hotel.

A few years ago, I *could not do* a good day's work.

I was run-down, suffered from indigestion and heartburn. Another hotel employee told me Fleischmann's Yeast makes the stomach work better.

I have eaten yeast regularly. For it stopped my stomach trouble. Years seemed to fall away. I became brisk, businesslike.

The management noticed the difference and made me housekeeper. It is a small, homey hotel and I am in contact with the guests. *This is an enjoyable life.* I not only have more income than before—but I have broader interests and more important work.

Catherine Dorry.

Harold Crane Over 50—Voice Fine

Almost Missed Big Professional Opportunity

Dear Life Begins:

I am an actor and singer. I have been the leading baritone in many productions in different parts of the world.

Not long ago, I was booked for a tour that was more important to me than any engagement in my whole career.

A few weeks before I was to start, my health was poor. I was *worried*. When you are tired or run-down, it always shows in your voice.

I took the advice of a fellow professional, and started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. He told me it peps you up.

It certainly helped *me*. As I felt stronger, my voice became clear and resonant again. I made a very successful appearance.

I now have the "yeast habit." It enables me to keep my health and my voice in condition—and earn a *good livelihood.*

Harold Crane.

An Early Sign of Aging is Slower Digestion

In most people the gastric juices begin to flow less freely around 40—and have *weaker* digestive action.

Don't let this slowing down get worse until it interferes with your activities. Give the digestive system *special* aid.

Increasing as it does the *quantity* of the juices and strengthening their *digestive power*, Fleischmann's Yeast is an important aid to people of 40 and over.

In addition to this digestive stimulation, there is the tonic action of 4 vitamins in Fleischmann's Yeast. A generous supply of these 4 vitamins is provided—and each one has its particular part in keeping the body strong and well.

Give your system this extra help. It brings to almost anyone over 40 new health and self-confidence.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake ½ hour before each meal—plain or in water.

$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. Life Begins, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

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Phil's helmet, an oily grin spread on his face. When the referee muttered something about "unnecessary roughness," he protested in loud gutturals.

Even Ole's wife and baby seemed to know what was coming when the Wasps had the ball on the Shamrocks' eighteen-yard line, fourth down, six yards to go. "Block that kick and don't let them hornets score!" Phil heard Ole's wife scream. As he knelt down, peering along the double line of helmets, he heard Keeker's confirming, "Come on, Phil, let's block it!"

He charged as the ball flew back toward the hands of the yellow-jacketed kicker, and this time the beard was too low to stop him. Somehow he was through, he was running directly on the kicker, and had hurdled the protecting halfback, too. Never having been so close to blocking a punt before, he had the sensation of a man running upon a spitting bomb. As the punter's leg swung, Phil leaped high, hands and arms blindly outspread against the sky, took the cleated foot against his stomach and the ball against his jaw in twin explosions, and fell prone.

When Phil could talk and persuade them to stop splashing water on his head, Keeker made him leave the field. "We need you for the second half, Phil," he said. Phil did not protest; the grass was good. He lay with his face in it behind the Shamrock bench, and then heard a cry of agony go up from the town crowd. There was a Wasp man loose in a broken field; through the jungle of legs Phil could see him dodging. The cries became imploring; then there was a great sigh. Wasps 6, Shamrocks 0. Another sigh indicated they had kicked the goal, just as the half ended.

Suddenly he heard a voice close to his ear. Bitsy's. "Aren't you good in the line, though? My!" she said.

"Thought you had taken the train by now," he said.

"I would have," said Bitsy, "but I had to make Lois come back first. I wired her that you were in trouble."

"But I'm not," he said indignantly.

"Yes, she found that out," said Bitsy ruefully, "and now she's so angry with me that she won't even speak."

Phil raised himself on one elbow. "Listen here, Bitsy," he said. "You can tell Lois Farlow that if she thinks I made you bring her to this game, or even that I *wanted* her to come, she's much mistaken. Did I ever even *suggest* that—"

"Here's something to soften the top of your helmet when that man cracks it the next time," said Bitsy. And she pressed into his hand a tiny lacy green handkerchief with L. F. in the corner. Before Phil could roll to his feet she was gone.

HE COULDN'T think of anywhere to put the handkerchief, because his uniform had no pockets. The bit of lace was a lighter green than the jersey he was wearing, so that he was certain that if he pushed it into his kidney-pad it would emerge to an obbligato of whistles by the bearded guard, the other Wasps and the entire crowd. The only place it could be put, damn it, *was* in his helmet. So there he put it, concealing the shameful act from the rest of the squad. The horn honked for the second half.

Within three plays he discovered an unexpected weakness in the Wasp: he liked to handle a plunge, but hated a sustained, digging charge. So Phil began to give him continuous charges instead of straight drives—plowing, fighting charges that soon had him yielding distance. As he grew winded and disconcerted, his blows became feebler on Phil's helmet. "You're getting him," said Keeker. "Keep pushing him around till he wants to go home."

Suddenly Phil knifed through and smothered a forward, causing a violent dispute between the bearded Wasp and his own quarterback. With two minutes of the quarter to play Phil tried a delayed plunge across the line, made the beard scramble at his feet, and with a leap forward found himself in the heart of a half-executed spinner play. When he saw the ball being extended on the Wasp quarterback's palm he reached out and accepted the gift, like someone in a dream. Seven Wasps piled on him, but when he got up it seemed most of the town was calling his name.

He could not keep from looking at the yellow roadster. Bitsy and Cal were waving like fiends from the running board. Lois was sitting on the top of the rumble seat, watching without a motion.

Oh, unimpressed, was she? All right, let her just watch a while. He stopped the next three plays, one of them on the other side of the line. The Wasps took out the beard, whose eyes were growing foggy. They put in a man tall as a house painter, and Phil immediately learned that he toppled when one hit him at the base of his scaffolding.

"Hey, give 'em a chance, Phil," shouted Keeker. "They're sending everything over this side, because they don't like your hole any more." On the next play the Swede scampered twice the width of the field with a loose ball, and finally crossed. But he was limping as he prepared to kick. He missed the goal and sagged to the ground. Wasps 7, Shamrocks 6.

AS TIME grew short in the last quarter, play grew frantic. Both teams were making up passes, and it was one of these, thrown by the Wasp quarterback, that Phil intercepted on his own thirty-four-yard line. He was a fullback again, carrying the ball! The Wasps were slow to tackle, apparently expecting him, as a guard, to be untidy in a broken field. But after two of them had been straight-armed, they dove in earnest. The Wasp who finally forced him outside on the fifteen-yard line did so with a neck-ringing tackle that peeled off Phil's helmet and sent it rolling almost under the wheels of Cal Tompkins' yellow roadster.

Carelessly though he snatched up the helmet, it was impossible for him longer to pretend that he did not see Lois, six feet away, looking down at him from the roadster's rumble seat.

"You in town again?" he said.

"Yes, I'm back," she said.

Keeker threw an arm around his shoulder as they ran back in. "A minute to play," he said. "They want to try an end run and then a placement. Can you kick a placement?"

The end run lost a yard or two, but put the ball almost in front of the goal posts, on the nineteen-yard line. Keeker made the mound of earth, and Phil showed him the tilt he wanted on the ball. The Wasps came in like yellow furies, their arms upraised to frustrate the kick. They were too late. The ball cleared the crossbars by six feet.

No ceremonial cheers were exchanged between the teams after the game, but Keeker walked across the field with his arm around Phil's neck, saying, "Doc Mooney is going to have you in at guard in spring practice, depend on me for that."

Lois was coming across the field to meet him, followed by the exhausted Bitsy and Cal, and in Lois' hand there was a green lace handkerchief. "You dropped this out of your helmet when you rolled under the car," she said. "Think you could find a use for it next season?"

"Why not?" he said. He put it back in the helmet. When he saw her expression, and she saw his, he added in a hasty undertone, "For heaven's sake, don't let's kiss each other *here*."

"Does *everybody* have to wait for spring practice?" Lois wanted to know.

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—that's all

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brings in your programs at the touch of a finger

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Your G-E Radio Dealer now has on demonstration a brand-new G-E Touch Tuning model, F-96. This remarkable instrument is sensationally priced—to bring Touch Tuning within reach of EVERYONE. It costs no more than you would pay for a good conventional hand-dialed radio.

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THERE is always one best in everything, and General Electric Touch Tuning is the highest development ever achieved in completely electric automatic tuning. Prove this statement for yourself by a personal comparison and demonstration of this year's new radios.

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You pick your program by merely pressing a button marked with the call letters of your station. There are S-I-X-T-E-E-N buttons in all. Just choose your station — and press a button. That's all!

Instantly, silently, and automatically, your program comes in tuned to hairline precision. No dials to twist, twirl or swish! No fumbling with knobs! The new G-E makes hand-dialing obsolete.

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This Fall get Havoline, the premium-quality distilled oil. Thousands are changing to it because a clean engine is a trouble-free engine. Texaco Dealers throughout the 48 states sell Havoline.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS
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Keeps your engine clean

Tunnel of the Apes

Continued from page 20

morning with the fair man, and the latter's appearance had appalled me. Obviously he had not slept, and when the other's eyes were not upon him he would dart glances at Major Blaise Garth which were fearful, almost piteous.

The association between these three was the problem that puzzled me. Palpably the youngster was in trouble. The band struck up The King with enthusiasm. The lights of the bathing pool snapped out, and the plaintive tremolo of a Tamil love-chant floated up from the village.

I set out for a walk. Just clear of the hotel as I entered the dark aisles of a palm grove, my reflections were interrupted. Two men appeared out of the shadows and passed quite close to me. I recognized Major Blaise Garth and the younger soldier.

The latter had seen me a second too late to check his words:

"Am I to consider myself under arrest, sir?"

It seemed fated that I should obtain glimpses of some secret drama being played out by these men. Again I wondered where Herman Forz came into the story.

I may have gone a quarter of a mile on—I think it was less; but except for a dim sound of surf the night was so still that the crack of a shot brought me about as though it had been fired at my heels.

I began to run back. Other footsteps there were, but I came upon the tragedy first.

The fair young man lay beside the path, prone, a revolver near his outstretched hand. Major Blaise Garth and another whom I didn't know were next upon the scene. . . .

I BOARDED the Roratonga in the morning five minutes after she had dropped her anchor. Laroo was at the top of the ladder, sunburned, and even more lovely. She wore a bathing cap and a loose robe over her swim suit. As I stepped on deck she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Maurice, darling!" she cried. Even in those few months I recognized a new maturity in her voice. "How we have missed you! Buzzy has champagne all ready in the cabin. Come on!"

Bazarada was lying on a settee in the sitting room of his suite. He wore a white shirt with the collar open, and a brilliant scarlet dressing gown. As he sprang up to meet me, head thrown back, hands outstretched, I saw, except for that fine brow, the very image of Cagliostro as he appears in the bust by Houdon. No words could have expressed a warmer welcome than flashed from those heavy-lidded eyes.

"Maurice!" He grasped my hands. "It's good to see you!"

He held me so for some moments, looking me over with that intense but kindly curiosity which sprang from the great love he had to give to his friends. He, too, was very sun-browned.

"You look as fit as a flea, Buzzy."

"You don't carry the weight of years badly yourself, Maurice."

"I think he looks lovely," said Laroo, "but thirsty."

She was standing at a table where now I saw an ice bucket embracing a magnum. As if one had touched Aladdin's lamp, Mahmoud entered, statuesque in white uniform.

"Blessing and peace, Mahmoud," I exclaimed.

I was ridiculously happy to find myself with my old friends again.

"Blessing and peace to you also, Roder Effendim!" he replied, teeth glittering under a jet-black mustache.

It was like a family reunion. Laroo sat on my knees, one slim sun-browned arm around my neck, and sipped wine, telling me a hundred and one things.

"You think aloud too much, Laroo," said Bazarada sweetly; "some people would call it chattering."

Poison darted from under Laroo's lowered lashes; then to me:

"Imagine what he said this morning, Maurice," she whispered. "He said to kill the mike or he'd knock my block off."

"You are a talented little liar," Bazarada remarked judicially. "And don't use such barbarous English as 'he said to kill.' The nuns never taught you that."

"Of course they didn't," Laroo returned. "So how would I know it if you didn't say it to me?"

IT WAS a characteristic conversation which others might have misunderstood, but I knew that every one of Laroo's provocative misstatements was a caress which Bazarada chose to ignore.

"What's new, Maurice?" Buzzy asked.

I told him something of my two weeks up at Kandy with Rawlinson and this brought me to the suicide of the young officer on the previous night.

"It seems he was in some kind of trouble," I said. "A word might have saved him, but I never made his acquaintance. There's a man on board, Major Blaise Garth, who knew him—in fact, he was no great distance away when the poor fellow shot himself. He's very reticent about it, though. Honor of the Service, I suppose. He was afraid they would hold him for the coroner's inquiry, but as he's on urgent government business, they accepted a sworn statement, and allowed him to sail. Nasty business, Buzzy. I feel awfully sorry for the poor young devil!"

"Oh, dear!" said Laroo, her eyes now very sad. "It could only have been that he was in love—it couldn't have been anything else, could it?"

"No, Laroo," I answered, surreptitiously winking at Buzzy. "People don't shoot themselves for anything else."

But I was thinking of the words I had overheard: "Am I to consider myself under arrest, sir?"

WE SWELTERED along through the Indian Ocean.

Laroo's flirtations were only excusable on the ground of their numbers. I fear she had many enemies among the women passengers, yet I could have reassured them one and all.

Laroo played the game. Her victims were all unattached.

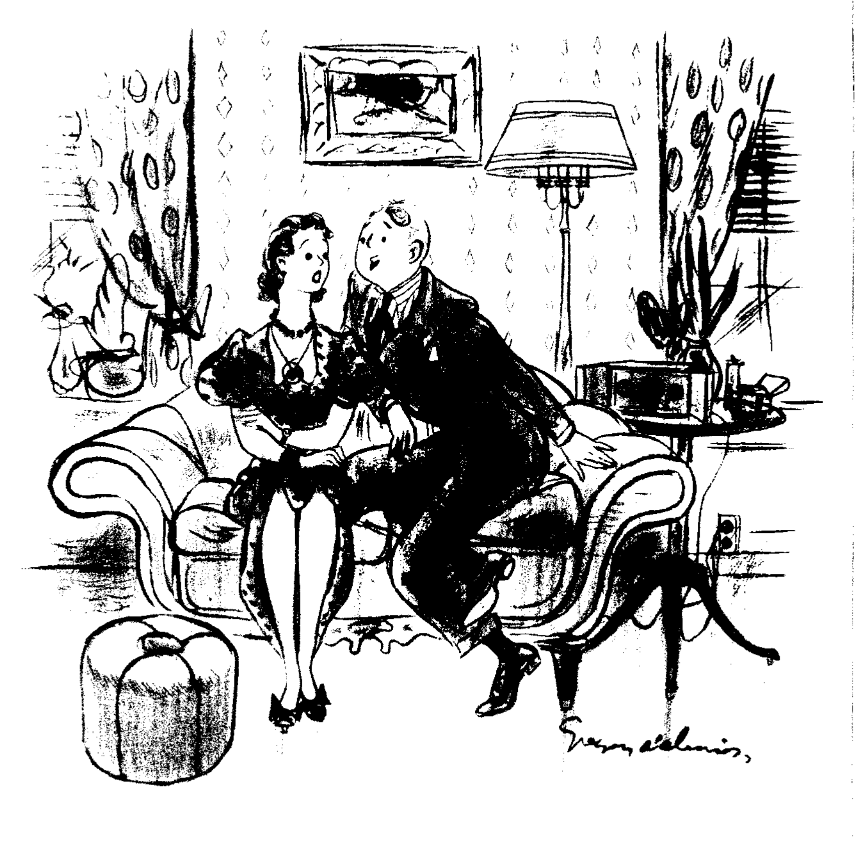
Bazarada was popular with everybody. He sailed through to the final of the mixed singles, and then allowed an amazon from Coolgardie with muscles of iron but a heart of gold to defeat him. His defeat was more popular than his triumph would have been. Buzzy was a great showman.

I had improved my acquaintance so tragically begun with Major Blaise Garth. I liked him. No man possessing common discernment could have failed to respect him. He had the square jaw of the typical soldier, and laughter took the form of rippling dimples in that formidable chin, accompanied by a dancing of his light blue eyes. Laroo he treated as a child, but something akin to friendship sprang up between Major Blaise Garth and Bazarada.

Another passenger (if anything more aloof than the major) was my hotel acquaintance, Mr. Herman Forz.

I joined him in the smoke room on several occasions, and found him to be a mine of vast and extraordinary information. There were few places in the world he did not know intimately.

We were past Aden and sweltering to



". . . suppose we put it this way—make believe we're riding on a roller coaster, and you're frightened"

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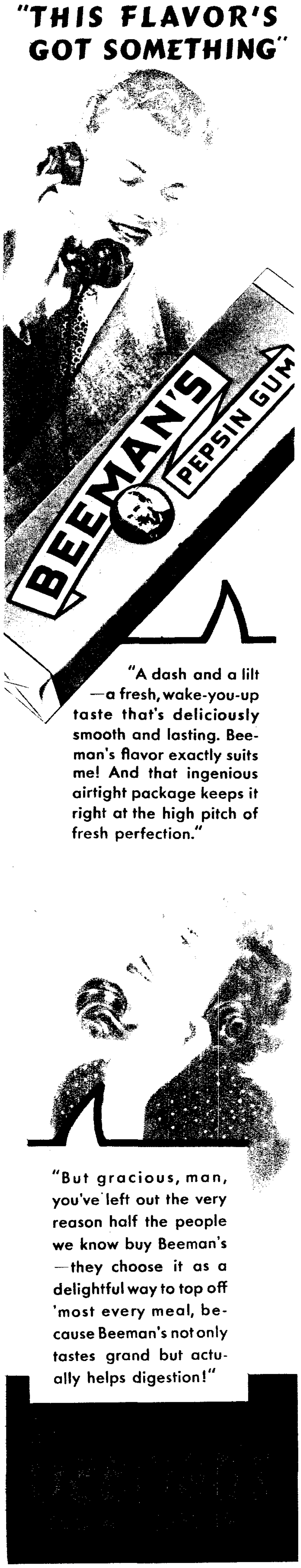
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death in the Red Sea before any of us heard the story of the Barbary Tunnel—the story which explained the Colombo tragedy, and so much more.

DAN DILLON came up to me one afternoon on deck—we were somewhere off Port Sudan. He looked very smart in white drill.

"Mr. Roder—the boss' compliments and would you step along to his cabin?"

I had never grown used to the modes of address employed by Dillon, and:

"Is it urgent, Dillon?" I asked.

"Sure it is if the boss wants you, Mr. Roder. He's down there with Major Pokerface, and he said to step in."

I stepped in.

Buzzy half lay on the settee; Major Blaise Garth stood staring out of a porthole. As Dillon ushered me into the cabin:

"Shut the door, Dan," said Bazarada, "and see we're not interrupted."

As the door closed the major turned. There were no dimples in his square chin; his eyes were cold and very steady.

"I know you by reputation, Mr. Roder," he said, "although I don't recall having read any of your books. But what I have to say is in confidence between gentlemen. Mr. Bazarada—" he checked himself instantly. "You object to the mister. Bazarada, here, very wisely, in my view, insisted upon your being a party to the enterprise which I have invited him to undertake."

This time it came out of the blue. But I knew as Major Blaise Garth spoke that there was something queer afoot, something in which Buzzy's peculiar powers would be useful.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

"Perhaps," said Bazarada in his incisive way, "it would be as well, Major, if you told the story from the beginning."

"As you wish." Major Blaise Garth nodded. "In many ways it's a simple story, but somewhat tragic. There were two young officers stationed on the Rock—Gibraltar. They were friends—a pair of Sappers, you understand. One, Swinnerton, a brilliant fellow, entirely in his own time carried out a remarkable job. He prepared a—shall we say, document?—of the highest interest to the officer commanding at Gibraltar. Swinnerton suffered privations in the course of these inquiries, but the work which he did would have been the basis of a fine career. Unfortunately, he fell sick. Flu was the diagnosis. He was confined to his quarters and during this time completed his task. His friend, the other young officer (we'll call him B.), visited him constantly. I regret to say that pneumonia developed and young Swinnerton—"

HE TURNED to Bazarada and snapped his fingers.

"A loss to the Service; brilliant fellow. Just before he was moved to a hospital, the result of his inquiries—which had undoubtedly led to his illness—was placed before the commanding officer. When I say that this document was sensational, I don't exaggerate its importance. Today, almost more than in any day, Gibraltar stands solid in the heart of a storm. Fascists and Communists seethe around it, but the old Rock stands firm. It's more than a fort. It's a symbol. It means sane government, prosperity, peace."

No emotion was displayed in Major Blaise Garth's voice, but he twirled his cigar between his fingers for a moment before continuing.

"After the funeral, B. applied for leave in advance of date, for the very proper purpose of visiting poor Swinnerton's parents (he was a friend of the family) and informing them personally of the fine job of work their son had done. Colonel and Mrs. Swinnerton were in Calcutta. Leave was granted. He set out for India."

Again Major Blaise Garth paused.

"Twenty four hours had elapsed when the presence of certain pinholes in the document were discovered. The inference was that it had been photographed.

"I am the officer in charge of military intelligence at the Rock. I obtained evidence from a batman which clearly indicated that B. had made photographs of his friend's drawings. I may as well say that the document is a plan. This fact had not been reported, since its importance was known to no one other than to Swinnerton, who was already dying—and to B."

The major contemplated a cone of ash with the appreciation of a judge of good cigars.

"Further inquiries, which had to be hurried, revealed two things. First, that the missing officer was desperately in debt; second, that he had been seen in the company of a certain Herman Forz."

"Herman Forz!" I exclaimed, "the art dealer? He's on board!"

"I know he's on board. That's the reason *I'm* on board. But I'm jumbling my story—you would have made a much better job of it, Mr. Roder. I knew the ship in which B. had sailed for India, of course. If I could get the Cunarder I could catch him up at Colombo. I knew, also, since it's my job to know, that Herman Forz was in Ceylon. Colombo was the meeting place. My ship was eight hours past the Rock. I overtook her in a speed boat. I caught my man—but it was too late. He was so terrified when he saw me that I had no difficulty in forcing a confession—"

"It's possible," Bazarada cut in, "that Maurice doesn't follow. I don't think you've made it too clear, Major."

"Perhaps not." I watched, but never a dimple appeared on the square chin. "You see, Mr. Roder, although it's true that Herman Forz is an accredited agent of Messrs. Roedeen of London and New York—which entitles him to travel to all sorts of odd places—he is also, and primarily, the most successful spy in Europe."

"What!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"He pays the best prices and knows the best markets. He has twice disturbed the peace of the world and he has slipped through our fingers three times! He is clever. His American passport is a suit of mail. He had paid this poor fool three thousand pounds cash for the photographs of the plan. The money was returned. I have it. And I believe, Mr. Roder, you passed us not far from the hotel when this unhappy young officer confessed his guilt?"

"I did, but I was not intentionally eavesdropping."

"I had not suggested it, sir. Nor does it matter what you overheard. Mr. Brigham—I might as well mention his name since it was in the Colombo paper when we left—threw himself on my mercy, asking me if he should consider himself under arrest."

"What did you say?" Bazarada murmured.

"I told him to report for arrest in an hour. He took the only course open to an officer who has betrayed his country."

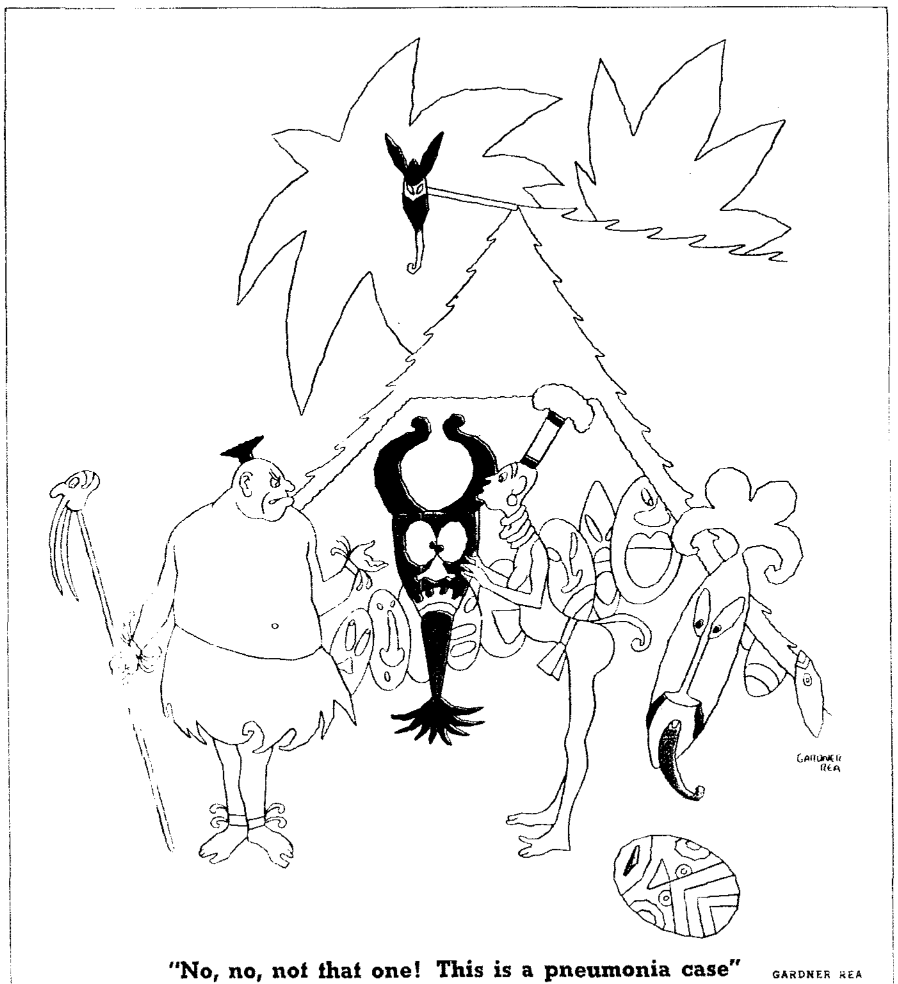
IN THE *moment of silence which followed,* I saw the face of the fair boy who had paid the last penalty. A weak face, perhaps, but there was no real evil there. I wondered what vile corruption had rotted his honor; and before my subconscious eye rose the genial but sensual features of Herman Forz. Yet this alone could not explain it. The true story of Lieutenant Brigham is one that will never be written.

"I am thinking," came Bazarada's clear voice, "that you could have the man arrested."

"Think again, sir," snapped the major. "The possibilities are limited. Herman Forz claims American citizenship. My only evidence is that of a dead man. Short of actually discovering the plans in this fellow's possession, I am helpless. I have certain powers, but the *commander of this ship would not recognize* them on the high seas."

"You might search the man's cabin," Bazarada suggested.

"I have already done so," Major Blaise Garth replied. "I can assure you



"No, no, not that one! This is a pneumonia case" GARDNER REA that the plans are not in that cabin."

There was another moment of silence which was broken by Bazarada.

"Without prejudice, Major," he said, "it might be as well if I glanced over the cabin myself."

"I should welcome your co-operation."

"A man of his caliber would go to work in a big way. Has Mr. Forz deposited anything in the ship's safe?"

"He has. By means of a number of leading questions put to a junior purser, I discovered that there are several documents of his in the safe, contained in a portfolio. One is a large, long blue envelope which I believe to contain the plans. The purser holds one key of this safe; the captain holds the other."

"In short," said Bazarada, fixing his disconcerting gaze upon the major, "you want me to burgle the ship's safe? Very well. I shall explore this man's cabin, first, but before risking my reputation and my liberty, there is one thing I shall have to know, Major. What are these plans? Are they in any way important to the welfare of humanity?"

Major Blaise Garth turned and looked from the porthole at the hot blue sea. Then, coming about, he stared at Bazarada:

"I expected you to ask," he said, "and you are entitled to know. Have you ever studied the problem of the Barbary apes which inhabit Gibraltar?"

Bazarada and I stared at him for a moment, wondering if he could be in earnest, then:

"I have," I replied. "It has interested many writers—including Mark Twain. I once went so far as to attempt to explore the cave."

"St. Michael's?" the major asked.

"Yes. The problem of why African apes should inhabit Gibraltar and no other place in Europe has bothered me quite a lot. Then, where do they go when they disappear?"

"Your imagination supplies the answer, Mr. Roder." A hint of a dimple appeared at last upon the square chin: "A passage under the Straits to the African coast. Of course, you know the legend, and probably the evidence in support of it. Well, Lieutenant Swinnerton discovered, explored and mapped that fabled Barbary Tunnel running under the Straits and connecting the Rock with the African coast!

"Perhaps, since it forms part of my professional duties, I realize more clearly than you what this knowledge would mean to any one of three powers who gladly would buy it! There are physical reasons which make it impossible effectively to close this tunnel. Its existence means that Gibraltar is no longer impregnable! Shall I tell you what would happen if Great Britain lost control of the Straits? The whole world would be plunged into a war compared with which the Great War would be a skirmish!

"I speak confidentially, gentlemen. But I speak of what I know. . . ."

THE first visible outcome of this conversation was that Laroo was seen everywhere with the beaming and bespectacled Mr. Forz. She even tried to lure him into the swimming pool, which hitherto he had avoided, but failed in this. They walked the deck together, had tea together and danced together at night.

After lunch one day Bazarada was very thoughtful, sitting in his cabin with closed eyes and tight lips.

"Thanks to Laroo's good work," he said, "I have thoroughly overhauled Mr. Forz's cabin and I agree with you, Major, there are no plans there."

"I have not been idle myself," Major Blaise Garth returned his chin dimpling. "I think I mentioned that a locked leather portfolio was handed to the purser when Mr. Forz came on board? Well, I suspect that Forz knows that his cabin has been searched!"

Bazarada raised his heavy lids, staring at the speaker.

"What makes you think so?"

"It appears that yesterday morning he withdrew the portfolio for an hour or more, and then returned it. Evidently he had something of value in his cabin (although I agree it could not be the plans) which he decided to place in safe custody."

"It certainly appears that I shall have to look over the purser's safe," Bazarada murmured.

Major Blaise Garth watched him in rather a puzzled way.

"You don't seem too optimistic."

Bazarada's upper lip twitched suspiciously.

"I have had some conversation with Mr. Herman Forz," he replied. "I have learned three things: one, that the plans are almost certainly in his possession; two, that he suspects I am co-operating with you in trying to recover them; and, three—he doesn't think I have a ghost of a chance! I'm wondering why he's so confident."

We were heading in for Suez before Buzzy was ready for the attempt.

THE chief officer's watch, 4 to 8 A.M., on a passenger ship covers that period during which life aboard is at its lowest ebb. My cabin was on C deck, opening almost directly upon the square in which the purser's office was situated. As a late comer I had had little choice. Buzzy's suite was on the deck above.

Eight bells sounded (4 A.M.) and I stood by for duty.

As one bell struck (4:30), I rang for Sanders, the night watchman.

Wearing a dressing gown and pajamas, I received him, when he arrived, seated at a small table, writing busily.

"I want a cup of coffee," I said, "and when you bring it, bring two bottles of lager as well."

"Very good, sir."

The night watchman departed.

I tiptoed to the end of the narrow alleyway and watched his retreating figure. Save for that regular creaking and intermittent rattling common to any ship at sea, there was no sound to indicate that a soul was alive on board. Although all ports were open, the night was steamingly hot. It would be cooler up above, for there deck doors were open as well. The portholes on C deck gave directly upon the sea.

The figure of a man wrapped in a dingy gray gown appeared so suddenly that I had no chance to see his face. Back turned to me, he inserted a key in the lock of the office. Untidy dark hair, build, gray gown, all might have belonged to Bowman, the purser.

I stepped back into the alleyway.

A thrill of intense excitement came; it always claimed me when I shared one of Bazarada's exploits—for I knew that the man in the gray gown was Bazarada.

A bell rang. Buzzy had not yet succeeded in opening the door.

Someone else on C deck had rung for the night watchman!

Evidently the cabin was starboard—for just as the purser's door swung open and Bazarada stepped in I heard Sanders' voice:

"'Ello, sir! Is that you, Mr. Bowman?"

A pause, then:

"With you in one moment, sir." Sanders was speaking to the passenger who had rung. "Something I 'ave to look into, first, sir."

The office door closed. I remembered my instructions — superfluous, now, I feared.

"Hi! Sanders!" I shouted. "Wash out the coffee. Bring the beer!"

"Just one moment, sir."

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"I watched him from the deck outside. And can you imagine, he sat there writing until after four o'clock"

He came hurrying from the main starboard alleyway, and checked before the purser's office. He rapped loudly on the door. There was no reply. He turned and saw me.

"'Ave you been out 'ere long, sir?"

"No. I was coming to look for you."

I was thinking fast, trying to keep cool. The appalling truth had to be looked in the face. Buzzy was trapped!

"Did you see the purser go to his office, sir?"

"No."

"Mr. Bowman!" cried the night watchman, beating upon the door. "Are you in there, sir?"

"You'll wake the ship," I said sternly. "What makes you think there's anyone in there?"

"See 'im go in with my own eyes, sir, an' I can trust my own eyes."

Again, he beat upon the door. Then: "Here, I say!" someone exclaimed. "What's all this blasted row?"

I turned. A man wrapped in a dingy gray gown, a man whose hair was somewhat disheveled, stood at my elbow.

It was Bowman, the purser!

"That's caused it," cried the night watchman. "If it wasn't you, sir, who was it?"

"You might care to mention what you're talking about," said the purser acidly. "You woke me by bellowing my name."

The watchman's story was told excitedly.

"Queer," Bowman admitted, rattling the door. "I can't imagine the Old Man coming down. It's not like him. Hi! Is there anyone in there?"

But there was no reply.

"I'll get the key," Bowman muttered, turned, and hurried back to his cabin.

At that moment I realized the meaning of the saying, "My heart stood still." Nothing could save Buzzy now!

*Bowman was back in less than a min*ute, carrying a bunch of keys. He was selecting one from the bunch as he ran to join us. He inserted it in the lock and threw the door open.

As lights were switched up in the office—which was shaped like a long L—I had my fists so tightly clenched that the muscles quivered.

"Hello!" Bowman exclaimed.

I entered close behind him.

No one was visible. In the recess formed by the L which contained the safe, there was just room enough for a man to crouch against the wall. In three strides Bowman reached the corner and glanced into it.

There was no one there!

My pent-up feelings expressed themselves:

"Good God! It's a miracle!"

Bowman tapped my shoulder and pointed to the open port.

"Some poor fool has jumped into the Red Sea," *he said*. "God help him! . . . A brace of sharks has been trailing us all day. . . ."

He unlocked the big safe and rapidly examined its various compartments. *Even in my state of desperate unhappi*ness, I noticed a black leather portfolio. Bowman tried the fastening. It was secure.

He relocked the safe.

"This is a mysterious and a nasty business. Sanders"—to the night watchman—"my compliments to the chief officer. Man overboard suspected. Suggest roll call."

A FEW moments later it came; of all sea sounds the most awesome to awake on in that darkest hour of the night—the call to boat stations.

Stewards were dashing along the alleyways, half dressed.

"No life belts—there's no danger! *Someone missing overboard, sir! Just a* roll call, madam! . . . No. 3 station on the port side, sir! . . ."

The engines had been stopped. Now, slowly, we began going astern. A boat was swung out ready for lowering away.

If I ever felt more wretched in my life, I cannot recall the occasion. I dragged myself toward my appointed place.

Some of the women passengers were inclined to panic, but the stewards and stewardesses did yeoman work. The ship's officers were joking with the nervous ones. I saw the captain standing beside the chief officer on the bridge.

I had nearly reached my boat station when a door burst open and a man wearing a brilliant scarlet silk dressing-gown stepped out on the deck.

It was Bazarada!

INSIDE seven minutes the Roratonga was steaming ahead again. The roll call had shown no one of our comple*ment to be missing. The episode was* logged among the sea's many mysteries.

Major Blaise Garth and I stood in Bazarada's cabin. . . .

"I never lock myself in any place, Maurice," said Buzzy, "until I am sure there is another way out. I cast over a knotted line lashed to the deck rail above so that it hung outside the porthole of the purser's office before I attempted to get in! The safe proved more obstinate than I had anticipated. But the lock of Mr. Forz's portfolio gave me no trouble. I inspected every document in it. None was of interest—except this!"

From the pocket of his scarlet robe he produced a long blue envelope.

"It's sealed," he said, "and has written on it: 'Property of Herman Forz'!"

He laid it on the table before Major Blaise Garth.

"Bazarada," said the major, taking out a pocketknife and carefully slitting the ends of the blue envelope, "the thing *you have done tonight may easily mean* the peace of the world."

In tense silence we watched him extract the contents.

A strange expression passed over his face. Buzzy sprang forward—and they stood there staring into each other's eyes.

The envelope contained an elaborately printed program of a charity performance organized by Bazarada some years before at the Hippodrome, New York. His photograph was on the cover.

We were so taken aback that none of us heard the door open, until:

"Buzzy, darling!" came a tremulous voice. "Please forgive me!"

We all turned and stared at Laroo. She was wrapped in some kind of flimsy garment. She was watching Buzzy as a mother watches a sick child; those wide-open eyes expressed all the compassion which I felt but could not convey.

"WITHOUT you, it couldn't *have* happened! It was the call to boat stations that did it. You see"—her voice was unsteady, frightened, apologetic—"it was through dancing with him I found out, and I only found out late last night. I felt a thick envelope in the inside pocket of his jacket."

She spoke rapidly, breathlessly.

"You know he has a single cabin on A deck. I had Dan borrow an awl, and while he wasn't at home from outside we bored two holes through his blind. I guess they'll be found in the morning. I watched him from the deck outside. And can you imagine, he sat there writing until after four o'clock! Then, he started to undress—and I saw him take out the fat envelope and put it under his pillow."

Major Blaise Garth whistled softly.

"He just carried it around with him—even when he went to his bath, I suppose. I think it was in the safe at first—*until he got scared about you, Buzzy. . . .* I raced right along here. Dan's outside and he can prove it! It was past eight bells. I looked for you. I couldn't find you anywhere!"

There were tears in her eyes, now.

"I'd just hate you to think I fixed it! Two days back you said my head was like a perfect ivory carving—solid right through. That crack made me mad; you know it—you think I bear malice. I don't. But when the call to boat stations came, I had a sudden idea—"

The major watched her appreciatively, his chin a ripple of dimples. Bazarada's expression was difficult to define.

"I dashed up to A deck. Herman Forz was behaving like a Manx cat with a long tail. I saw him out on the alleyway in his pajamas, grabbing a steward. I heard him say, 'Is the ship on fire?' Before he'd got an answer I was in his cabin! Is this what you're looking for?"

From somewhere under her fluffy robe Laroo produced an ordinary commercial foolscap envelope which seemed to be very tightly packed. She handed it to Major Blaise Garth.

In the moments which followed while he opened it with his pocketknife, Bazarada watched him intently.

Laroo watched Bazarada.

The major extracted a number of photographic prints, *carefully folded*, with tissue paper in between; flattened them out on the table and bent over them.

"The plan of the Barbary Tunnel!" he said. "I was about to say, 'Thank God'—I will add, thank you, Bazarada, and you, Laroo. . . . It's touch and go in the world today, as I know all too well. This plan would have been a match in the powder magazine. Perhaps you will never realize what you have done tonight in the interests of all humanity."

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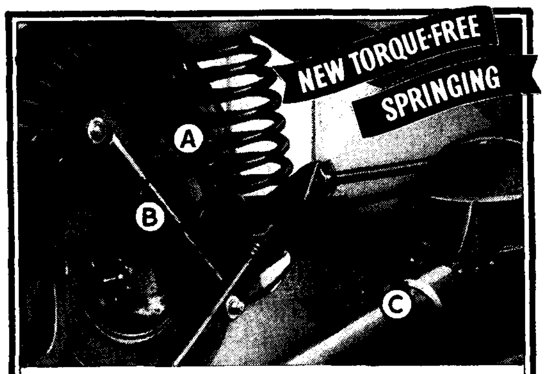

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THE Wilkins' dropped in to call on the Browns last Sunday. It got to be about 6 o'clock and Sue Brown said, "Let me get you something to eat."

"I couldn't eat a morsel," Grace Wilkins replied.

"That's what you think," said Sue, and then proceeded to mix up her waffle batter.

"Supper's ready," she called out from the kitchen in less time than it takes to say Toastmaster Waffle-Baker, "Come and get it."

Well, Grace ate 2½ plump discs of golden waffle crispness—smothered in butter, drenched with syrup.

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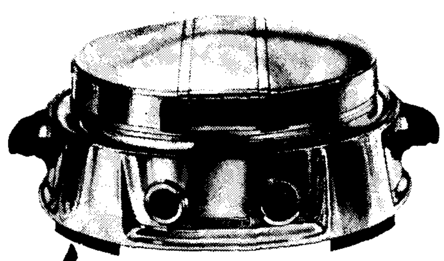

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The World's Her Stage

Continued from page 13

guitar and to sing in Russian. For this she took lessons from a singer in a London supper club. All in all, she felt like a human Tower of Babel, but she made the grade. And that is how it happened that a year ago this October the Italian actress opened in America as a Russian Grand Duchess in an English adaptation of a French play laid in Paris.

When the curtain rose on that first performance of Tovarich, the public was somewhat startled. The Grand Duchess of the play was doing little duchessing in the way of costume. She was, according to the story, broke. She had on a rather worn skirt and blouse and went from that into a maid's uniform in which she remained the greater part of the evening. It was not the glamorous wardrobe usually chosen by Continental actresses for an American debut.

Before the evening was far gone, the audience, when it had recovered from its first surprise, realized that the lady of deep drama from Italy was an excellent comedienne and that she seemed to get a lot of fun out of it. So, they took her to their hearts, wondering a little if it was not her own ironic sense of humor that had urged her to make her bow to Broadway in such a role. Abba became at once the popular favorite and the unsolved puzzle of the town.

Even those who have met her personally disagree on such seemingly definite facts as the shade of her hair, the color of her eyes, and her height. "She is not pretty," says one. "No, she is not pretty—she is beautiful," says another, strongly partisan. "No," says a third, "she is interesting." Her eyes are gray—they are blue—they are green. "She is slim and of medium height," says one. "She is slim and *tall*," asserts another. She looks younger than her thirty-one years—no, there are times when she seems older than that. A Pirandellian paradox come to life.

Since Abba has left Italy, Pirandello has gone to solve his Riddle of Reality in another world than this.

No one knows how much the man who created one puzzling woman after another in his plays based on the fallibility of outer testimony is responsible for the mercurial Abba, whose life has been so linked with his for the past twelve years that it is impossible to give an account of either of them apart. As to the singularly diverse descriptions of the woman for whom he wrote As You Desire Me, the chuckling small man with the pointed beard would answer that Abba is the same whether you spell her name backward or forward. And that's that.

A Timid Child

Her life in the theater before she met Pirandello was brief.

"I think," she says, "that I was rather a timid child."

Consequently, when she found that she wanted to study for the theater, she said nothing to her parents about it. She disliked arguments and knew what they would say, for she came of a family that had never had anything to do with the theater and didn't want to have. "I myself knew nothing about it," she says. How the thought that she must belong to the stage came to her, she does not know. "One day it was just there," she explains, as though it may quite easily have come in her sleep or out of the air. "But it was very definite."

She was fourteen. Someone at school told her that there in Milan they taught acting at the Academie Filodramatique. So, taking a maid along for chaperon, she went and asked to be admitted. The minimum age was sixteen and she was turned away. Her childish sorrow was quite beyond reason. She was devastated. She concentrated passionately, albeit quietly, on the idea and went back the next year determined that her insistence should melt the barrier of the still missing twelve months.

Praise from Duse

This time timidity had nothing to do with the case. She put up such a tempestuous attack that when officials considered the red-haired child beating on their doors they let her in regardless of rules. Among others she studied with Enrico Reinach, Duse's leading man. Then Duse herself attended a school performance and predicted a fine future for this one pupil. But neither the praise of Duse nor the prizes that young Marta had won could move her parents into letting her go on the stage when she had finished at the Academie. They reminded her that she was engaged to be married—a matter which she had overlooked and has continued to overlook ever since.

Their dutiful daughter, though seemingly resigned, was in a highly combustible state on the subject until suddenly the director of the People's Theater there in Milan suggested that she might play in that theater and still be at home where her parents could take care of her. Their objections were finally overcome. Then, one night she played in Chekov's Seagull and the most important moment of her life arrived.

In the spring of 1925, the Odescalchi Theater in Rome was occupied by a group known for a time as "The Eleven"—men interested in raising the standard of the Italian stage. Through some excited critics, the head of the group heard of the young actress in The Seagull in Milan and the idea came to him that this was the one they needed for a play they were about to do. Like Gilbert Miller, who came on the scene a dozen years later, he had never seen her. But he sent her two scripts and asked her to make her choice.

She knew it was a trap to test her judgment. She took the more difficult and exciting of the two. According to her report, when she arrived at the theater in Rome there rose from a seat in a dark corner of the stage the man with the bald head, the twinkling eyes, and the pointed beard—Luigi Pirandello—and he greeted her warmly. With him came her future—bright, but not too easy. After a quick success in the Bontempelli play, Nostra Dea, which she had come to do, she appeared as the stepdaughter in Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author and as the little old lady in Right You Are if You Think You Are.

The playwright realized, from the beginning, that this comparatively inexperienced nineteen-year-old girl lifted his words from the paper and made them come alive as they had been in his mind when he wrote them. His writing and her acting became an integral part of each other and the union of talents grew into one of the most extraordinary and deepest friendships known to the stage, lasting miraculously through the years.

But they returned from their first exciting triumphal tour of all Europe to find disaster at home in Italy. To put it briefly, a theatrical trust, which then controlled the Italian stage, had come into greater power and set out to scalp those like the earlier group of The Eleven who would not knuckle under. Pirandello, being the most prominent, took the brunt of the battle and Marta Abba took it with him. Their theater, the Odescalchi, was gone. Bookings were made difficult.

The answer was the trip to South America and still another success, though, even there, the vendetta had reached across the sea to threaten them. On their return, she urged him to give up active production and devote himself solely to writing plays. With her father's aid, she formed her own producing company and from then on was under her own management. One gathers it was not entirely a tranquil time, but eventually state control wiped out the syndicate and all was well.

She is looking forward with interest to Hollywood. They tell her it is different there from making pictures in Italy. After that she wants to do Trovarsi, the last play that Pirandello wrote for her and which people insist is based on herself, it being about an actress. The idea seems to entertain her. But, "No," she says, "it was not written about me. It is just that, like every actress, I have experienced some of the things that happen to the woman in it."

A Sweeping Success

On whatever subject you start with Miss Abba, you land back in the theater. She has little small talk but will grow both eloquent and humorous on ideas within play plots and on the human being's insistence upon putting a label and a definite Q. E. D. on all the problems of life. One need not know her long to realize that beneath the quiet, highly sensitive exterior there is a concentrated strength that can flash forth with terrific implications if called upon. It is said that, like most quiet persons, once she makes up her mind to a thing, it takes a large lot of sound reasoning to change it. But it can be done. In ordinary daily affairs, she takes things cheerfully, pretty much as they come. But in the theater, she holds to a strict European discipline and the American staff has had to learn some new rules. She can grow intent upon details that others easily overlook and she hunts assiduously for any discrepancies in her own performance.

It seemed that she had caught about all of them when Tovarich had been running for three quarters of a year. It seemed so until she received a letter from a woman in Passaic, New Jersey. The matron from Passaic said, in effect, that she did not presume to criticize Miss Abba's technique of acting, but that her technique with the broom was terrible when, as the maid, she swept up the kitchen, and that, if she did the rest of the housework as she did that, it was a wonder the family in the play kept her into the third act. Miss Abba was delighted with the note. There in Passaic was someone with an insistence upon detail equal to her own. True, she had learned to speak English; she had learned to sing in Russian and to play the guitar, and she had tried to get within the soul of a Russian Grand Duchess and find out how she felt being a housemaid in Paris—but, alas, she had not taken lessons on the broom! She wrote the lady in Passaic and thanked her. Then she called in one of the theater's cleaning women, who put her through a good course of sweeping. With which final touch, the star who rose with Pirandello and who has been hailed in Europe as the successor to Duse, is now ready to face, in this winter's tour, not merely the critics but the housewives of these United States.

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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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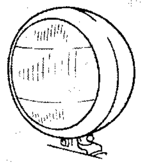
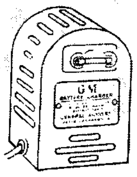
ANTI-FREEZE



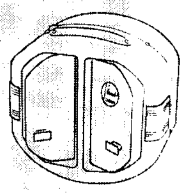
SNOW AND FOG LAMPS

Cooling System No. 1 Cleanser
OPERATION No. 2

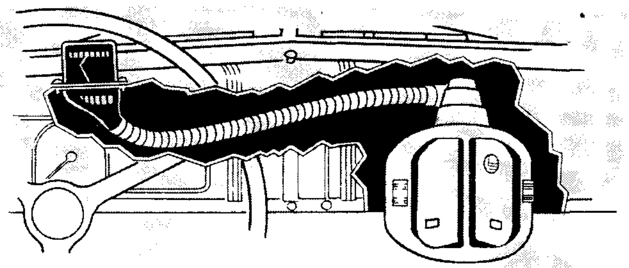
COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER



BATTERY CHARGER



DE LUXE HEATER



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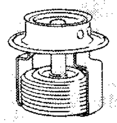
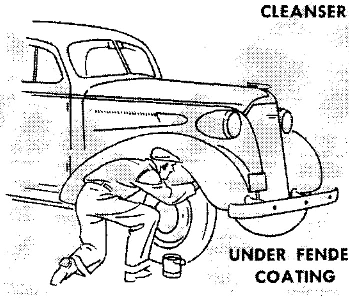
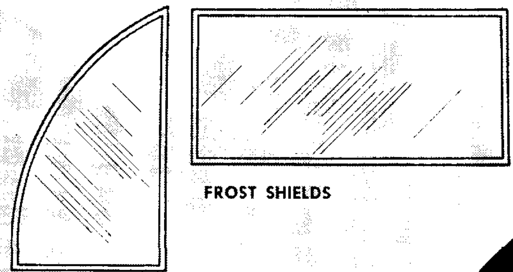


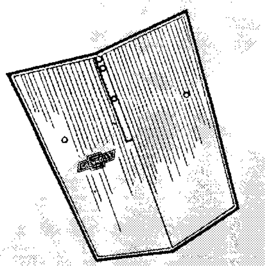
THERMOSTAT



UNDER FENDER COATING



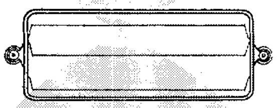
FROST SHIELDS



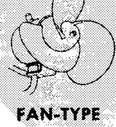
RADIATOR COVER

GM
CELLUFOIL

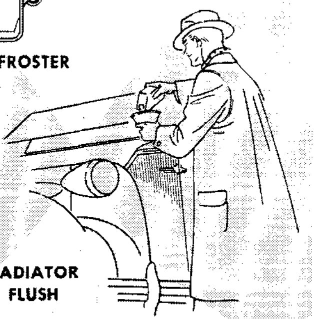
CHROME COATING



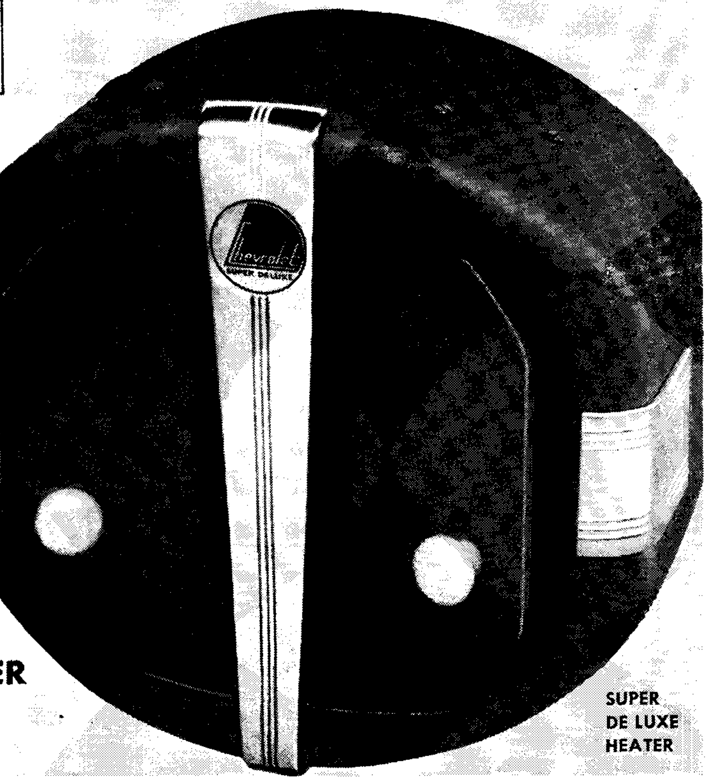
ELECTRIC WINDSHIELD DEFROSTER



FAN-TYPE DEFROSTER



RADIATOR FLUSH



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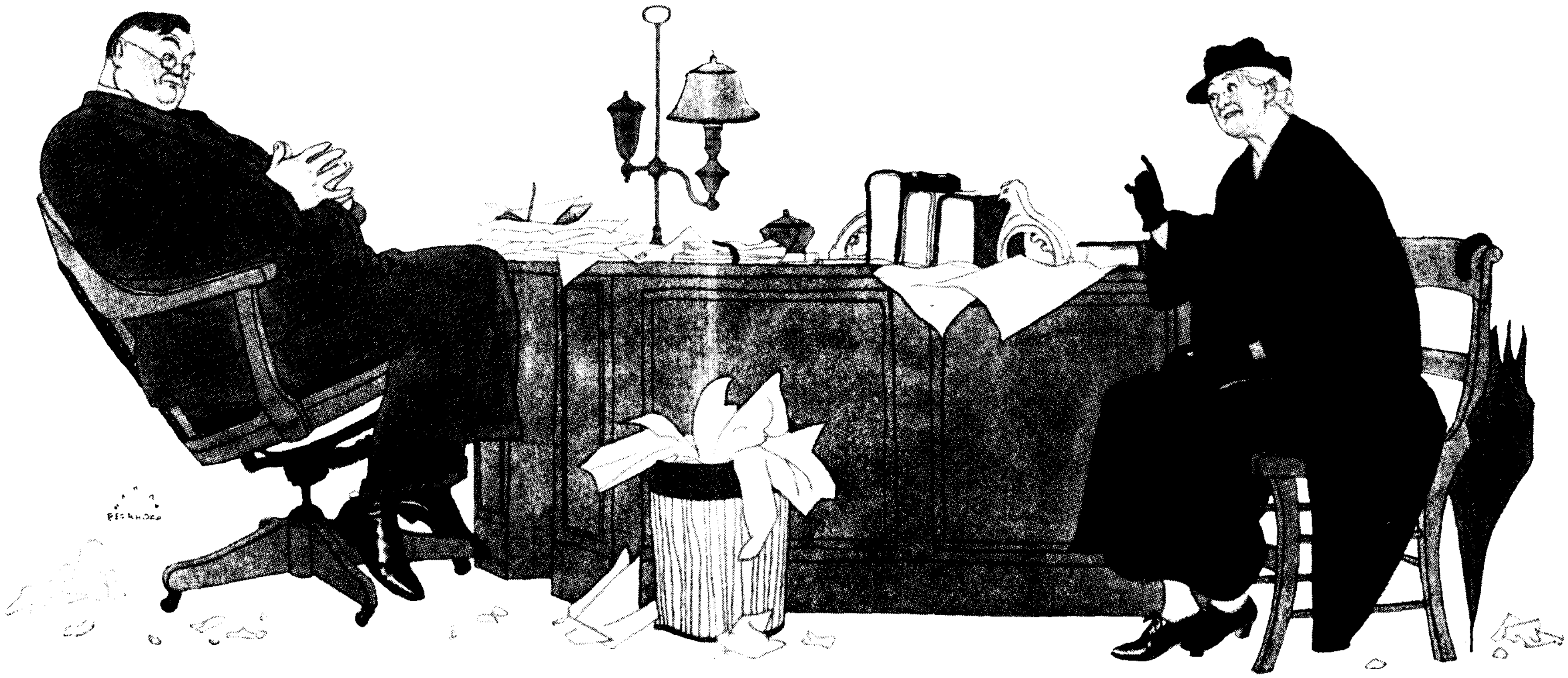
SUPER DE LUXE HEATER



"Oh, sure, Squire," she said. "Papa was foxy like that. And I take after him quite a bit myself"

Papa Was Foxy

By George Milburn

THE pebble-glass door slammed shut after the last of Old Man Spurlock's children but one. She sat huddled at a corner of the squire's desk, a bird-like little woman who had gray hair and sharp black eyes. Her thin face was drawn with worry and fear.

Squire Jenks chuckled and said, "Your brothers and sister couldn't believe their ears at first. Once they caught on, though, they were bound to rare up and start yelling they'd take it to law. But you have no cause to worry, Mrs. Hayes."

She unclasped her gaunt red hands. "I've had plenty of cause to worry already, Squire," she said with bantering sprightliness. "When my man died of complications three year ago, he left me with a rundown shack full of young-'uns to raise and a washboard to make a livin' on. Yes, sir-ee! I've had a hard row to hoe, Squire!"

"I know, Mrs. Hayes, you've certainly had your share of hard work and trouble. And, to top it all, you had your poor old father there to nurse through his last illness."

A faint sad smile came to the woman's face. "But Papa wasn't sick long, Squire. He contracted a cold on that bus comin' back from Californy last month, and it went right into pneumony. Him bein' seventy-three year old didn't help him none."

The old lawyer made a little tent on his belly with his fingers. He cleared his throat and said, "It seems a pity, Mrs. Hayes, that your father didn't help you when he first came into money. He knew how much you needed help, even when your husband was alive."

She jerked her head and said pertly, "Oh, I reckon Papa knowed his own business, Squire. Papa was foxy."

"But you being his favorite child and all, Mrs. Hayes."

"Me Papa's favorite child? Hah! I wouldn't say that. Papa favored the boys most. He give 'em their starts here in town, and they're both well fixed now. And he put my sister, Elvy, through high school, so she was able to get her a well-fixed man. But Papa got mad at me because I run off and married Bert Hayes when I was seventeen. Papa always said a Hayes nor none of the Hayes offspring would ever get a nickel of his money. Papa said Bert wasn't no 'count—and I guess Bert wasn't, but I sure hated to lose him. Papa never forgave me for my marriage, though, not to his dyin' day."

"Why, Mrs. Hayes!" Squire Jenks said in astonishment. "How can you say that? Everything proves that your father loved you more than he did his other children. If nothing else, the very fact that he came back to your house to die. Any of his other children could have made him more comfortable."

THE little woman sniffed briefly. "Shucks, Squire, I'll tell you why Papa come to my house. My brothers and my sister, they wouldn't have nothin' to do with Papa when he come back from Californy a pauper. They said they'd tried to keep him from goin' off out there and foolin' all his money away; and now that he had, he didn't need to expect nothin' from them. My house was the only place he had left to come to."

The lawyer creaked forward in his swivel chair. "Is that true? But weren't they all protesting in here just a few minutes ago that they had begged and pleaded with the old man to come live with them?"

She puckered her lips scornfully. "So they did back in the days when they knew Papa was rich. He'd been livin' out there on the farm alone ever since Mamma died. Then eight year ago, when oil was struck on his place, my brothers, Jim and Harry, and my sister, Elvy, they got after Papa right away to come in town and live with them."

"So they could keep a close eye on his money, eh?"

"Sure. But Papa was foxy. He took a notion to sell out and go to Californy. The other children all set up a howl. Said he was too old a man to chance a long trip like that. Said it was a mistake to sell an oil-producin' farm. But I told Papa to go ahead, that Californy sunshine would do him good and, not havin' the farm on his mind, he might live to be a hundred. Turned out to be a pretty slick deal, too. He got $50,000 for the lease and the oil played out the next year. But Jim and Elvy and Harry, they all kicked like bay steers about Papa sellin' out and goin' to Californy."

Squire Jenks nodded sagely. "I don't guess they cared for the idea of the old man living to be a hundred?"

"Maybe not. Anyhow, I figured that Papa would be safer with his money in Californy than he would here with Jim and Harry naggin' at him to let them invest it for him. And Papa did seem to enjoy Californy right well. He had been out in Pasadena several years when us children begin gettin' letters from him tellin' how he had put his money in some oil stock that was goin' to make him richer'n he already was. Next thing we heard from him, the oil stock was a fake, and the slickers had cheated him out of every cent he had. He wrote he'd have to go on relief unless some of us children would send him money.

"Well, then, Jim and Harry and Elvy, they sure enough did raise Cain. They turned on me for it, blamin' me for eggin' Papa on to sell out and go to Californy. They said they could have invested his money safely for him, if he'd only stayed here. They wrote and told Papa they wouldn't send him a nickel.

"Next thing, we begin gettin' letters from the relief agent out there, tellin' us that Papa had applied for relief, but they wouldn't give him no relief because he told 'em he had sons and daughters back here perfectly able to send for him and support him. But still Jim and Harry and Elvy wouldn't send Papa no money. They was so mad they wouldn't even answer the letters.

"Myself, I didn't have no cash on hand to send Papa. So they wasn't nothing left for me to do but sell off my chickens and my milk cow. I sure hated to sell my cow—she kept me and the children in food. I wrote and told Papa he could live on in Californy as long as the money lasted, or else he could buy a bus ticket home and come stay with me—whichever he wanted to do."

"You made a sacrifice like that for your father?" Squire Jenks exclaimed. "Mrs. Hayes, it's a good thing you've told me all this. I didn't understand all I knew about your father's will until now. But if your brothers and sister should be ill-advised enough to try and break that will, I want you to tell the court just what you've told me. There's not a judge in the world who would deny that you have coming to you every cent of the $60,000 your father left you. Why, your relatives don't even deserve the dollar apiece he cut them off with!"

THE little woman perked her head. "Well, I can sure use the money, Squire," she said briskly. "First thing I've got to do is buy me some more chickens and a milk cow."

Squire Jenks laid back in his chair and roared laughter at the ceiling. "Wasn't that a good one the old man pulled!" he cried, pounding his plump thighs. "Making out like he was a pauper to test his children, when he had plenty of money all the time. Why, if they tried to contest that will, they'd be laughed out of court! A pretty darn' shrewd stunt, all right."

"Oh, sure, Squire," she answered complacently. "Papa was foxy like that. And I take after him quite a bit myself."

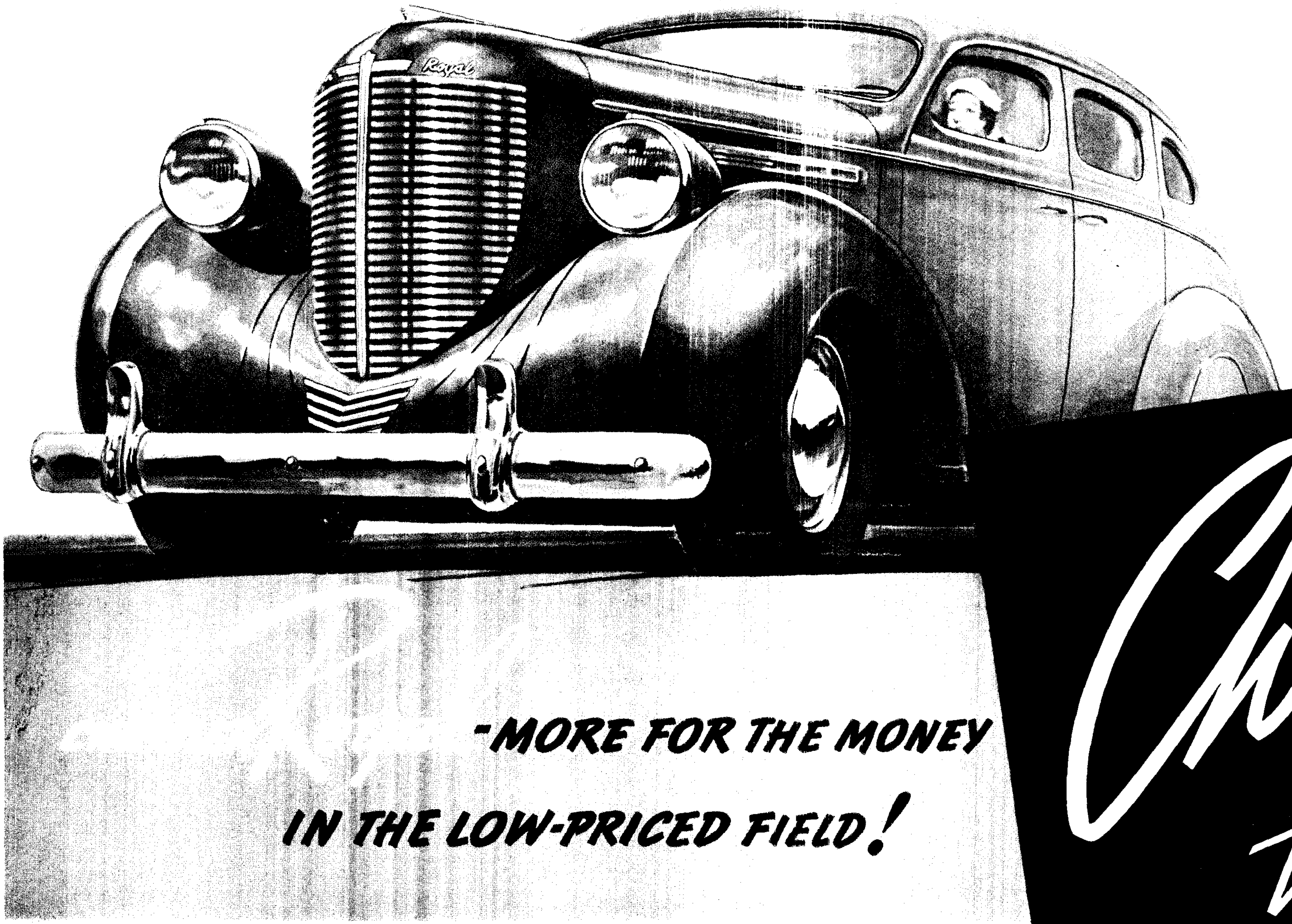
Squire Jenks stopped laughing and blinked.

"How do you mean that, Mrs. Hayes?" he asked.

"Why, I mean I knowed the old rascal was up to some monkeyshine whenever he begin' writin' back here he was broke," the little woman said sharply. "Do you reckon I believed for a moment that Papa would let any slicker take all his money? If I had, I sure wouldn't've sold my good cow to get *more* money for him to fritter away."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Two New



Chry
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-MORE FOR THE MONEY IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

THE 1938 CHRYSLER ROYAL is a *beauty*...with three inches more wheelbase than the 1937 Royal which invaded the low-priced field so successfully last year.

Look at this big, handsome car in the picture above! That tall, proud radiator...with its straight-line profile and beautifully modeled chromium grille! The smart new headlamps . . . in a new position on the sweeping fenders.

Step inside, and you see the most beautiful appointments that ever graced a low-priced car. The smart new instrument panel...brilliantly styled...cleverly designed without dangerous projections. The new steering wheel...with its ring-type horn control. The superb upholstery ...short-nap mohair or broadcloth tailored with custom-car simplicity.

Under the hood, a famous Chrysler Gold Seal engine . . . with more horsepower than last year...and the same brand of thriftiness that so delighted owners of the 1937 Chrysler Royal! There's 95 horsepower...made liquid-smooth with Chrysler's Floating Power.

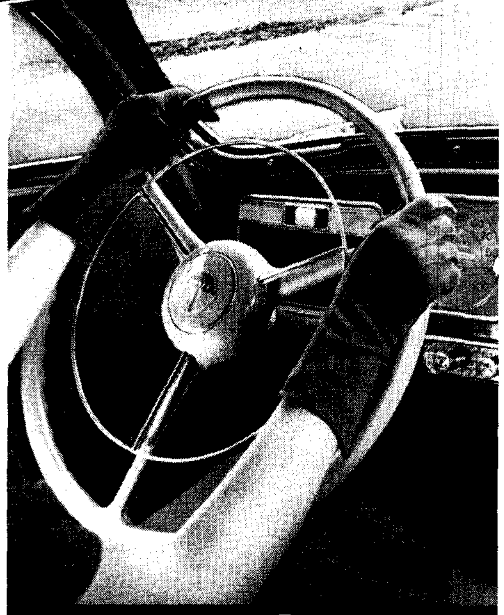
The big Safety *All-Steel* Body emphasizes room! 96¼ inches from windshield to rear window! 50 inches of headroom! A 49 inch rear seat! A wheelbase of 119 inches! A great big trunk!

A glorious ride! Made possible by the Airflow principle of springing and weight distribution. Enhanced by independently sprung front wheels...Amola steel springs ...Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers!

Chrysler's finest engineering! Safety *All-Steel* Bodies mounted on rubber . . . Chrysler's time-tested hydraulic brakes . . . finger-touch steering...valve seat inserts...silent-synchronized gear shifting...Automatic Overdrive is optional.

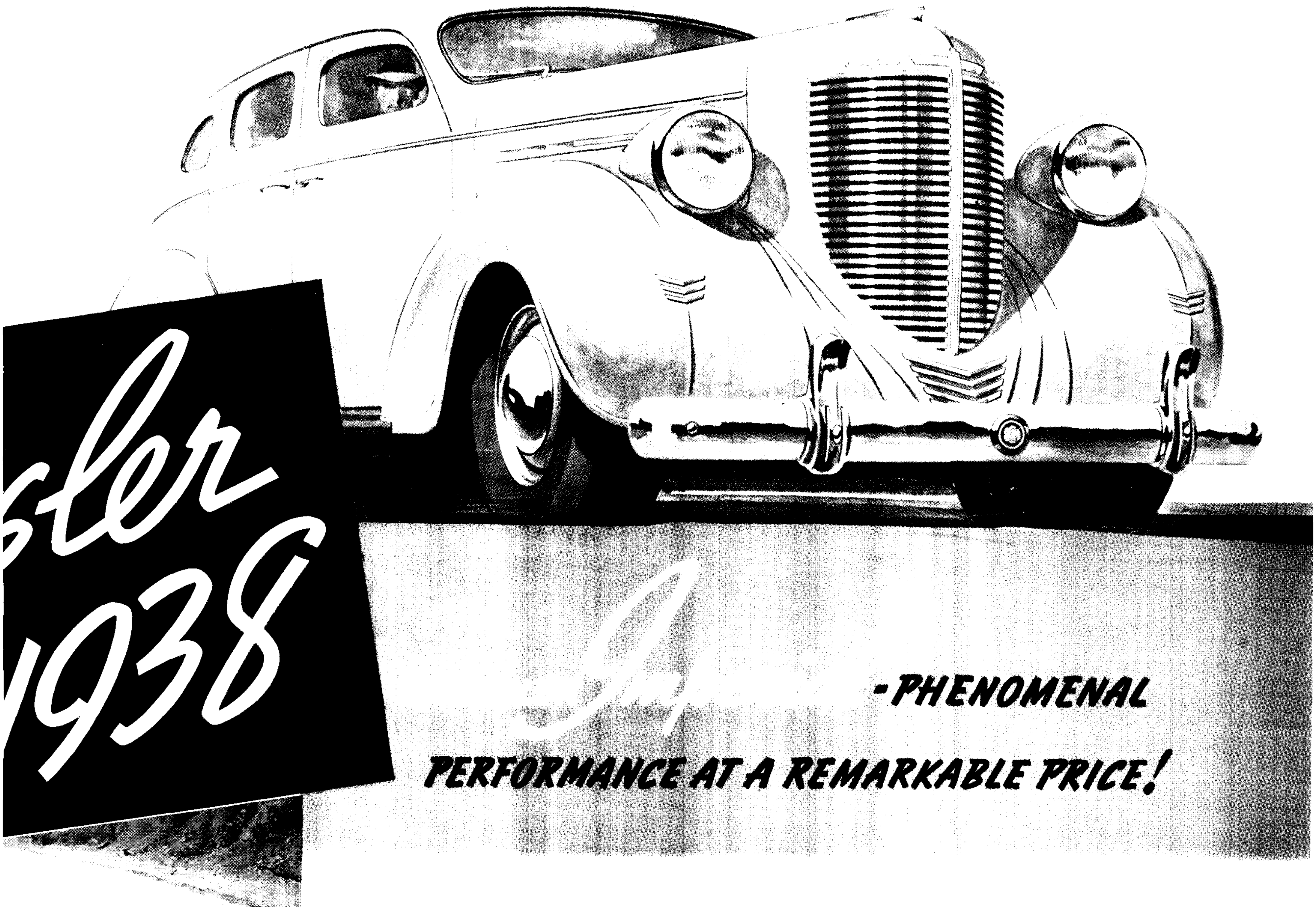
Chrysler's finest workmanship! Higher standards of precision . . . extra manufacturing operations to assure reliability and long life.

See and drive the Chrysler Royal. You'll agree . . . it's more for the money in the low-priced field!



BETTER *Engineere*

Beauties!



-PHENOMENAL PERFORMANCE AT A REMARKABLE PRICE!

A THRILLING, high-powered beauty . . . that's the 1938 Chrysler Imperial! Under that big, commanding hood is a new, bigger, engine . . . with 110 horsepower . . . and a split-second response! Floating Power removes every trace of vibration and effort . . . dual carburetion releases a flood of power with hair-trigger action and remarkable economy.

The low-swung beauty that comes from sheer length and size! Wheelbase increased to 125 inches . . . for the roominess of true fine-car luxury.

Add to the long wheelbase, the Airflow principles of springing and weight distribution, and you have the secret of the magnificent Imperial ride. The front wheels are independently sprung . . . the Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers operate like the landing mechanism of a plane.

Every appointment in superb good taste! Broad, deep, chair-high seats . . . a striking color harmony in every detail from the smart new instrument panel to the magnificent deep-sprung upholstery.

Chrysler's top-ranking engineering of course! Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . hypoid rear axles to give broad, level tonneau floors . . . steering and gear-shifting perfection that makes this big, powerful car a joy to handle.

Get behind the wheel of this power-packed beauty. You'll call it the number one performer of the year . . . you'll marvel at its exceedingly moderate price.

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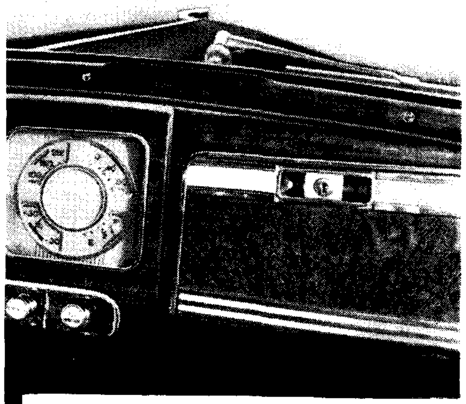
Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **NEW 1938 ROYAL** . . . 95 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. Ten body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 IMPERIAL** . . . 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 130 horsepower, 144-inch wheelbase. Three body types.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.



RICH NEW INTERIORS!

The beautiful new instrument panels set the keynote of the interior design.

BETTER *Made*!

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

TWO hostile factions are on the verge of going to war, when Jim Majors, a young deputy United States marshal with orders to capture, or kill, five bandits at large in the Silver Lode Range region, rides into the town of Reservation and takes a hotel room.

Both factions—that headed by old Pedee Barr, whose strongest lieutenant is Ben Maffitt, a notorious killer and crook, and the crowd presided over by the Ketchums, the Oldroyds and Buff Sultan—accord the new arrival a chilling reception. Nevertheless, in the course of several exciting days, during which he is forced to use both his gun and his fists, he learns that the men he is after are the "guests" of Ben Maffitt.

Impressed by his courage, sensing his innate fineness, his honesty, three girls—an orphan known as "Tony," Pedee Barr's daughter, Katherine, and Buff Sultan's sister, Edith—do what they can to alter the region's attitude toward Majors. And gradually a few of the men—notably old man Oldroyd's son, Matt, who is in love with Tony—grow more friendly toward him.

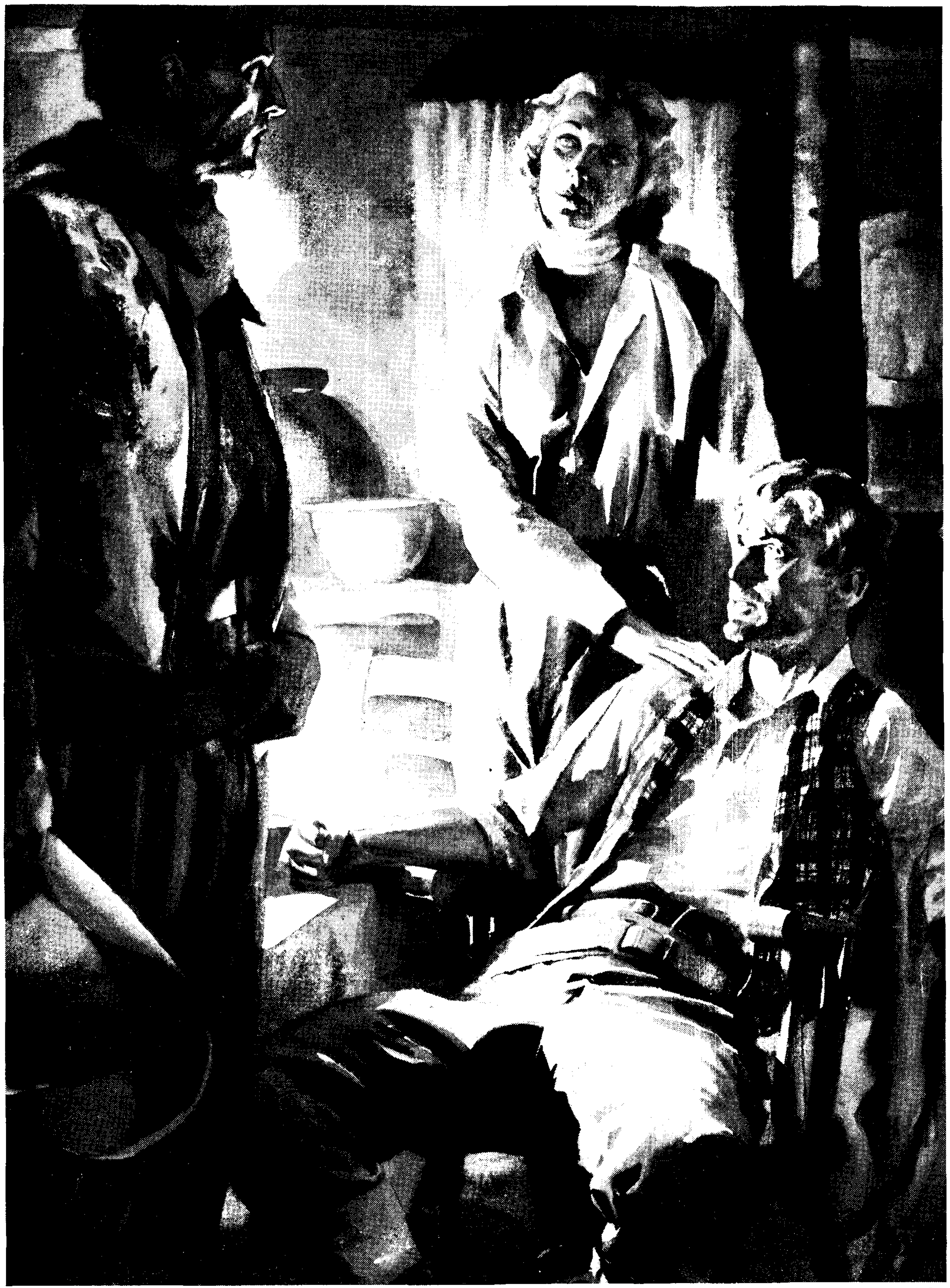
But Maffitt remains his enemy. Again and again, the two men clash. Hoping to establish law and order in the region, Majors resorts to the use of force as little as possible; instead, he plays a waiting game. For he wants to know exactly where everyone stands, and from whom he may, in time, expect help, before taking active steps to end the trouble.

Dobe Hyde, a wily observer intent upon feathering his own nest, has never allied himself with either faction. Now, at last, cleverly encouraged by Majors, he joins the anti-Barr forces. And when, almost immediately, two men—Ring Barr, one of Pedee Barr's sons, and old man Oldroyd—are killed, the deputy marshal knows that the war is on—*unless he is strong enough to stop it.*

Maffitt makes an estimate of the situation, and decides that he is on the losing side. Whereupon, he hurries to Dobe Hyde and informs him that he will no longer fight for Barr.

It so happens that Majors, who has been keeping an eye on Hyde's house, is posted near by when Maffitt arrives. Guessing the meaning of the visit, and certain that Hyde is planning to attack the Barrs, he waits until night falls; then, riding to Hyde's house, he dismounts. "Walk out here, Dobe," he calls through the darkness, "I'm taking you into town." Hyde laughs. "Oh, no, friend Majors," he replies. "Oh, no!"

There is a brief silence as two men near the corral begin to run forward.


GEORGE HOWE

Majors turned to the door. He said, "I'm sorry I brought this risk on you. It was my fault"

VIII

MAJORS' rifle lay in the saddle boot, its butt touching his chest as he came against the horse. He hauled the rifle out with a jerk of his arms, laid it across the saddle and drove one shot at the two men running up the yard. Dust broke in front of them. He said, "Wait a minute," and held his fire.

These two halted, their bodies slanting backward from the sudden effort. The Negro cook raised his arms high above his head, murmuring, "Nooh, Nooh." Dobe swayed from side to side in the central doorway, his thin shoulders seeming to shrink. Majors threw the gun's muzzle around on him. Dobe yelled, "Careful, friend!"

"Walk out here."

Dobe came a few feet forward and stopped. Majors called to the two farthest away: "Come up—come up."

Meanwhile the man nearest Majors had hitched himself half around. The light from the house came out and touched him, showing the sharp, scheming speculation in his eyes. He was a kid, pale-lipped and full of wickedness. He was calculating his chances, dangerously cool about it. Something got into this yard definitely then and all that crowd caught it. It was a break they waited for. Dobe said to the kid, "Well, Jett."

Jett said, "Who's callin' the turns for this dance?"

The Negro, still holding his hands toward the sky, repeated, "Nooh, not me."

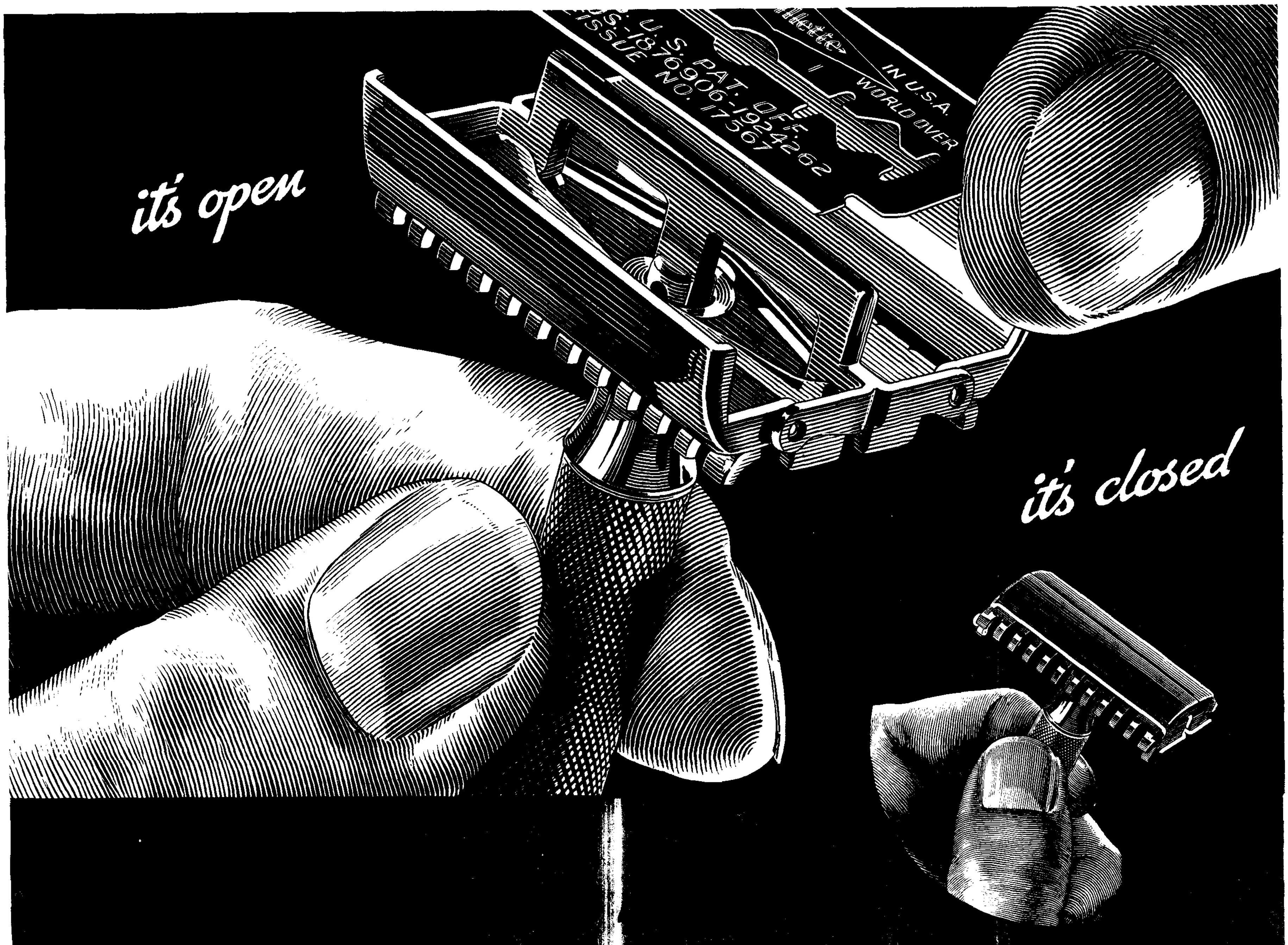
Dobe Hyde said, "Shut up, Baker." But a dry, gray grin broke over his face. "Friend Majors, you don't want me."

Majors could feel the drift of their thoughts. They were deliberately standing fast, putting the weight on him. They were watching him through these shadows and they were listening and pretty soon recklessness would have its way and the break would come. He thought of that, and worked the Spencer's lever. It was a sharp, metallic sound in the silence—and like cold water on a fire, as he well knew it would be. He saw Dobe Hyde's shoulders twist at the sound. Majors murmured: "Tell the boys to mind, Dobe, or I'll blow a leg off your skinny carcass."

Dobe let out a reluctant, angered bleat: "All right, boys."

The two farthest away marched forward. Majors stopped them with a curt, "Wait." Jett started a slow turn, but the command froze him still and he laid a bright, wild glance on Majors. Wind lifted and dropped his chest rapidly.

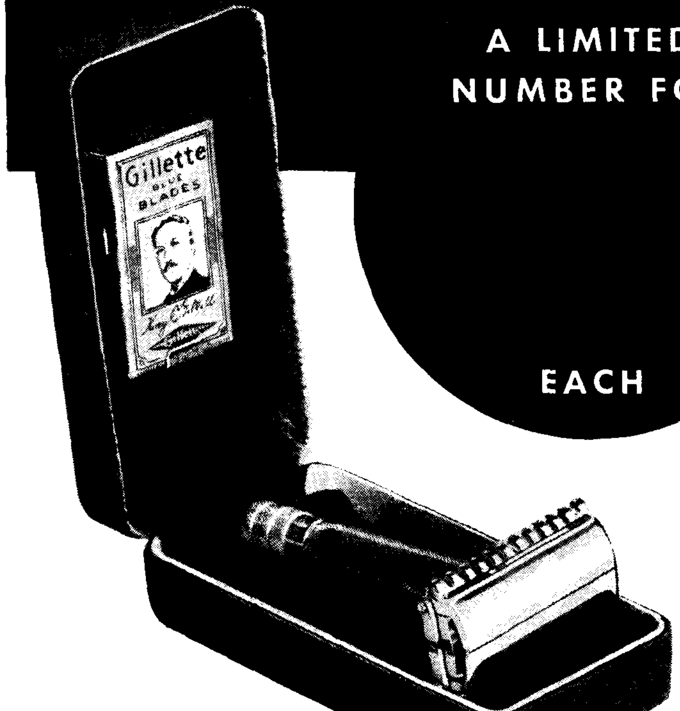
(Continued on page 51)



GILLETTE 1-PIECE RAZOR

A LIMITED
NUMBER FOR

EACH



The new Sheraton, priced at 98¢, in attractive traveling case with 5 Gillette Blades.

Never before a razor of this type for less than $4

MEN, here is the greatest forward step in shaving convenience since the invention of the safety razor. The amazing new *one-piece* Gillette Sheraton saves time and trouble. You can change blades in three seconds! There are no loose parts to fumble. Simply turn the handle—and the head opens. Another twist—and it's closed, ready for use.

Outstanding Value

Never before has a razor of this type sold for less than $4 list. Yet now you can get the Sheraton in an attractive traveling case with five blades for only 98¢. Scientifically designed to hold Gillette blades in perfect alinement—this ingenious razor gives you the world's cleanest, quickest shaves. Sturdily built—heavily gold plated—it's guaranteed to last a lifetime!

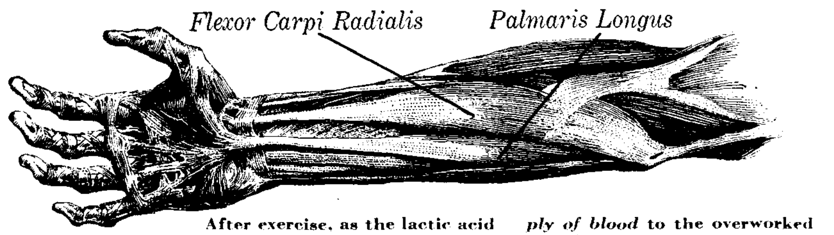
Get Yours Now!

The new Gillette Sheraton is the greatest razor value ever offered in America. At 98¢—a price everyone can easily afford—millions of men will want it! But production is definitely limited. So avoid delay and disappointment by seeing your Gillette dealer now. If he does not yet have the one-piece Gillette Sheraton in stock, urge him to order for you at once.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A Swell Partner Saturday Night
—but a Handicap on Sunday

Back and shoulder muscles must do superlatively smooth, even work. Hand and finger muscles must avoid cramping.



Waste Products Lodge in Overworked Muscles

After exercise, as the lactic acid settles in the muscle fibers, fluids filter in. The muscle swells, presses against its sheath, feels stiff and painful. Absorbine Jr. quickly brings an *increased supply of blood* to the overworked muscle. This carries away the lactic acid—and brings fresh fuel for renewed energy. Rub on after exercise. Spread over wide area—the wider the better.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF IT . . . **Overworked muscles grow stiff and sore, as toxic waste products lodge in them. How Absorbine Jr. limbers up muscles, so you can roll a good score next day—**

No matter what your sport, you are bound to get enthusiastic and overdo.

Most of us don't play for a week at a time—*and then,* how hard we play!

That's just where your muscles get you! Physiologists say all muscular exercise produces toxic waste matter *in the muscles themselves.* Notably, *lactic acid.* The harder the exercise, more irregular the practice, the greater the accumulation of this lactic acid in your muscles.

Slowly it is carried off by the blood. Meantime, fluids filter in. The muscles swell and stiffen. Your next-day performance is shot to pieces!

How to relieve soreness

But it is easy to relieve muscle soreness. Absorbine Jr. has the ability to bring blood immediately to tired muscles! You rub it on after exercise. The increased blood supply washes away the lactic acid and brings new muscle energy. Stiffness is avoided. Your muscles keep limber, serve you as readily the next day as before!

Keep Absorbine Jr. at home as well as in the locker room. Use it repeatedly after exercise. And whenever there is muscle pain or soreness. Antiseptic, cooling, not oily, pleasant to use.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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Bruises, Bumps, Sprains, Wrenches— Absorbine Jr. relieves congestion in the same way it relieves muscle fatigue—by bringing the blood to the injured spot to wash away the toxic matter lodged there, and to supply fresh food for repair.

Relieves Muscular Pain— Absorbine Jr. soothes and comforts injuries to muscles and tissue. It is a dependable antiseptic. Protects against infection. Does not harm the healing tissue.

ABSORBINE Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

Coconino Cloudburst

Continued from page 22

talking; from vanity, morbidity and, as is plain to everyone who knows me, from an inborn, an inveterate flair for histrionics. But," and the long arms raised to high heaven, "there has never been superadded to these vices of mine the withering, embalming vice of consistency. Whoever in the public service is handcuffed and shackled by the vice of consistency will be a man not free to act as various questions come before him from time to time; he will be a statesman locked in a prison house the keys to which are in the keeping of days and events that are dead. As Emerson said, 'A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen.' Never have I let what I said yesterday bind me today. No senator can change his mind quicker than I."

An Unpredictable Person

In this connection it may be recalled that The Ashurst voted for 3.2 per cent beer after having been elected as an ardent dry, and that of his four votes on the soldiers' bonus, two were for and two against. "What of it?" was his blithe retort. "At least I was fifty per cent right, which is a pretty good record for a politician." In Arizona, of course, Henry is a bit less suave as befits a more robust environment. Once when charged with some particularly glaring reversal of position by an irate constituent, he laughed indulgently and answered, "Yes, I was as big a jackass then as is the man who now asks the question."

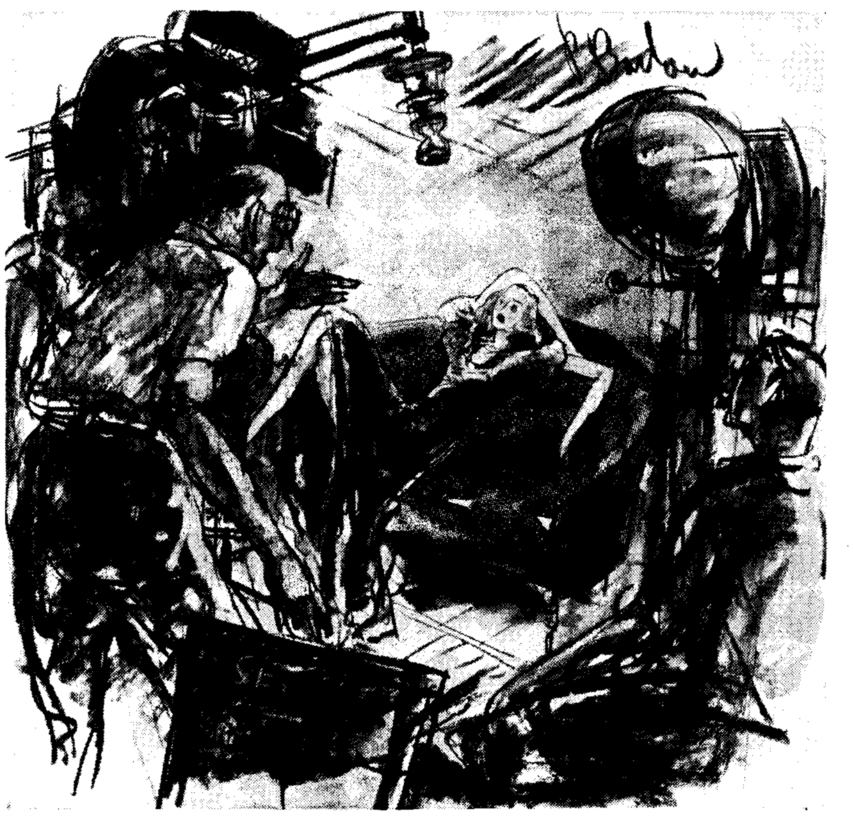
Yessir! Getting away with murder is one of the easiest things that The Ashurst does. Senators adore him for his humor, his kindliness and his old-school courtesy, and there is also the admitted fact that his verbal pyrotechnics give color to many a drab debate. When talking against time, the average statesman falls back on Aesop's fables, government reports or tiresome inanities, but Henry Fountain draws entirely from his own inexhaustible store of words and phrases. During his filibuster against Boulder Dam, he talked the whole night through as entrancingly as melodiously, and at five in the morning was able to give a vivid sketch of those early peoples of the Colorado River basin who "wove gorgeous tapestries ere Romulus and Remus were suckled, and worked delicately in gold and silver before the legions of Caesar brought back tribute to imperial Rome."

In the Ashurst lexicon is no such word as death. When his friends die "their lips partake of the sacrament of the dust." With him Arizona is no mere state, but a Land of Dreams where "the fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate and the vastness of the mineral wealth make the lamp of Aladdin and the purse of Fortunatus appear commonplace by comparison." Not a day goes by that he doesn't add from fifty to one hundred new and finer words to his vocabulary, hunting for them as a prospector hunts for "pay dirt."

Although a minnesinger for the most part, caroling in praise of love and chivalry, now and then the senator can and does strike sterner notes. Once when Cole Blease was heaping abuse on Woodrow Wilson, Henry interrupted with this remark: "May I observe for the benefit of the senator from South Carolina that when Prometheus was bound to a rock, it was a vulture that ate his vitals, not an eagle."

A curious and unpredictable person in many ways, this Henry Fountain Ashurst. Just when it seems that he is an arrant partisan, a slave to party regularity, he will take a position marked by courage and principle, and time after time he turns away from rodomontade to drive home an unpalatable truth. One moment he is buttering his constituents with flattery, and the next finds him reading them a sharp lecture.

"I am your representative in the Sen-



"Now in this scene, Miss Keech, you are supposed to smile as if you are very angry at your mother but would rather marry Joe than leave your father"

PERRY BARLOW

The CHINAware CLIPPER

[illegible]! The elevator comes to a stop at the eighth floor of a great department store. Passengers pour out—looking for merchandise to buy.

Just an elevator ride? Not if you have imagination, for then it becomes a fascinating flight from end to end of the United States. A flight with many stop-overs . . . coming into contact with every part of your country . . . *through the useful things its industries produce.*

Among the textiles you are roaming through Dixie. Behind the furniture rise the giant plants that border the Great Lakes. Leather goods take you by New England's rushing streams that furnish power for her factories. Fruits reflect the scent and color of California's spreading groves. *The fruits of industry from everywhere.*

In this picture of our country—the Territory of Hawaii occupies a very important position.

She, too, sends her products, chiefly cane [illegible] tons a year...to the nation's market places. This puts money in her cash registers, buying power in the hands of her people. Millions of dollars yearly to spend.

With this money they stock their stores and homes with the products of *other* American industries. This time cash registers ring in every section of the nation—with American dollars from the Territory of Hawaii.

There you have American industry! Hundreds of industries to make one department store. Thousands of stores to distribute the products of industry. Production and trade—jobs and payrolls—*interdependent*—inseparable—every unit indispensable to America.

DISTANCE DOESN'T COUNT! THE IMPORTANT CANE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF THE AMERICAN TERRITORY OF HAWAII PROVES THAT.

DO YOU KNOW . . .

The Territory of Hawaii's stores need a lot of fads and fashions. They stock over seven hundred classes of merchandise—the products of 48 major American industries—paid for with American dollars that find their way into the pay envelopes of workers in every section of the nation—dollars that illustrate the close vital partnership that exists between all branches of American industry.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U. S. A.

A VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATION OF PLANTATIONS, PROVIDING YEAR-ROUND EMPLOYMENT FOR 50,000 PEOPLE IN THE PRODUCTION OF CANE SUGAR, PAYING THE HIGHEST FARM WAGES IN THE AMERICAN SUGAR INDUSTRY ate," he told an Arizona gathering not long ago, "but how many of you are interested in grave questions of national and international policy? When I come back home the only things I am asked about are jobs, pensions, pardons and other personal favors. I do not deceive myself that I am in Washington as a statesman. I am there as a very well paid errand boy doing your errands. My chief occupation is going around with a forked stick, picking up little fragments of patronage."

As a matter of fact, however, he is a poor job hunter, open in his attack on the spoils system, and more than any other senator, perhaps, he has been honest and courageous in denouncing the "pork barrel," refusing to raid the federal treasury for the benefit of his state. When the Ku Klux Klan was at the height of its political power, The Ashurst tore it to pieces in speech after speech; one of his major fights is against tax-exempt securities; and when the flood of Utopianism was at its crest, he declared this ringing statement of belief: "I have always opposed the suggestion that the world owes every man a living. The only persons who believe such stupid nonsense are those who desire to live on the fruit of other men's toil. All that a civilized government owes to the honest, industrious and normal citizen is a fair chance to *earn* a respectable living."

When some "gimme" organization urged a crazy plan for the redistribution of wealth, Henry wrote back that "our nation may yet be obliged to resort to those prosaic, unpopular and age-old remedies that have never failed—economy, industry, ambition and other simple virtues." So he goes, leaping from position to position with all the gay abandon of a chamois.

"Why do you do it? What's the explanation?" Your bewildered correspondent put the question pleadingly. "For heaven's sake, Senator, throw some light on yourself."

"I never explain." A twinkle in the eyes belied the solemnity of the long face. "In the end I would have to be explaining my explanation. And you might mention also that I avoid promises. You see," and his well-kept hands waved airily, "I always reserve the right to break them, so why make them? As for my public addresses, I hold that a speech is entertaining only when serenely detached from all information. Unfortunately," he sighed, "it is not possible for me to maintain that high standard all the time. Now and then, in spite of heroic efforts, I wax sensible and informative."

With Rifle, Rope and Running Iron

At every point the man is a study in contradictions. Not only is he the Chesterfield of the Senate, embarrassing corn-belt colleagues by the perfection of his courtesy, but he is also the Beau Brummel. Now and then, in a time of terrific heat, he may garb his towering figure in shimmering pongee or lustrous linen, but as a usual thing he is robed majestically in a black-braided cutaway coat, striped trousers, winged collar and corded eyeglasses that he taps and twirls as fops of the Regency flourished their snuffboxes. All this, mind you, against as wild and woolly a background as any frontier artist ever painted.

Henry Fountain Ashurst was born on September 13, 1874, near Winnemucca, Nevada, while his father and mother were traveling in a covered wagon from California to northern Arizona. His first home was in a log cabin south of Bill Williams Mountain, but the drought of 1877 knocked the bottom out of the cattle business, forcing a move to what is still known as the Old Ashurst Ranch near Mormon Lake. During the winter months young Henry went to school in Flagstaff, but at thirteen a slump in the family fortunes put him to work as a cowpuncher, and the only Three R's that he learned were rifle, rope and running iron.

For six years the long, lanky youth rode the range, and then a friendly sheriff offered him the job of turnkey in the Flagstaff jail at sixty dollars a month. To this day the senator remembers it as Big Money, also as Big Opportunity, for one of the appurtenances of the building was a volume of Blackstone's Commentaries.

"When I first saw those great splendid words," he confessed, "some of them taking up a whole line, I was as some watcher of the skies when a new comet swims into his ken. The mere sight of them stirred depths of passion that I did not know my being contained. Before the year was out I had a right to call myself Five-Syllable Henry, and at the end of the second year I could throw fifty-six-pound words clear across the Grand Canyon. As a matter of course I went into politics. In what other department of human endeavor," he murmured blandly, "is there such a market for sound and fury?"

People Came for Miles

The Ashurst record shows him to have been instantly and highly successful. In 1896 he was elected to the Territorial House of Representatives, the youngest member of the body; in 1897 he was licensed to practice law and in 1899 he was Speaker of the House. After that, for some reason which he has never understood fully himself, he went to the University of Michigan for a law course, and returned to be elected district attorney of Coconino County. And he made a good one too; fearless, honest and incorruptible, ridding the place of graft, smashing corporation control and handing out equal and exact justice. People came for miles to hear him try cases, cackling delightedly when Henry used words that even the judge couldn't understand.

Came the great year of 1912 when Arizona was admitted to statehood and, by the unanimous vote of the first legislative assembly, Henry Fountain Ashurst was elected to the Senate of the United States. Four times since then he has been re-elected, and he comes as near having a life tenure as any man in the Upper House.

"I'm afraid you're not a first-class interviewer," Senator Ashurst shot home the remark as your correspondent rose to go. "You haven't," and he smiled graciously, "asked me to what I owe my success in life."

"All right, sir. Consider the question asked."

"I thank you." Inclining his head in a bow of appreciation, and joining the tips of his fingers together after the manner of great jurists, he said, "Everything that I am proceeds from my recognition of two great truths; first, that this is a comic world and, second, that the welfare of the United States, and the happiness of our people, does not hang on the presence of Henry F. Ashurst in the Senate. When that realization first came to me," he admitted gravely, "I was overwhelmed by the horror of it, but now it is a source of infinite comfort. Look how lightly I move." The tall form executed what was almost a pirouette. "And compare it with the sluggish movements of other senators who stagger around carrying the fate of the world on their shoulders."

From all of which it may be gathered that Senator Ashurst gave himself a grand time, indulging his wayward humor to its fullest, and that your correspondent also had his pleasure.

STRANDED
UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...
GAIL! HOW ARE YOU?
I'M BROKE, SUE --STRANDED! I HAVEN'T WORKED SINCE THEY FIRED ME AND GAVE YOU MY JOB!
GAIL, I'M LEAVING TO BE MARRIED. AND YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB BACK IF--WELL ...WON'T YOU SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
YOUR DENTIST! WHY...ALL RIGHT...
YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"COLGATE'S special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

ONE MONTH LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE PERFECT SECRETARY, MISS DRAKE--IN EVERY WAY! I'M AFRAID YOU DESERVE A RAISE!
THANKS SO MUCH, MR. ALLEN!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

Sundown Jim

Continued from page 46

Majors drawled, "Careful, kid. All right, Dobe, stay right where you are. The rest move over and back up against the shanty wall."

Jett retreated to the house wall and joined the other two who moved up. The Negro side-stepped along the wall until he was with that group.

"Dobe," commanded Majors, "go get their guns. Be a little careful about it. Belts and all."

Dobe moved over, unbuckled the three belts—the Negro not being armed—and hooked them over his arm. Majors said, "Back up to me."

DOBE obeyed, stepping around the gelding. Majors reached out and seized the belts with his free arm, throwing them over his saddle. He lifted Dobe's gun from its holster and hurled it behind him, far out into the darkness. Two horses, all this while, stood over near the corner of the house; and now Majors said: "Get on one of those horses."

Dobe spoke over his shoulder. "You're makin' a mistake, friend Majors."

"Go on."

Dobe shuffled to the nearest horse and climbed up. He waited there, putting all the work on Majors. Majors said, "Move out into the yard and stop." He pushed the Spencer back into its boot, and drew his pocketknife and stepped over to the other horse and slashed the webbing of the cinch. Dobe had drifted down the yard a short distance and had stopped again; he turned in the saddle, sending some silent signal to his still-placed crew. Majors walked back to the gelding and slid into the saddle, pinching the captured gun belts with his thighs to keep them in place. He shook out his rope and dropped a loop over Dobe Hyde. "Pull your arms through," he said, and afterward took up the slack. He had the little man held by the flanks, letting him use his arms.

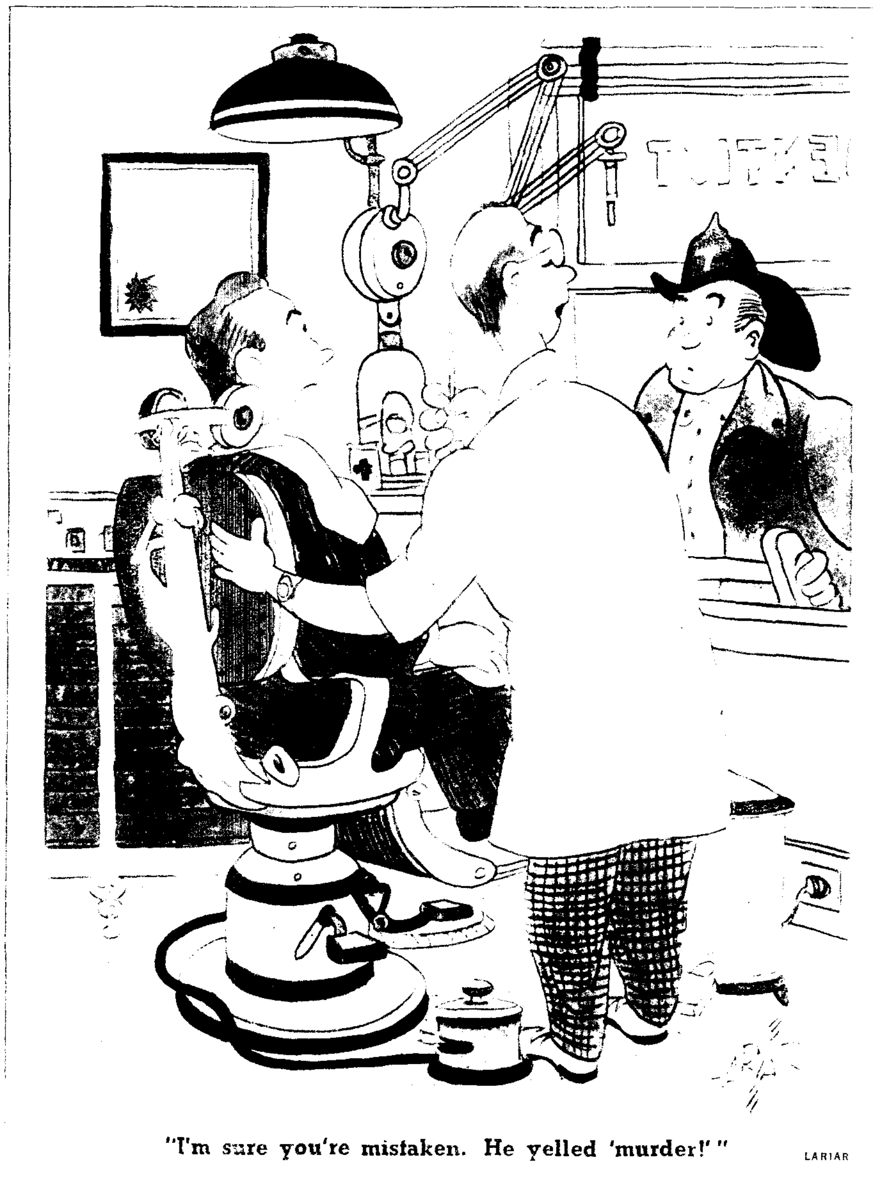
Jett said: "Nice, mister. But what comes next?"

The kid was throwing a challenge at him. The kid was waiting, and would never rest till he tried his luck. Majors sat in the saddle a moment, realizing the dynamite lying behind the dark and motionless patience they showed him. Dobe had picked his men well.

Majors said to them: "Trot out there fifty yards."

They didn't trot. They walked slowly away from the house, sinking into the darkness, becoming blurred shapes out there. Majors' voice turned tight and flat: "When we move, Dobe, we move on the run. Lag behind and I'll drag you to Reservation at the end of this rope." He had a fair view of the lamp sitting on the table, inside the center room. He lifted his gun and took a fair shot and saw the light explode into a bright blue ball of flame. The spilled kerosene suddenly rolled up a quick fire on the table and another fire began burning on the floor. Jett's voice pitched out of the darkness with an accumulating rage: "By God, Majors—!" But Majors waited until he saw the fire creep along the floor toward the piled junk. When he saw the junk catch hold he spoke to Dobe. "We move," he said, and laid his horse into a dead run.

Dobe was slow in following. The rope



"I'm sure you're mistaken. He yelled 'murder!'"

YOU MAY BE NEXT

TIRE BLEW OUT
SEDAN CRASHE
S POSI
BLOWS
CLOSE CALL
CAPSIZES
OVERTUR
YOUTH
JURED
CAUSES
BASI
SUITS
Car In
Plunge
Hurdle
Tire Blowout

FOR REAL BLOW-OUT PROTECTION RIDE ON GOODRICH SILVERTOWN TIRES...WITH THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY...

THOUSANDS of motorists are killed or injured — thousands of dollars are spent for repairs, doctor and hospital bills every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control.

Keep *your* name out of the accident columns. Many of the blow-outs you hear and read about altogether too often are due to the heat generated *inside* of tires by today's high-speed driving. This terrific heat may cause rubber and fabric to separate. And, if it does, an invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER this blister grows until, sooner or later, BANG! You have a blow-out. And *where* you might land — *what* you might hit nobody knows.

That's why Goodrich engineers invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply found *only* in Silvertown tires. This amazing Goodrich invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat*. By resisting this heat the Golden Ply protects you and your family against these dangerous high-speed blow-outs.

Don't Gamble

Don't run the risk of trying to squeeze another 1,000 miles out of tread-worn tires . . . don't wait until *after* a blow-out has caused you a lot of grief and expense.

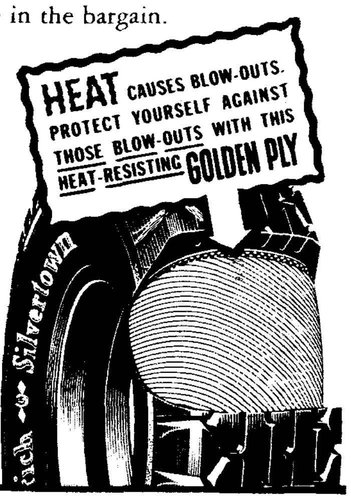
The safe thing to do is to see your Goodrich dealer *right now*. Equip your car with a set of Golden Ply Silvertown Tires. Remember, these life-saving tires actually cost *much less* than other super-quality tires, and they'll give you *months* of extra trouble-free mileage in the bargain.

AND LOOK! GOODRICH INVADES LOW-PRICED TIRE FIELD

If you're looking for a low-priced *quality* tire, this full dimension Commander will give you miles of extra service at a rock bottom price.

$5.65 4.40 x 21

Price subject to change without notice


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

The Only Tire With Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

For
BETTER
FOOTWEAR

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL
FOR STYLE
FOR HEALTH
FOR COMFORT
FOR ECONOMY

Ball-Band is the ideal protective footwear to millions of people the country over. They've worn Ball-Band for so many years and it has given them so much satisfaction that they just naturally "Look for the Red Ball trade-mark." This year's Ball-Band line is the finest ever. A visit to your Ball-Band dealer will convince you that Ball-Band footwear is as smart and stylish as it is warm and comfortable.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
471 WATER STREET • MISHAWAKA, IND.

BALL-BAND
Rubber • Leather • Canvas • Woolen

jerked him around the saddle and the bite of it dragged a yell out of him. "Wait, damn you!" He caught up, reeling back into his seat. They were both side by side, shooting across the small valley toward the road. Dobe's men had made a sudden break for the house. Looking back across the increasing distance, Majors saw them rush through the door and he heard Jett's voice sing out. "Never mind! Baker, you watch the fire! Come on—come on!"

A moment later a rifle began to break the night with its beating shots. The bullets were wide, rutting up the near-by earth. Majors reached the road and followed it. There was a turn here that took them into a low pass. A shoulder of the hills blocked out all further firing. They ran steadily on.

Dobe said in his child-high voice: "Friend, you'll never get to Reservation."

"Better plan on it, Dobe."

"No," said Dobe, "you never will."

THE sound of pursuit rolled more strongly forward—a mass rush of hoofs on the road's cushioning dust. Majors said, "All right, Dobe," and put his horse into a run. There was, suddenly, trouble beside him. Dobe's horse went up on his hind feet—which was strange for an animal half spent—and the rope snapped Dobe out of the saddle cleanly. He fell beneath Majors' gelding and kicked around in the dust and got to his feet, fighting the rope with both hands. He cried out in a broken, gusty way: "I'll kill you fer this!" The other horse wheeled off to the road's ditch and stopped. The minutes were running by and Dobe's men kept closing the distance and Dobe, suddenly turned mad, never stopped fighting the rope. Majors said: "Get on, Dobe."

"You can go to hell!"

Majors pulled his gun. He spurred his horse against Dobe and brought the gun barrel down on the little man's head and knocked all the sense out of him at once. Dobe wilted and it was only Majors' sudden pull on the rope that held him against the horse. Majors jumped from the saddle and boosted Dobe into it. The gun belts slid to the ground but he let them lie, the steady pound of the other men drumming harder and harder against his ears. He got up behind Dobe and looked back and saw the shadowed substance of that crew against the night, and looked ahead at the glitter of the Sultan ranch lights—and thought of Edith Sultan's words. He put the gelding into a run again. Dobe's riders were no more than five hundred yards behind him, coming on without a break.

He wheeled into the Sultan road and rushed toward the house. He was at the house porch and wrestling with a Dobe Hyde suddenly half alive when the door opened and Buff Sultan's big shape partially blocked the light. Another man ran around from the back, challenging: "Who's that?"

He got out of the saddle, dragging Dobe with him. Dobe swung at his face and missed. He gentled Dobe with one flat-knuckled smash on the temple and carried him up the porch. A gunshot banged behind him and Jett's voice sailed on. "Dobe—drop down!" Majors rushed through the door and Buff Sultan slammed it, moving backward on his heels. Majors let Dobe fall. The little man crawled half across the room on hands and knees and turned, and sank down. Blood dripped from his nose, but he watched Majors with a maddened brightness and his lips stretched back when he shouted: "Far to town as you ever git, friend!"

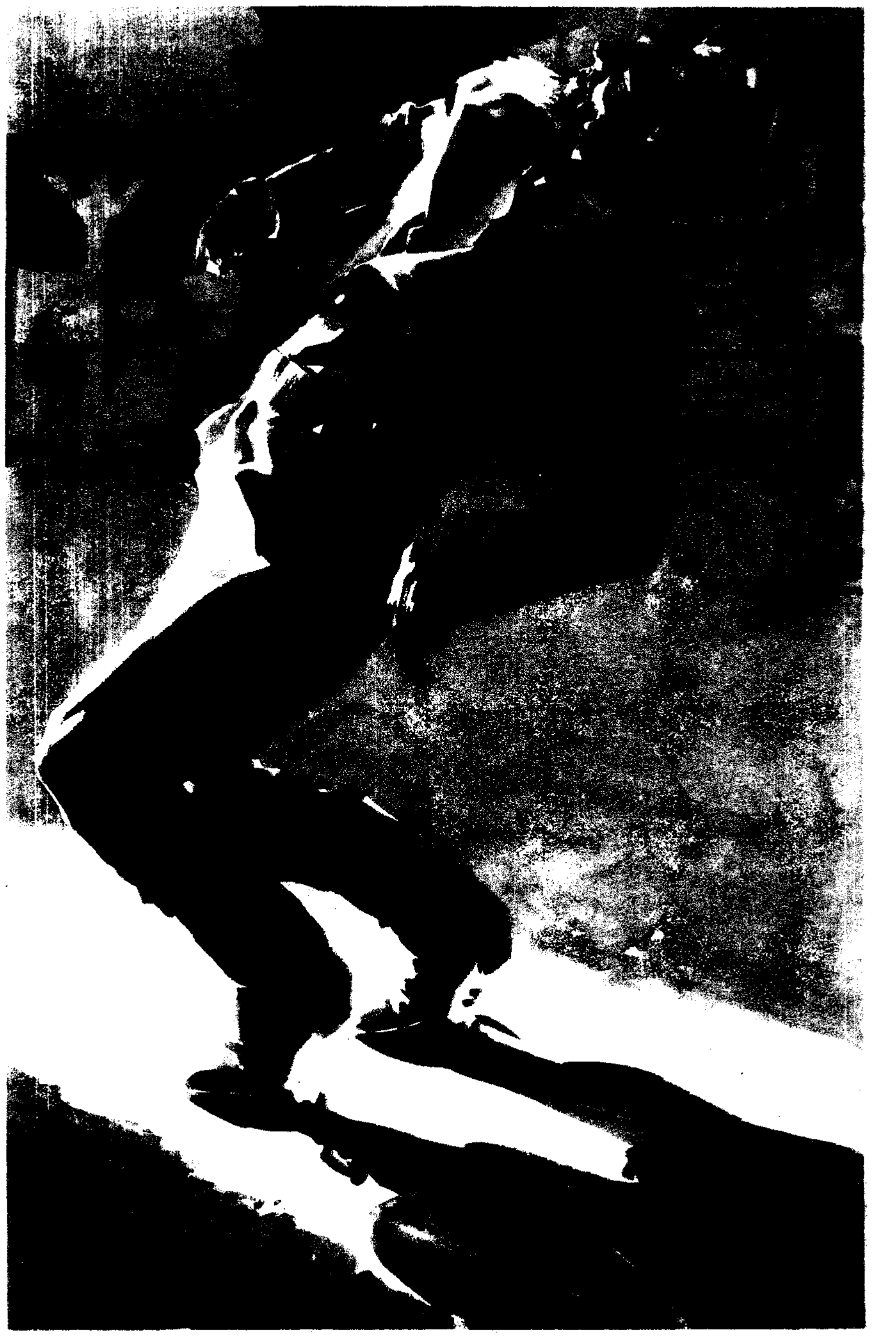
Certain things Majors saw with a quick eye. Edith Sultan was in a corner of the room. Sultan stood by the table, his hand ready to whip out the light, his cheeks very ruddy; and one of Sultan's men rushed in from a back room, lugging a rifle. This he saw; then the yard was full of sound and a bullet smashed through the door, aimlessly flung. It missed Majors by the spread of a hand, near enough for him to feel the wind of its passage. Sultan flung up his head and his arm dropped from the lamp and he gave a quick groan. Edith cried, "Buff!" Afterward, the door was kicked open and Jett and the other two men rushed in and halted there.

Majors had wheeled to face them, his gun lifted on the doorway; and so they remained, Jett with his weapon swinging in his fist and the others posted beside him, caught at that fine balance between violence and caution. They were breathing deeply and their shifting boots scraped up little echoes from the boards. Sultan had groaned again. Dobe Hyde crawled along the floor and stood up. He held his hand to his lips; his words mushed through his fingers.

"Get him, Jett."

It was this kid Majors watched—this thin stripling who was seasoned by so wild and wicked a knowledge. He had a greater daring than the rest of them, a courage that was savage in its way. He paused here now with a white grin on his sallow face, with a luminous shining in his eyes that had neither heat nor depth—like the reflection of light in the eyes of a cat.

Dobe Hyde mumbled. "All right, Jett."



That pair of bullets drove Pedee's breath out of him in a hard gasp

It had turned still in the room. All of them, Majors thought quickly, had taken hold of something and none of them could let go. He could see that Jett was ready to shoot and willing to make the try; and Dobe Hyde's thin voice kept urging him. "Jett—go on!" Majors thought of Edith Sultan in the room's corner; and knew he was whipped.

But he said to Jett: "Want a try?"

The glow of Jett's eyes got brighter and brighter. He seemed like a man enjoying himself. "Any time, mister."

"Wait a minute," said Dobe, and began stepping to the far side of the room. He was near the wall when a voice came across it and stopped him. "Hold on, Dobe."

It was Sultan's man who had been in the background this while. Majors was turned away, but at once he remembered the man had charged in through the kitchen with a rifle. From the corner of his vision he noticed Dobe suddenly freeze. Dobe spoke to Sultan with a shrill intemperance. "What are you doin' in this? You're ridin' with me, ain't you? A hell of a thing! Tell that man of yours to drop the rifle."

Majors could not turn, though the grind of something in Sultan's voice urged him to look that way. "I'm through with you, Dobe. Your man shot me."

"An accident," said Dobe Hyde. "Drop that rifle, friend."

Sultan's counterorder cut in. "Keep it lifted, Sam. Maybe an accident, Dobe. But you shot through my front door. That was no accident. I'm through with you."

Dobe snapped out: "You was through with me before now. Else why did friend Majors run for shelter here? A tricky thing. Put the rifle down."

The Sultan rider said calmly. "It ain't heavy."

Jett's grin seemed a permanent crease. "I'll risk it, Dobe, if you can risk it."

"No—no," said Dobe Hyde. "Dammit, put your gun down, Jett. I ain't armed nohow."

"So what do we do?" said Jett. "Jest stand here?"

Majors said: "Go on, Dobe. You can ride back."

DOBE shuffled across the floor. He stood between Jett and Majors, blanking Jett's gun, but also sheltering himself from the rifle. He had, it appeared, more trust in Majors than in Sultan's rider. He twisted his neck uncomfortably and wiped the drying blood from his lips. "Said you'd never get to town with me. If I had a gun—"

"Go on," grunted Majors.

"You bet I'll go," burst out Dobe. "But I'll have your skin before I'm through! All right, boys."

He went out first, crowding in front of his riders. Jett pulled slowly away, a step at a time, gun half lifted. Dobe walked out to the road, where his horse stood; and, excepting Jett, the rest of them were rising to their saddles. Jett stepped from the porch, and backed against his horse. He went quickly into the leather. Majors called: "Go on. No shooting." And there was a voice deep in the yard's darkness calling up: "Careful, you fellers." It was another Sultan hand crouched out there. Jett suddenly wheeled. All of them rushed away.

Majors turned and found Buff Sultan dropped into a chair, his left arm hanging straight. A red stain slowly spread away from the fleshy part of his upper arm, showing where the bullet had torn through. Edith Sultan came over from the corner. She called, "Sam, put the teakettle on the stove." She was quite calm and her fingers moved lightly along her brother's shoulder. Buff looked up at her, the ruddiness draining out of his cheeks. The pain was beginning to punish him, but for a moment Majors saw the strong affection between those two. Edith said, "Buff—I'm sorry."

"No," said Sultan, "I got what's coming to me and I'm lucky it ain't worse. When a man plays around with skunks he gets to smell like a skunk. I made a mistake ridin' with Dobe. I know that now. The man is after his own schemes and he'll kill all of us to have his own way. The old man told us that before he died. I should have remembered." The broken nerves of his arm jerked him badly and he fell silent a moment, dumbly waiting for the spasm to pass, and spoke again in a defeated tone. "What a hell of a mess." Afterward he looked at Majors.

"What made you figure you could get help here?"

Majors said: "It was a mistake."

"No, you guessed right. Only I wasn't much help. Caught me too sudden. But I don't get it. Sam had the drop on Dobe and you were doin' pretty well with those other fellows. Why'd you let him go?"

Majors looked at Edith Sultan. "I put you in considerable danger. I apologize."

"Afraid of that?" said Sultan. "Afraid she might get hit in the scrap? Well, you're a white man. I wasn't so sure of that when I first saw you in town. You looked kind of tough. What did you figure to do with Dobe?"

Edith Sultan had gone from the room. She came back with a pair of scissors and cut away the sleeve of Buff's shirt. There was a dull blue hole showing in his bicep muscles and when Edith touched the surrounding tissue Buff flinched and put his teeth together.

"Get him out of the way," answered Majors.

Edith made another trip to the kitchen and back. She stood over Buff, washing out the bullet's gash. Buff's legs squirmed around the floor. He said to Majors, in a groaning way: "What?"

"Run him out," repeated Majors. "He's top man here now. When I came here it was Pedee Barr who controlled the country. So I worked on him, through Maffitt. Maffitt has just switched to Dobe Hyde and that puts Barr out. Now it's Dobe."

Sultan groaned: "Wait a minute, Edie! By God, that's painful!" Sweat glistened on his pale skin. Edith stood back, watching Majors with a long, odd glance. Sultan shook his head at Majors. "You're damn' cool. It's all calculation with you. You make your moves count. You sure Maffitt went with Hyde?"

Majors nodded, whereupon Buff Sultan took on a little color. "I got to thinkin' of that. It was you that put the idea in Maffitt's noodle and made all the rest of us suspicious. Kind of clever. And now everything's in a hell of a mess. Where do I stand? God knows."

Majors said: "You boys in this valley are about through. Dobe carries the whip."

"What would you have done with Dobe?"

"Took him over the hill to Jeff White—on a murder charge."

"And busted up his crowd. Sure. But you lost him."

"Yes," said Majors, "I lost him." It was a soft tone; too gentle and too mild. His eyes gave him away. They were pale with temper. He had made a poor play and knew it, and the knowledge fanned up his temper. He could not admit defeat equably. Something violent and thoroughly relentless showed on his face for the Sultans to see. It was a quality that made him hang on and try again. For him, in a fight, there were only two ways—to break or to be broken. The scar on his temple was testimony to that. He stood above them now, big-shaped in the lamplight. Ungentle and unforgiving.

"I GOT no use for Dobe," said Sultan. "I'll help him no more and if he pushes me I'll stand against him."

"You'll make a poor show of it, alone."

"Maybe," said Sultan, not liking the direct statement. He had pride. "Maybe. But neither have I got any use for the Barrs. Be a better country when they're all gone. Let Dobe go fight 'em. Drive 'em out. Then maybe we'll have some peace."

"No," said Majors, "you won't. Then you'll have a man up that valley who'll be lyin' awake thinkin' of ways to drive you out."

Sultan quit talking. He hunched over in the chair while Edith wrapped a piece of cloth around his arm. When she tied it down Buff lifted his weight from the chair, and settled again, freely sweating. He said, "He ain't that crazy."

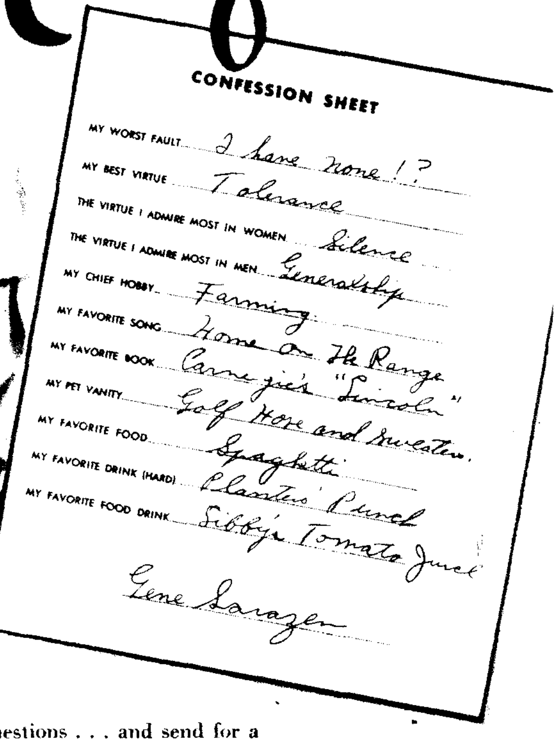
But Edith Sultan broke her long silence. "Yes," she said. "Yes, he is."

Sultan showed an irritable weariness. "I guess this has got beyond me and Ketchum. But I'll never lift a hand to help a Barr. Not ever."

"Buff," said Edith, "maybe we've been a little bit wrong."

"Not about the Barrs," contradicted Buff and let his big head roll downward. He stared at the floor, a disillusioned and altogether helpless man at the moment. Majors turned his glance to the girl. She stood behind her brother, and

Confesses!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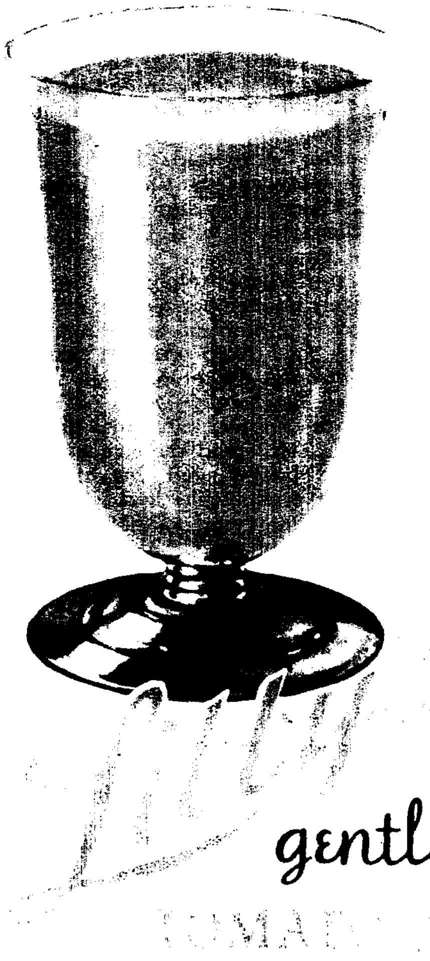

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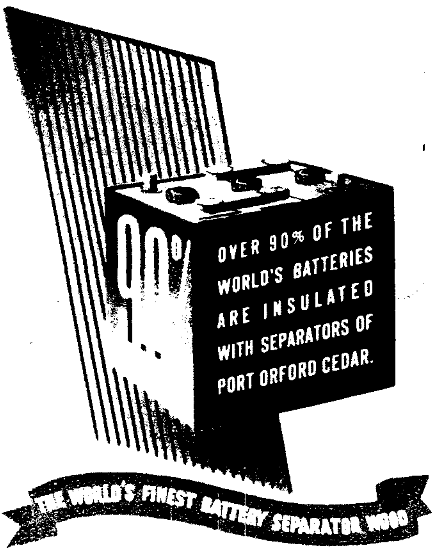
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she met the big marshal's long inspection with a straightness that was like defense. Color came to her face.

Majors turned to the door. He said, "I'm sorry I brought this risk on you. It was my fault."

"Where you goin'?" asked Sultan.

"I have just made a sucker play," Majors grumbled. "So I'll have another try."

Sultan's voice followed him through the door. "I don't figure you," he said, almost in complaint. "And I'll be damned if I see what keeps you alive."

Majors went out to the gelding and stepped into the saddle. The girl came quickly from the house; she stopped beside the horse. He was thinking about Dobe Hyde, the sense of his defeat burning his nerves like salt and alkali. But he could admire Edith Sultan for the way she spoke, so free and self-willed and so definite of voice.

"Do you know anything about me?" she asked him. "You looked at me. What was it?"

"Maybe I know."

"Maybe you do. Nothing can ever come of that. Too much has happened. But," and her voice had a long descending swing to it, "I can't hate the Barrs quite as much as Buff. I could live in peace with them, if they let me."

"Time's past for that."

She said, quite gently: "Have you ever thought that you have some responsibility for their ruin?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes."

"I'm not reproaching you. I was only curious. There's so much in you that doesn't show. It has been very hard for you. You are so deeply hated here. I want you to know that I admire you."

He said: "I'm sorry for your personal fortunes."

"Thank you," she whispered. "What are yours? There seems nothing at all for you. Nothing but trouble."

"I guess," he said in a dry way, "that's all a man can expect, if he looks for it. Good night." He removed his hat with a little sweep of his arm. It was a gesture unconscious and gallant and this was what she remembered after he had ridden away, the sound of his pony's hoofs dying in the night.

WHEN Dobe and his men returned to the ranch Godry had arrived with four extra riders from the Cache country. They were standing around the yard, nerved up by the wait and a little bit uneasy from what the Negro Baker had told them. Godry said, "I didn't know whut the play was. So I figured I'd better stick here." He stared at Jett and the other riders with Dobe. "Little trouble, hunh?"

Jett started to explain. Dobe, in a thoroughly bad temper, shrilled: "Never mind! We got no time for foolin'. You get your cinch fixed up." He stamped into his room. Baker had lighted another lamp, whereby Dobe could see how far the fire had eaten into his burlap sacks. He stood there, his narrow shoulders bowed and his magpie's thriftiness terribly shocked. "No," he grumbled, "he can't do that to me. I will take it out of his hide."

Godry came in. "We ridin' pretty soon?"

"When Jett gits his saddle fixed."

"Well, it's cold. Tell that dinge to boil up some coffee and warm the beans."

"You should of et before you left your own shack."

Godry was no man to back up. He stared at Dobe. "It's maybe not a bad idea. I'll just take my crowd home. See you next week."

"Hold on," argued Dobe. His small rosebud lips made a petulant frame. He gave ground grudgingly. "Just coffee. Baker—boil up some coffee! Just coffee." Baker didn't reply but Dobe knew the Negro heard him.

"If I was you," said Godry with a show of anger, "I'd make that dark boy give me an answer."

"Was you me," stated Dobe, "you'd be better off than you are."

Jett was swearing around the outer darkness. It was half an hour before they all came into Dobe's room and took their coffee out of the big pot the Negro brought from the kitchen. Dobe sat in a chair, the very picture of a pale little bookkeeper. The single tuft of gray hair stood up on the fore part of his head and he looked at this crew in a way that bitterly begrudged them the drink. But behind that expression was a sly satisfaction with these men. He had picked them and he knew them; they would do what he wanted done. He said, presently, "We ride," and went out into the darkness. Baker stayed behind. The rest swung up.

Dobe said to the Negro: "Don't burn that lamp."

The Negro said nothing at all, whereupon Godry growled: "You speak up, nigger."

"Nooh," murmured Baker. "Nooh." Afterward Dobe Hyde led his crew across the small valley into the broken country, pointing toward the Barrs. Darkness ran the land completely, thick in the way smoke is thick. Overhead the stars showed a diamond scatter in the sky, but none of that light illumined the earth.

THERE was no change in Pedee Barr that his daughter could detect. He made a stiff shape in the center of the living room, as iron-sure of himself now as in all the years past. Ring lay in a fresh grave at the top of the rim, beside that older brother, Clay—killed so long ago—and beside her mother. Closely watching her father, Katherine understood him no better and was puzzled no less. He would remember Ring as he had remembered that other son, in hard silence. Somewhere in him, she thought, some affection must lay, though he had never, by any act, indicated it.

But if there was affection in him, this added loss would be fresh fuel to feed his undying anger toward the rest of the world. He was a man who would never bend; when he surrendered it would be at once, in a clean break. She often had wondered if he felt the need of sympathy, and wondered now, seeing the somber flare of his eyes. She could not penetrate his mind, could not believe that he liked her, or that he even gave her any consideration at all. That was the barrier between them, and all that she could think of now was that he remained as consistent in tragedy as otherwise. She feared him and yet in a way she admired him for the changeless quality that made him what he was.

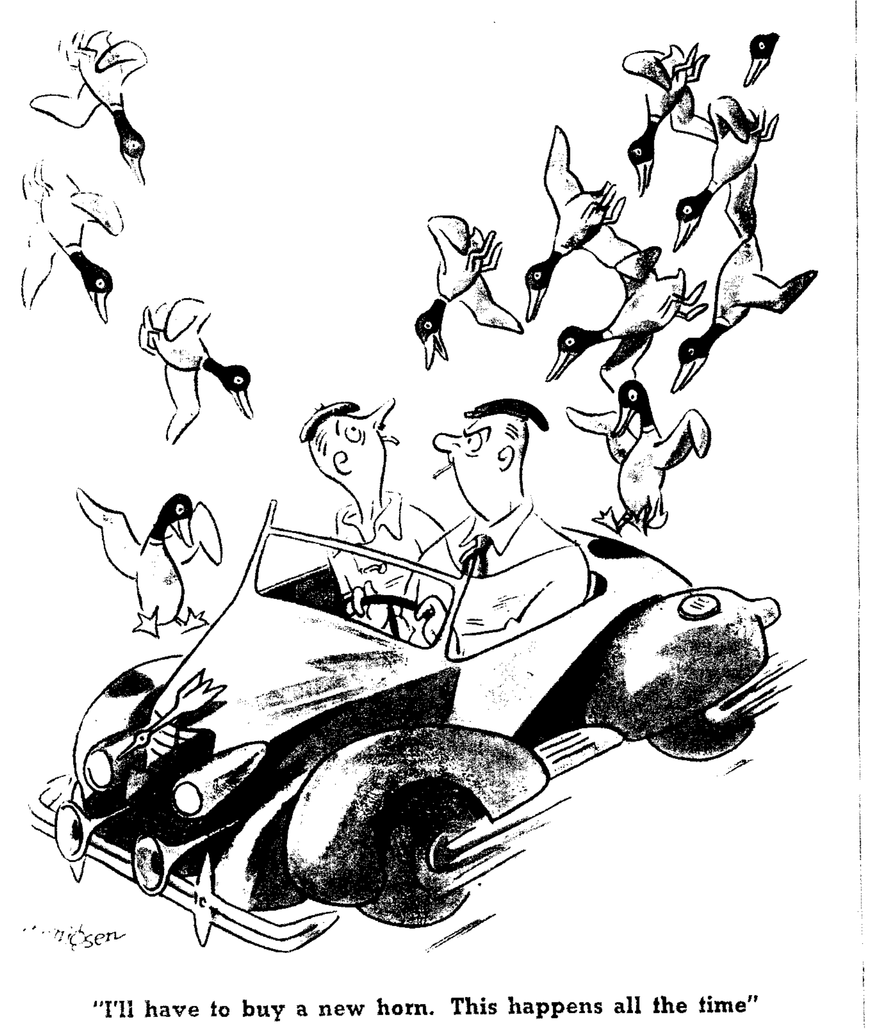
He said: "I want to remind you all now of something you should not forget. I came into this country and took what I wanted, as other men did in those days. It may be that some of you feel something wrong on our part as regards Tony Black's father. I will only say that he once spoke against me and I could not trust him. If I cannot trust a man, that man is my enemy. A man must stand the consequences of his words. I have—and expect others to."

All the Barr men listened in heavy silence. Katherine looked particularly at Dan, and thought that something had at last gone out of him—that lightness of spirit which had set him apart from the rest of the menfolk; and with its departure he had become one of them. She felt at once lonely and without hope.

Her father continued: "This valley hates us and the people in it have waited a long time to get back at us. Nothing's held them still but fear and I have seen to it that they have had plenty of reason to fear. The way to handle people is to crack the whip over them, which I have done, knowin' that all of them want somethin' and would take it if they could. I took it. They lacked the nerve."

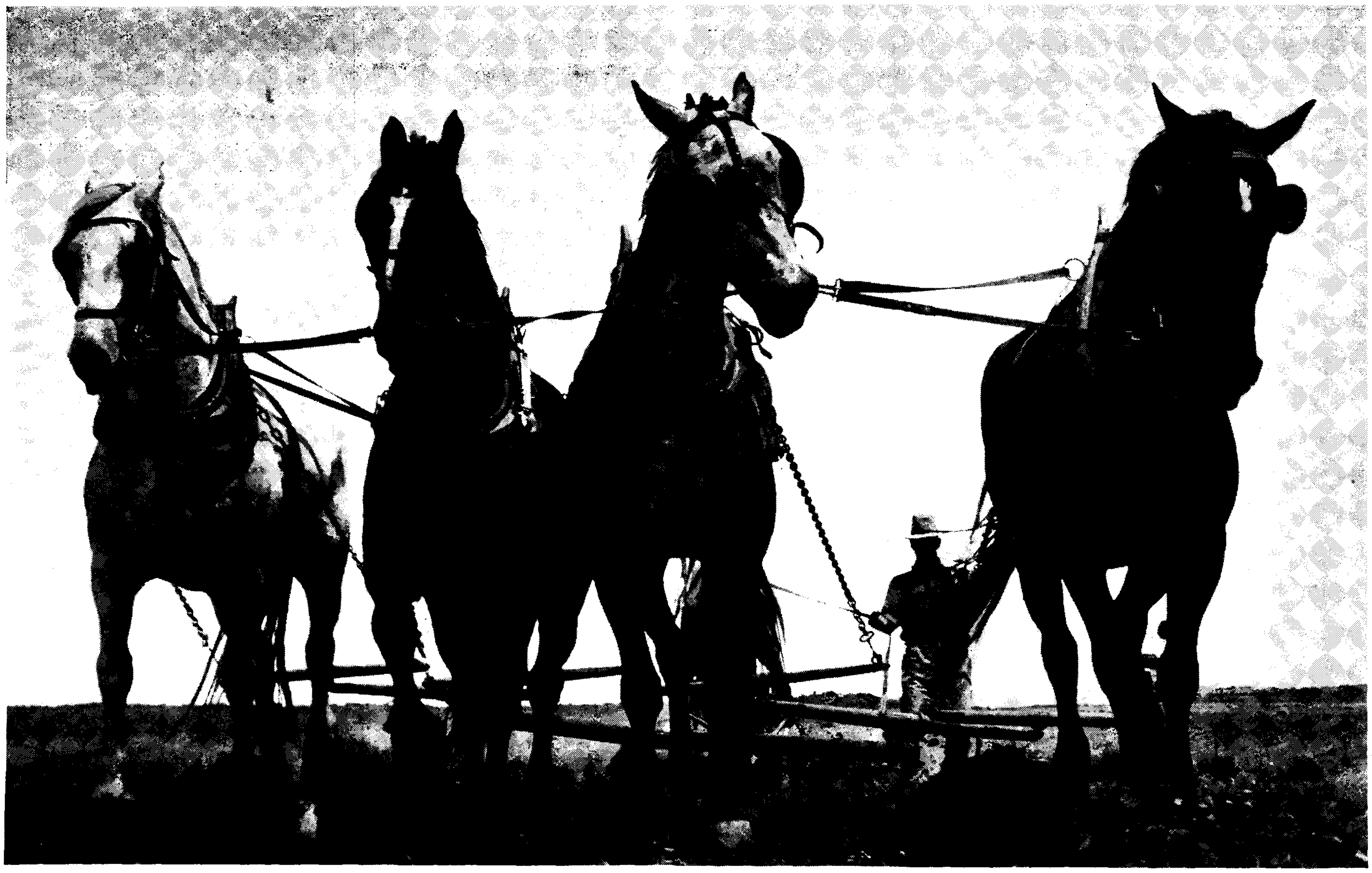
Katherine thought: "So that is all that he feels about people—a contempt for their weakness."

"I have never asked a favor in my



"I'll have to buy a new horn. This happens all the time"

HARRY HAENIGSEN



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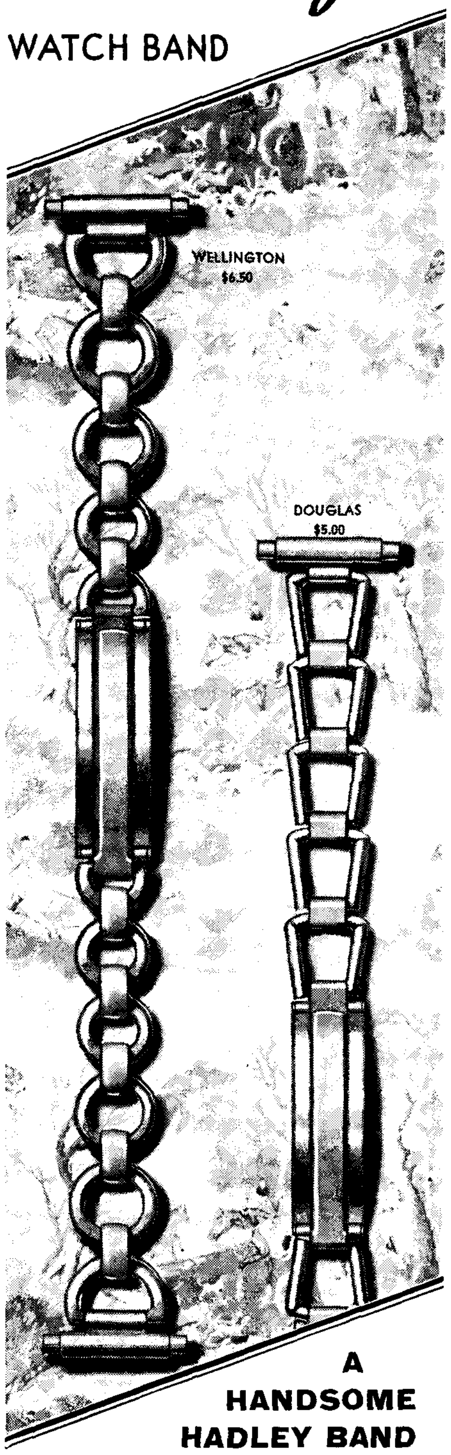

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life," said Pedee; "I have never apologized. This is what I want to tell you. We will no doubt soon have to fight. Do not—any of you—ask for anything from them now. Those people are dogs, which I knew in the beginning. They are still dogs. You will go up to the rim, Dan, and keep a watch there until I relieve you. I'm riding to the Pocket."

They remained in the room's stone-cold silence, listening to old Pedee drum across the bridge. Wind ran through the open door and the rustle of the Ute water over the gravel had a frigid sound. Dan put both hands in his pockets, staring across the room in lightless discouragement. "Always thought this was a pleasant place for a house. Occurs to me now it is a trap. They'll stand on the rim or in the timber and shoot hell out of us. Dad must've been pretty confident in the old days."

It was one of the older men who answered: "In those days nobody got near enough to this house to do any shootin'. Pedee was king for a long while. If he'd shut out those new families in the beginnin' he'd still be king. It was Dobe Hyde he let alone. And it's Dobe who will come for us."

FAY took command naturally: "You better get up on the rim, Dan. Cousin Creed, you go yonder of the corrals. We got nothin' to fear from the timber."

Dan went toward the front porch. Katherine followed because she felt altogether lost. They stopped out there. The river showed a dull silver streak as far as the first bend but the shadows of the rim lay in velvet pools along the road. A coyote, far up the slope, broke into its half bark, adding the last indescribable note of wildness to this night.

Dan said: "Guess I might as well tell you it was Edie Sultan I been ridin' to see. No harm now in admittin' it, for it's all over now."

"How," said Katherine, "could a Barr ever come to speak to a Sultan?"

"A long time ago I met her on a narrow trail and one of us had to step aside. I stepped aside and it kind of surprised her. Ordinary politeness from a Barr was somethin' she never expected. So she smiled at me." He stopped to consider that distant scene and his face softened from thinking of it and Katherine saw how terribly deep his emotions were at the moment and how hard the break was for him. "So that's the way it started. That's the pleasant part of my life and it won't come any more."

She said: "I'm sorry, Dan."

His words were at once intense and gusty: "She's so damned beautiful, Katherine. Almost as beautiful as you are. I won't ever forget her voice. It always had somethin' in it like—" He went silent, groping for a word that would express the completeness, the richness, he felt in Edith. He remained that way a long while, watching the river's shining streak. "Like music that makes a man feel strong enough to whip the world." Afterward he added very softly, "But it was always a little bit sad, as if she knew it wouldn't ever come out for us."

"Won't it? Won't it ever, Dan?"

The question turned him around. There had been so forlorn a note in it; and he was not so self-occupied that he could not observe the misery in her eyes. He said: "No. She knows by now I shot Oldroyd. In a way he was one of her people. I've got that blood on my hands. It's between us and nothin' under God's sky can wipe it out."

"But if she really loves—"

He said with a rapid vehemence: "She's got pride. She'll stick with her own side. I'm glad she has and I'm glad she will! No, there's nothing left for me, no matter how this comes out."

The misery in her eyes was greater and greater. It rode her shoulders down like weight, those shoulders which had always been so proud, so buoyantly presented to the world. And she said in a way that was begging, pleading: "How about me, Dan? How about me?"

It took him a little while to clear his mind of his own troubles and to see what lay behind the strained phrase. Then he said: "That big deputy? Why, Katherine, there's the man that's caused all our troubles."

"I know."

"Why, my God," he burst out, "how can you think of him? He made Ring die. Just as sure as if he'd shot him. He's turned Dobe loose on us. He's put us here in this shape. He's wrecked everything. You got pride, Katherine!"

She said, so brokenly soft: "I suppose."

"Now he's watchin' us bust up. That's what he's played for all the time. To hell with him!"

At that moment he was hard in his anger, almost as hard as his father. She didn't answer and she turned her face from him, and long afterward he touched her with his hand. "Tough," he said, and wheeled away at a long-legged stride.

She was thoroughly lost in her own strange and humble thoughts. She was saying to herself: "I suppose I have pride. A month ago I hated him. I suppose I still should." But all this while there was before her eyes the distinct image of his big shape, so loosely powerful, so deceptively hiding the tremendous vitality that made him great. She saw the scar on his temple and the breadth and the solid irregularity of his face; and remembered all the sudden power of his feelings as his eyes had revealed them to her that afternoon on the ridge above Reservation. Like storm, like fire. She had seen little of him, yet knew him so well. Behind his faint smile was a hunger and a loneliness and a temper that could sweep tremendously through all the ranges of emotion, disturbing her even now at a distance. And this was the man she must hate.

PEDEE BARR traveled up the trail to the Pocket, through the drip of solid blackness. The certainty of Dobe Hyde's attack on the ranch was in his mind, yet he didn't hurry; for his life had been keyed to a certain pace and nothing could break the iron assurance of his mind and make him change that pace now. Though, in a way, it was not so much assurance as a feeling for the inevitable. A man's life had its destined course, the end of which was written in a sealed book and no earthly power could amend or scratch out that writing.

Governed by this gray mood, he rode the night with no fear and with no hope, thinking, as the trail took him upward into the sharper chill of the range, of the two boys he had so secretly cherished and had lost. A light had dimmed at the older one's passing; the light grew dimmer with Ring's death. He had three children left but of these only Fay showed him the image of himself and it was Fay he considered as he climbed the last stages of the trail and caught the sight of Maffitt's house light glinting through the timber. And in his considering was a fear of failing again with that son as he had failed with the others.

Before he went down the last slope to the house's yard he unbuckled his gun belt and strapped it outside his coat. It was a significant action. He had a thorough knowledge of the sins of men and a perfect understanding of the things that prompted them to loyalty and to betrayal; and he knew that Ben Maffitt, having smelled a taint in the wind, would be wavering now. Halted at the edge of the timber, he called across the yard:

"Maffitt."

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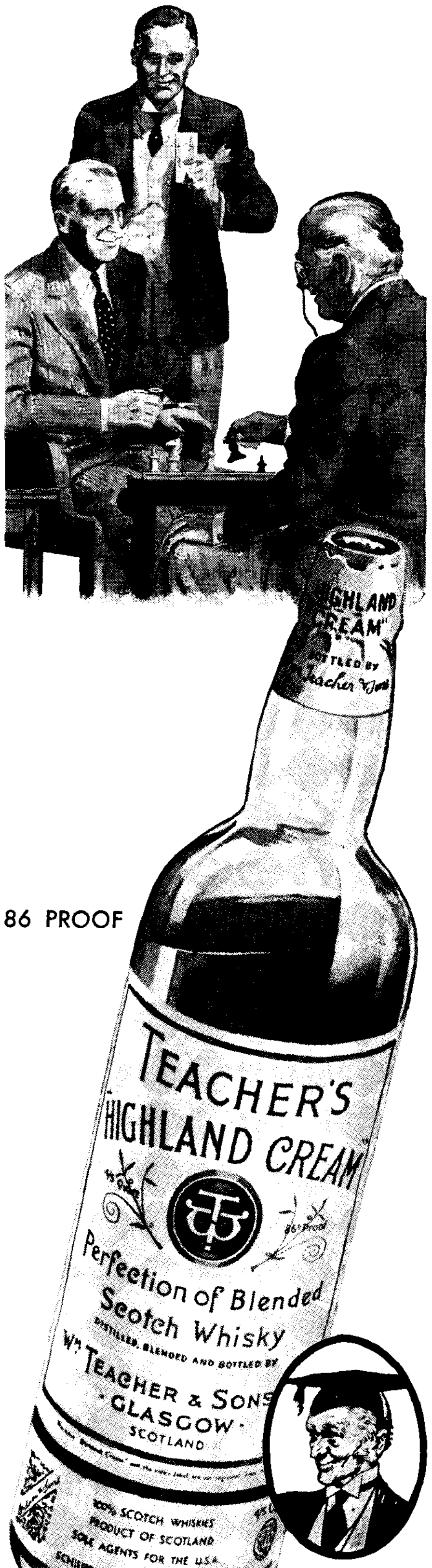

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He had heard the easy run of voices inside. That suddenly quit. A chair scraped the floor and the lights went out. Presently the rear door opened and Maffitt's voice called through: "Who's that?"

"I want to talk to you, Ben."

"Pedee? Light that lamp, Brick. Come in, Pedee."

"Privately," said Pedee, and pushed his horse a little beyond the trees. He said, "Come up here, Ben," and got down.

LIGHT flashed in the kitchen windows and ran a square shaft through the doorway. Maffitt's body rolled back and forth across that shaft as he came confidently up. Pedee observed that sureness with instant thought. The man hadn't changed his mind. Or else he had changed it and was very certain. Maffitt halted, his head rolling a little as he searched the timber behind Pedee. "Come alone?"

"Yes."

Maffitt scratched a match across his trouser leg and touched it to the dead cigarette between his lips. This light laid its shining across the swart face, deepening the bold angles, accenting the gray-green glitter of Maffitt's eyes, and went out.

"What's the trouble?" asked Maffitt. But the tone had changed, tightening and pressed flatter. Pedee knew Maffitt had seen the gun belt buckled outside his coat. Pedee said:

"Bring the boys down to the house. Dobe will be along. Tonight or tomorrow night. Or maybe the next. But he'll be along."

"You sure?"

"Ben," said Pedee, "don't dance around with your talk. Get the boys."

"We had an agreement," said Maffitt. "We made it a long time ago. I'm tryin' to think how we had it."

"No," said Pedee. "You ain't tryin' to remember. You're dodgin'."

"Just so," agreed Maffitt coolly. "Well, Pedee, I won't dodge. Protection for protection. That was it. But you got no more protection to offer me. So I can give you none any more."

"I admire honesty, Ben. Otherwise you are a scoundrel and your word is worth nothin'."

"Dog eat dog," murmured Maffitt. "You know that. It's what you'd do to me, if the time came."

"So you have seen Dobe?"

"That's right," agreed Maffitt and threw the cigarette away and stood short and broad in the vague limits of the light beam. His arms hung idle. "It's a hell of a world, Pedee."

"Then," said Pedee, "you are better out of it," and drew his gun.

He never got it lifted. The slap of Maffitt's palms against the butts of his guns was a sharp echo. His elbows broke and his double fire laid two violet-orange fingers of light across the shadows. That pair of bullets drove Pedee's breath out of him in a hard gasp and knocked him backward to the earth. He never moved. Up in the trees his horse pitched mildly and stood still again. One man came from the house. He said, "Pedee?" and turned into the house again when Maffitt said, "Yeah."

Maffitt went back to the living room. All of them were standing around, all but Brick Brand, who sat at the table and piled poker chips one upon another. A cigarette hung between his teeth and the smoke rolled against his red cheeks and he had his eyes half closed against the light. Faint sweat beaded his upper lip. Nobody spoke until Maffitt said:

"The old man was a hard one. He came up here to make this play—and he made it. I give him credit."

Brick Brand piled the chips into a high column, his glance narrowed on the motion of his fingers. The beads of sweat grew larger. Suddenly he pushed the stack over and stood up, going toward the back door.

Maffitt said: "Where you goin'?"

"To get Pedee's cartridges. I'm shy."

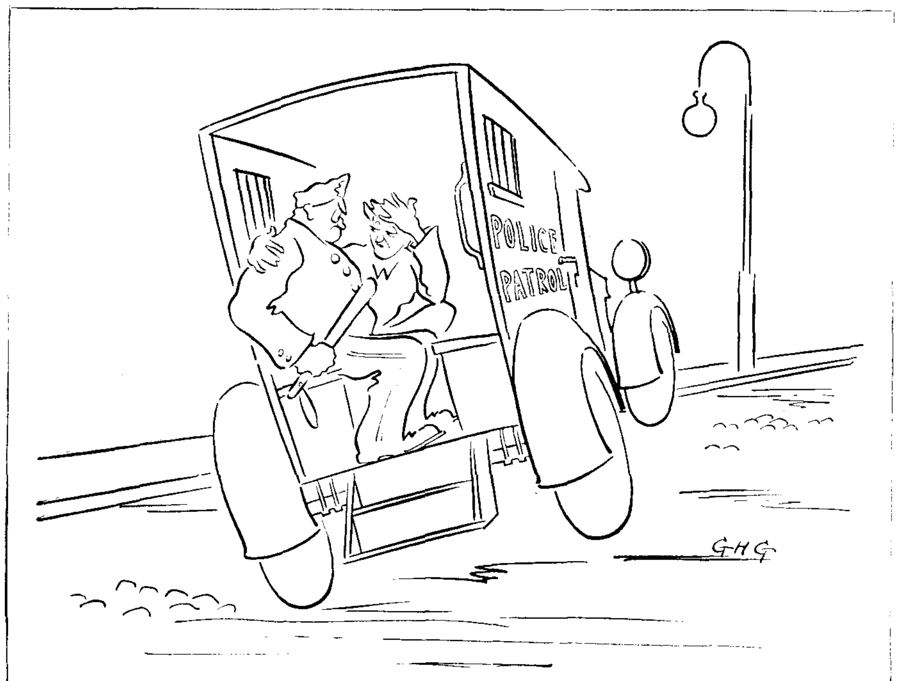
MAFFITT and the other four remained in the room, listening to Brand hit the doorsill with his boot toe and step out. Maffitt turned his head, his chin rising, speculation in his eyes. Suddenly he said, "Hell," and rushed to the door. Brand had just stepped into the saddle of Pedee's horse. He was beyond the yard, in the timber.

"Hey!"

Brand called back with a sudden outraged passion: "To hell with you fellows! A bargain is a bargain and by God I'll stick to mine! You fellows think you're pretty smart in pickin' Hyde for the right man. I'll pick a righter one, which you'll soon find out."

And, having said it, he rushed up the hillside. Maffitt threw a few scattered shots that way on pure chance, and then stopped to hear the horse fade on the trail. Long afterward Maffitt spoke to Little Peters, behind him: "Tie the old gentleman on Brand's horse and take him down to the bridge."

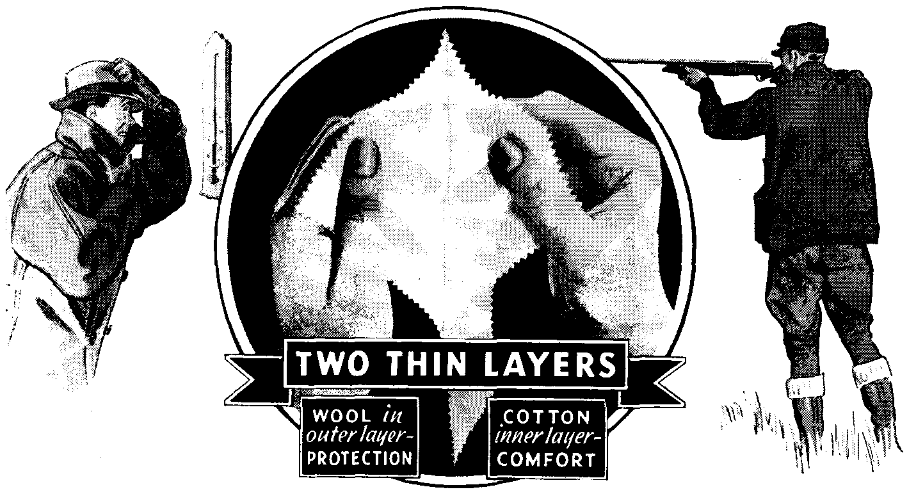
(To be continued next week)



"Ask him to stop at a drug store—I'm gettin' carsick"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Forget the thermometer!



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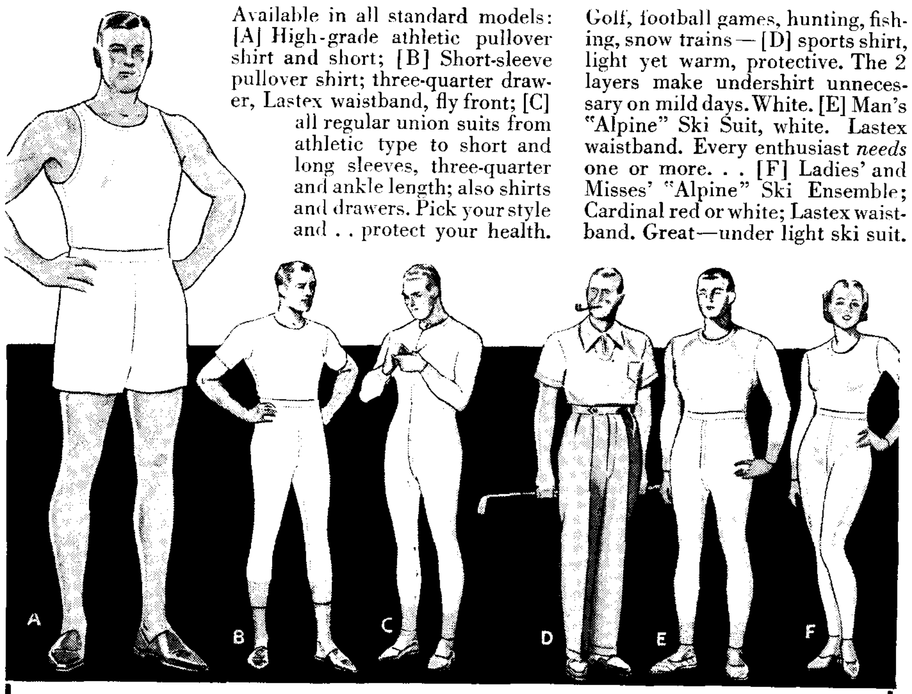

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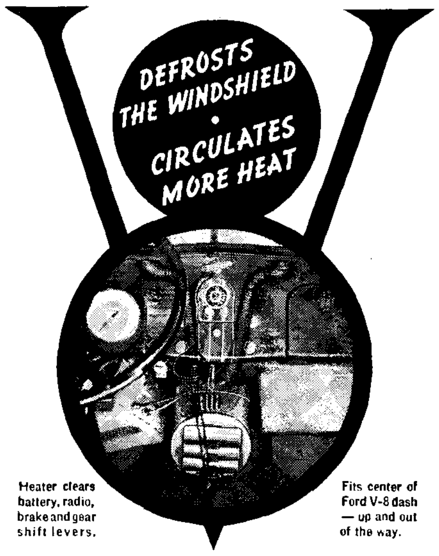
Ford V-8



Heater clears battery, radio, brake and gear shift levers.

Fits center of Ford V-8 dash — up and out of the way.

Sensational new Arvin Duo-Flow Hot Water Heater built especially for Ford V-8 cars and trucks—Does a 3-way job of defrosting, foot-warming and circulating plenty of heat in the car.

● It's like having two heaters in your Ford V-8—with a new Arvin Duo-Flow. The double-inlet and double-outlet water pipe connections give double-action hot water circulation. New high-heat-wave radiator, high-powered motor and fan provide tremendous extra heating capacity. You'll laugh at Old Man Winter with an Arvin Duo-Flow—the newest in heaters for Ford V-8.

Beautiful taupe and chromium finish . . . $16.95 Defroster fitting at small extra cost.

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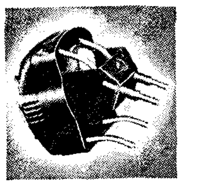
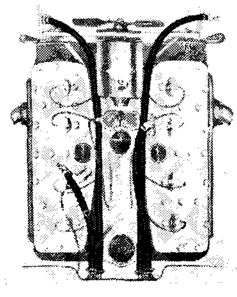


Tailor-fit mounting formed for perfect installation in center of Ford V-8 dash—clears battery, radio, gear and brake levers.



Double inlet and double outlet water pipes for two upper and two lower radiator hose, utilize power of both water pumps. Installation does not require hose crossing engine.

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Triple Duty ARVIN
CAR HEATING SYSTEM
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Smart Girl

Continued from page 19

he said quietly. "Shall we drop it? Shall we drop everything?"

"No!" she wailed. "But please try to understand. You're just bristling with antagonism. None of these things is important. Van Arden isn't important. Eric Larsen isn't important."

"I don't know what's going on," Barney said. "But you're still lying or you'd talk faster. If all you had to do was deliver that interne suit, why did you go back to his apartment?"

"To tell him what happened."

"Was his telephone out of order?"

"We agreed I would come back and tell him what happened, and have a cocktail. Is that so wrong? You drop in at Coral's for cocktails, don't you?"

"That's entirely different. Coral is nothing but a good contact."

"I know, Barney. And all the columnists mention seeing the two of you in all the hot spots. I understand. I like Coral and she's been a very good friend. I'm not jealous, and I do wish you wouldn't be so jealous."

"This is entirely different. I don't lie about Coral. Why didn't you leave Van Arden's when I did?"

"Because we hadn't finished discussing it."

"Did you know Zorane was there?"

"I thought he was there."

"Did you see him?"

"No, Barney. Oh, darling, please stop acting as if I were on trial. This Zorane case may make you famous. Stop being so suspicious. I love you, darling. There never has been and never will be anyone else. Doesn't that matter at all?"

"I don't suppose it's dawned on a smart girl like you that Van Arden has sold out to Zorane and his syndicate."

"He wouldn't dare!"

"Yeah? Are you on Zorane's pay roll, too? You act as if you were. Do you know what's likely to happen to you? This case is going to blow wide open at any moment. How will you stand when it does?"

"I'm not involved in anything."

He didn't look at her. He walked beside her, a half step ahead of her, smoking a cigarette.

SHE said desperately, "Won't you believe me, Barney? You're the only important thing there is in my life."

"Does that explain Eric Larsen?"

"Barney, it was blackmail. When I left Zorane's apartment one of Pop Kresco's men chased me up the service stairway to the top floor and into Eric Larsen's apartment. I didn't know it was his apartment. I'd never laid eyes on him before. While he was guarding this man, I went into the living room and phoned you—and he listened in on the kitchen extension. After he'd let the man go, he simply blackmailed me into being his fiancée for the evening. He threatened to tell the police if I refused. He needs money for a new play, and he said if he appeared at dinner with a girl who looked respectable his father would be so pleased he'd advance him the money."

"That," Barney said, "is the funniest thing you've said yet. Eric Larsen made more than a half million on Wolves Gather. Before that, he made a quarter of a million on Dude Ranch. Didn't you know that?"

"No," Sally said huskily.

"You're the girl who does a column called Let's Be Smart because you're so smart, and you didn't know that."

"No, Barney."

"And you sat there smiling!"

"Barney, you're being deliberately cruel. I was simply sunk. I hate him, darling I loathe him."

"How can I believe you? Something is so very, very sour. You're working for Van Arden, who you know has been bought out by Zorane and his syndicate. You have dinner, after lying to me, with Eric Larsen and his father. You know Senator Larsen has charge of this senatorial investigation. You know that Eric Larsen is practically running the investigation."

"Barney, I did not."

"You didn't know he had given up his Gramercy apartment six weeks ago and moved in there so he could spy on Zorane?"

"No."

"'No!'" he mocked her. "Oh, you're so innocent. What are you really up to, will you tell me? Are you double-crossing Van Arden, or the Larsens, or all three of us or merely me?"

Sally whimpered: "Oh, darling, I'm not double-crossing anybody. Won't you please stop yelling at me? Won't you please have faith in me?"

"Faith," he said with contempt. "That's a swell word for you to use. You little liar. You little double-crosser."

He stopped under a street light and stared at her. His face was stone-white again, and his eyes were black. His whole body seemed rigid.

He swiftly reached for her left hand. She tried to pull it away, but he held on and turned her hand over. "Ah!" Barney said. "The famous Larsen emerald!"

Sally cried, "He forced it on my finger! I can't get it off!"

"Of course not, my sweet! I don't blame you at all."

She said in a panicky voice, "I'm going to the jeweler's and have it filed off first thing in the morning. My ring will be ready in the morning, he said. Darling, I'll never take it off again!"

"Why bother putting it on again?"

He turned and walked rapidly north. She cried, "Barney! You can't go! Don't you believe me?"

He didn't pause. Over his shoulder he answered, "Every word! Every innocent 'no!'"

The redheaded girl sat down on a bench. She put her hands on her knees and let her shoulders sag. She took little breaths and each exhalation was a faint moan. She kept her eyes closed, but there were no tears in them. She was beyond tears. She was burned out.

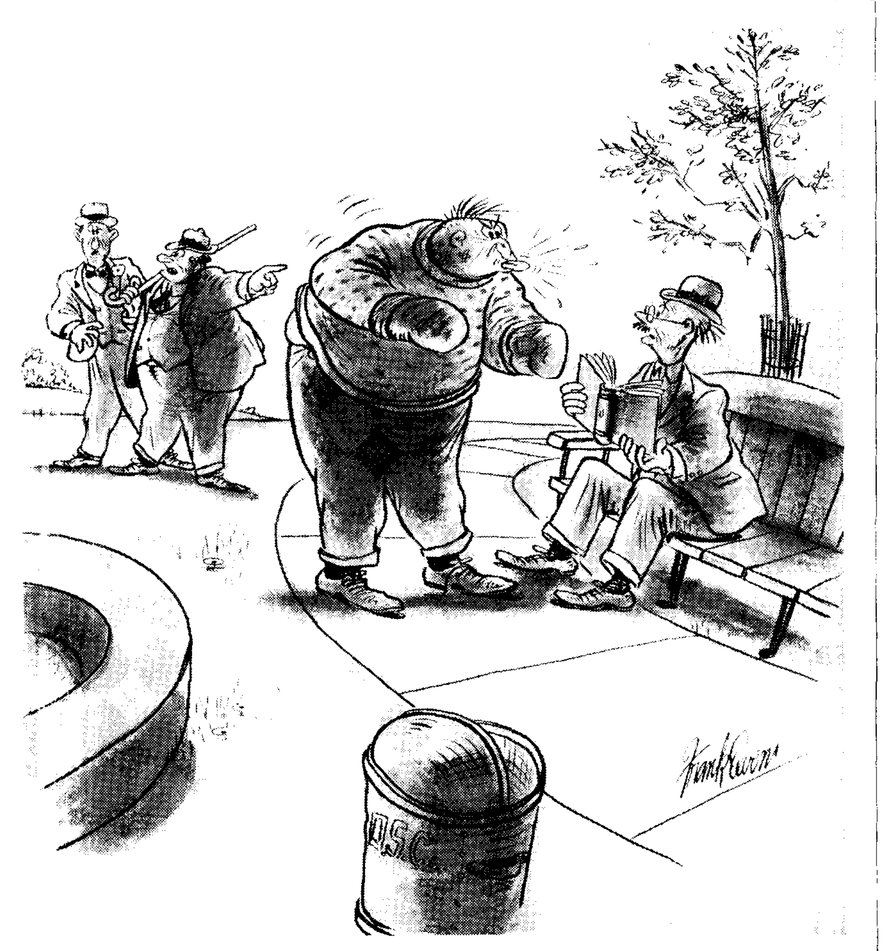
When she opened her eyes Barney was not in sight. She suddenly realized that she was feeling sorry for herself, and that made her angry. She didn't blame Barney. She had no feelings for him but love and an encompassing pity.

SHE got up and walked back to her apartment. She was heartbroken and weary. She felt a thousand years old. The chances were Barney was through with her. She was, curiously, not angry at Guy Van Arden. All of her hatred was focused on the lanky young man who had trapped her and humiliated her.

She went into her bathroom and soaped the finger. It didn't help. The finger was swollen. The ring would not come off.

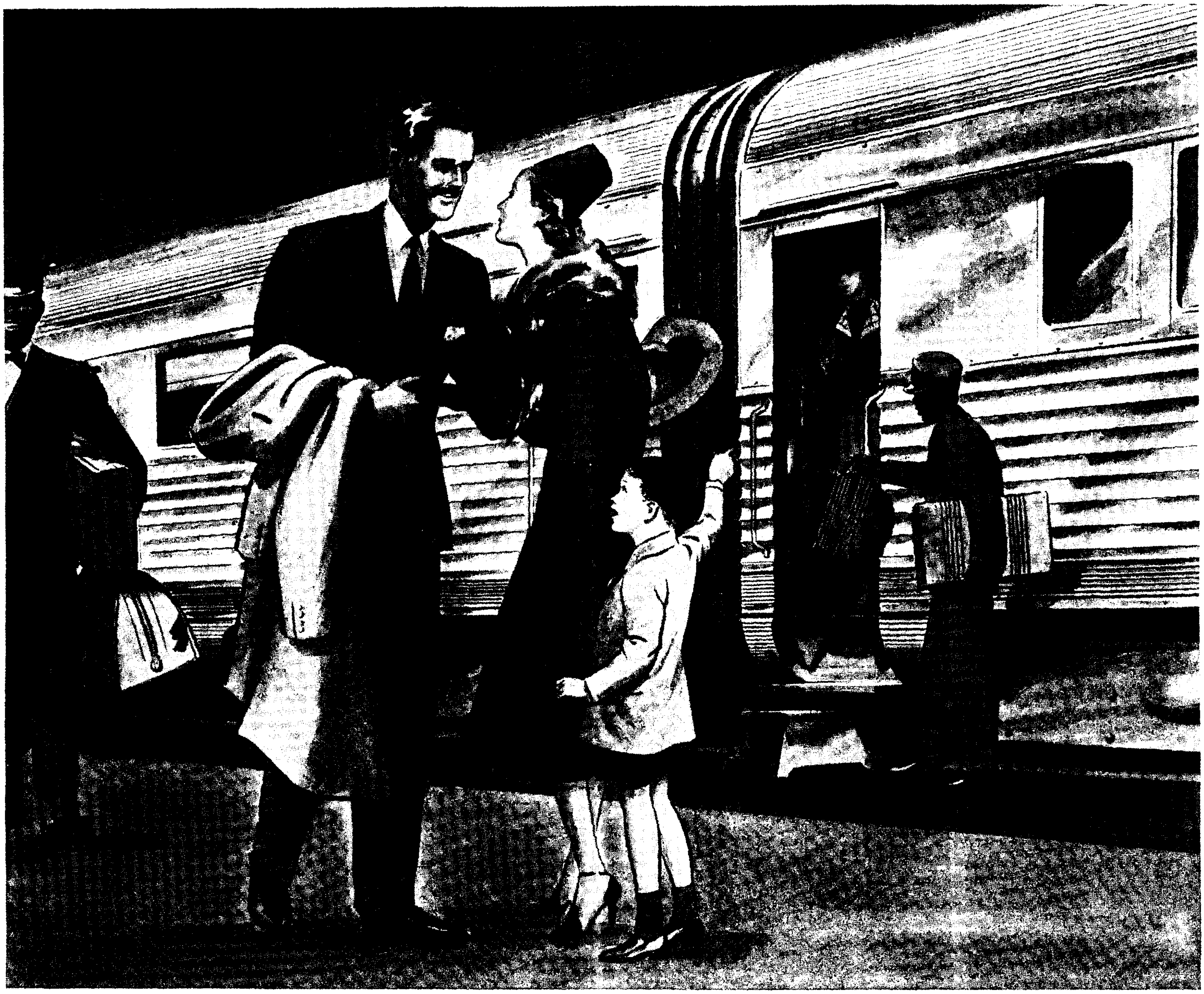
She wandered aimlessly about her apartment, smoking cigarettes. After an hour, she was a little calmed. She undressed and got into bed. The room was warm and she could not relax. Her heart was beating in hard, fast, painful thumps. She could not be rational about the situation. She had the feeling of being cornered.

She got up and took a cold shower. She was drying herself when the doorbell rang. She slipped into her nightgown, put on a dressing gown and went



"The slugger can't afford sparring pardners, so he has to pick fights!"

FRANK OWEN



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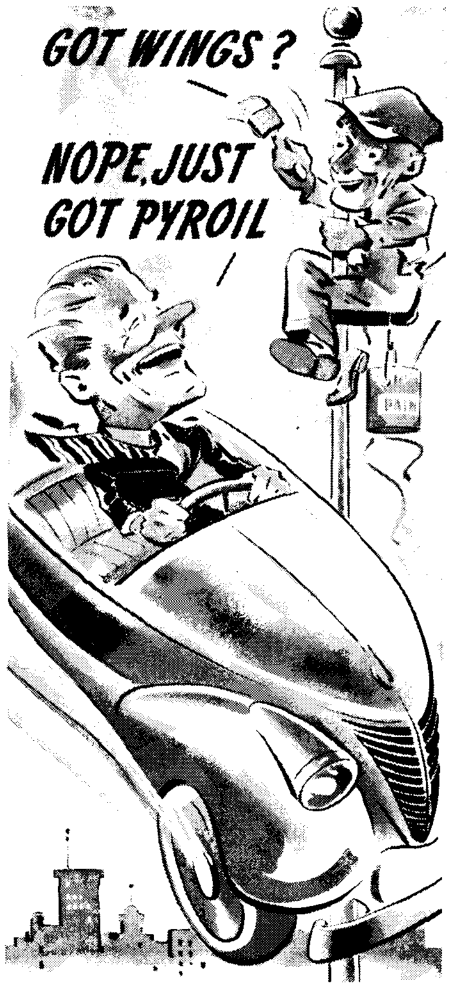

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to the door. She called through the panel: "Who is it?"

"It's Van, Sally. It's very urgent."

She opened the door and he came in. His eyes looked feverish and there were bright spots on his cheekbones. He was breathing rapidly as if he had been running.

He said harshly, "You spent the evening with Senator Larsen and his son."

"Yes."

His eyes were running over her. "You aren't double-crossing me?"

"No, Van."

He was staring at her left hand. "You're wearing the Larsen emerald."

Sally said coolly, "You'd better sit down and cool off. My private life is my own, and if I want to have dinner with Eric Larsen and his father, it's none of your business."

His dark-browed look gave her a sense of his never-yielding hardness. She said: "As a matter of fact, I met Eric Larsen for the first time this afternoon. One of Pop Kresco's men chased me when I left Zorane's, and I ran up to Eric Larsen's apartment. He listened on an extension telephone when I was phoning Barney the story, and he blackmailed me into being his fiancée for this evening."

Van Arden's cobalt-blue eyes were fixed on her with a look of heaviness.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"It didn't seem important. He said he wanted to present a respectable girl to his father as his fiancée, so his father would relent and give him money to produce a play. I've found out since that he was lying."

"Are you?"

Sally said angrily, "I don't care a damn whether you believe me or not."

"What happened?"

"Nothing."

"What was the purpose of it."

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Did they ask you questions?"

"No."

"Was my name mentioned?"

"Once. When Eric brought me to the door, he said you were crooked and that you were about to be exposed and indicted."

Van Arden stared at her. The lines about his mouth looked as black as his mustache.

"How did that come up?"

"He said the senator is on the warpath."

"What did you say?"

"That I didn't know what he was talking about."

"That was all?"

"That was all."

VAN ARDEN snapped his fingers. "I was afraid of it. I've been afraid of it ever since he began running down blind alleys in the Zorane case. He hasn't got a case, so he's going to frame me."

The Department of Labor agent snapped his fingers again. "That's it. I'm going to be the sacrificial goat. This evening was all part of the build-up. They're going to use you. But how? Look. Did the senator accept you without question as his son's fiancée?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Were any hints at all dropped that gave you any suspicion of what their purpose was?"

Sally shook her head.

"Barney Teel came to the Dubonnaix, didn't he?"

"Yes. I think Eric deliberately sent for him, but I don't know why. It was horribly embarrassing. Barney was absolutely furious. He was waiting downstairs when they brought me home. For an hour, he simply raved at me. He's so furious and so unconvinced by what I told him that I think he's going to break our engagement."

"Did you talk?"

"Certainly not."

"Sally, I want you to get dressed at once. Dress just as you did at dinner. I've a very important job for you to do."

Eric Larsen's manservant opened the apartment door to him and followed the young man into the living room.

"There were three telephone calls, sir. One from a man named Alex Polgreen, who wanted to know if you'd read his play. One from the senator's secretary, in Washington, saying that the record of Zorane's daily activities covering the past three months which you requested in your wire would leave Washington by special messenger on the seven-o'clock plane tomorrow morning. And there was a report from Harry Seifert, saying that Mr. Van Arden had just gone up to Miss Porter's apartment."

"When was this?"

"Not more than five minutes ago, sir."

Eric put his hat on again. "You might put a bottle of beer in the icebox," he said, "and leave me a chicken sandwich or two wrapped in a damp towel. I had nothing for dinner but spinach and parsnips."

SALLY took a cab to the Savoy-Carlington. It was one-thirty, but the lobby was still full of people, and an orchestra was playing in the fountain room. She was dressed just as she had been at dinner, but she now carried over one arm a white woolen cape. She took an elevator to the ninth floor, found Room 911 and let herself in with a key.

She closed the door behind her and stopped just inside the room, listening and letting her eyes grow accustomed to the dimness. The only light in the room was the glow from windows across the court.

Objects presently became visible: a portable typewriter on a table, a cowhide attaché case and a black briefcase. She pressed the button on the pocket light in her hand and sent the small white beam about the room. The alligator briefcase was not in the room.

She played the beam on the closed door which connected with the bedroom. She turned the beam off and sank down on the arm of a chair. Her heart was beating fast and her mouth and throat were dry. She did not have the courage to open that door.

She listened to the sounds of the city through the partly opened window. The window began to move slowly to the left. She took a deep breath and fought off dizziness and faintness. She got up and moved to the door. Resolutely, she dropped her hand to the knob and turned it. She opened the door a few inches and listened. The sound of heavy snoring reassured her.

She opened the door and tiptoed into the room. She could dimly make out the bed and the mound formed by the sleeping senator under the sheet. She flicked on the small white beam a moment, and saw the alligator briefcase on a chair beside the bed. It was thick and it had straps and small brass locks.

Senator Larsen groaned in his sleep and flung himself over on his side. Sally's heart stopped beating, then renewed its pumping at the tempo of panic. She tiptoed to the chair, picked up the alligator briefcase and tiptoed back to the door. She went out and closed the door.

She put her back against it and took deep breaths. The lights went on. Eric Larsen was standing near the hall door, and his hand was flattened against the wall beside the switch.

He was smiling at her. His tan-colored hair was rumpled again, his eyes were kindly, and his expression was more than faintly that of a satyr.

"It was awfully thoughtful of you," he said. "I had the same idea myself. It's much too valuable a thing to be

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left lying around. It should be in the hotel safe."

He said it cheerfully, in his ordinary voice. There was, of course, no reason for him to lower his voice.

All the strength was running out of Sally. She heard sounds in the senator's bedroom. Eric crossed the room in long strides, took the alligator briefcase out of her hand and pushed her into a chair.

The door opened and the senator, in blue satin pajamas, came out. He screwed up his eyes against the light and glared at his son, then at Sally. He saw the briefcase in Eric's hand, and he looked sleepily relieved.

Eric said jauntily, "We came up to tell you the great news, Dad."

"Never mind the news," the senator said gruffly. "What are you doing with that briefcase?"

The lanky young man laughed. "Senator, you're a pushover. I went into your room to wake you up and tell you the news. There you were, sleeping like a slug, and there sat the briefcase for anybody to steal. I'm taking it down and putting it in the hotel safe."

THE senator made grimaces and yawned. He nodded. "That's fine," he said. "What's this about news?"

Eric grinned. "You tell him, Sally."

Some of Sally's color had returned, and her eyes no longer swam. She smiled with one corner of her mouth. Eric was grinning.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "You said you were going to tell him."

"We've decided," Eric said, "to be married next week, and Sal insisted on coming down to break the news."

The senator looked a little baffled, then he smiled and said, "That's fine news. That's worth being waked up for. Shall we have a little celebration? Shall I order some champagne?"

"No," Eric said. "You need your sleep. You're going to need all your strength for tomorrow."

Eric left the alligator briefcase at the desk, to be placed in the safe, and took Sally out and put her into a cab. He got in with her and gave the driver her address.

He settled back in his corner and started a cigarette. "What's going on, a girl like you up to tricks like this?"

"Perhaps I'm doing it on a bet."

"I've tried to tell you where you're heading, Sally."

"You don't have to tell me."

He fiercely blew out smoke. "It makes my blood boil—a swell girl like you involved in this sort of thing. I've tried to tell you how serious it is."

"It was nice of you to shield me."

He cried: "Don't say such things! I want to help you any way I can. At least, I've proved I'm for you and that you can trust me. No matter what it is, why don't you dump it on my shoulders? I'll get you out of it somehow."

"Thanks," she said huskily. "You're wasting your time."

"Don't say you're doing this of your own free will!"

"I'm not saying anything, Mr. Larsen."

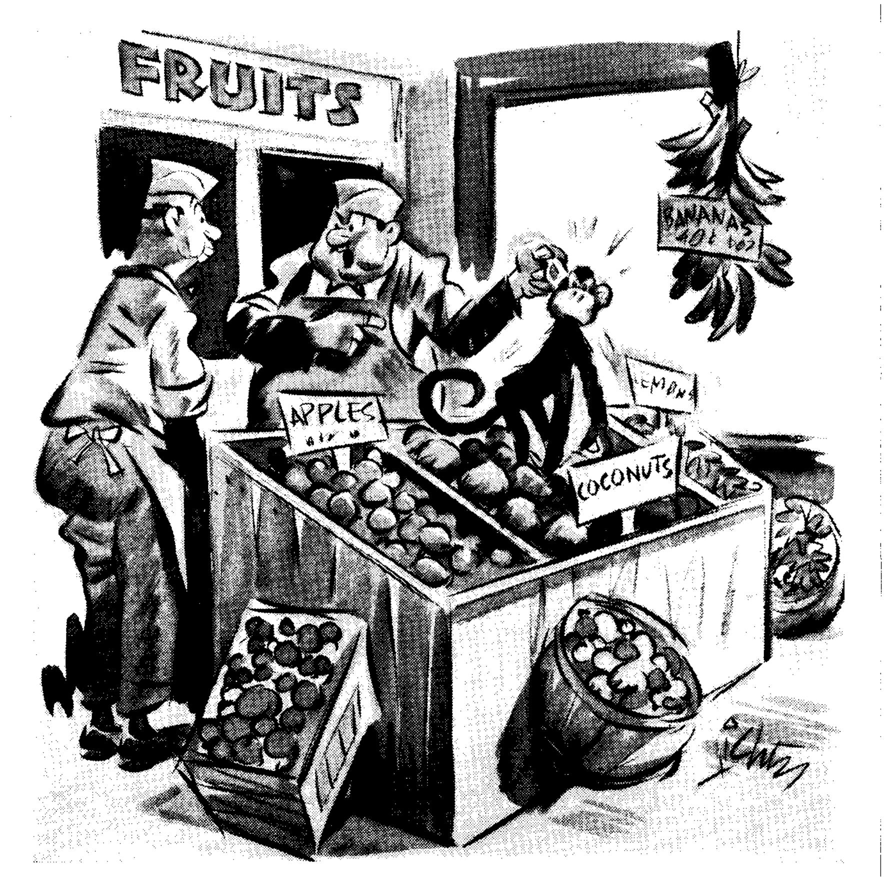
When the cab reached her apartment, she said, "Don't get out. Thank you again. Good night!"

Eric said good night, waited until she was in the building, then dismissed the cab. He had decided to walk home. The June night was crisp, he was too nervous for sleep, and he wanted to think things out.

He started toward Madison at a brisk stride. Sally Porter, he realized, was in water so hot and so deep that it might be impossible for him or anyone else to extricate her. Her attempt to steal the alligator briefcase meant that she was capable of the most dangerous and the most desperate kind of errands, and that his decision to protect her from the senator and the senator's investigators placed him in an embarrassing position. His shielding her let her know that he was easy, or at least sympathetic, and it placed all the responsibility of the case on his shoulders. Further, it gave his and the senator's enemies more time to accomplish their objectives, whatever they might be.

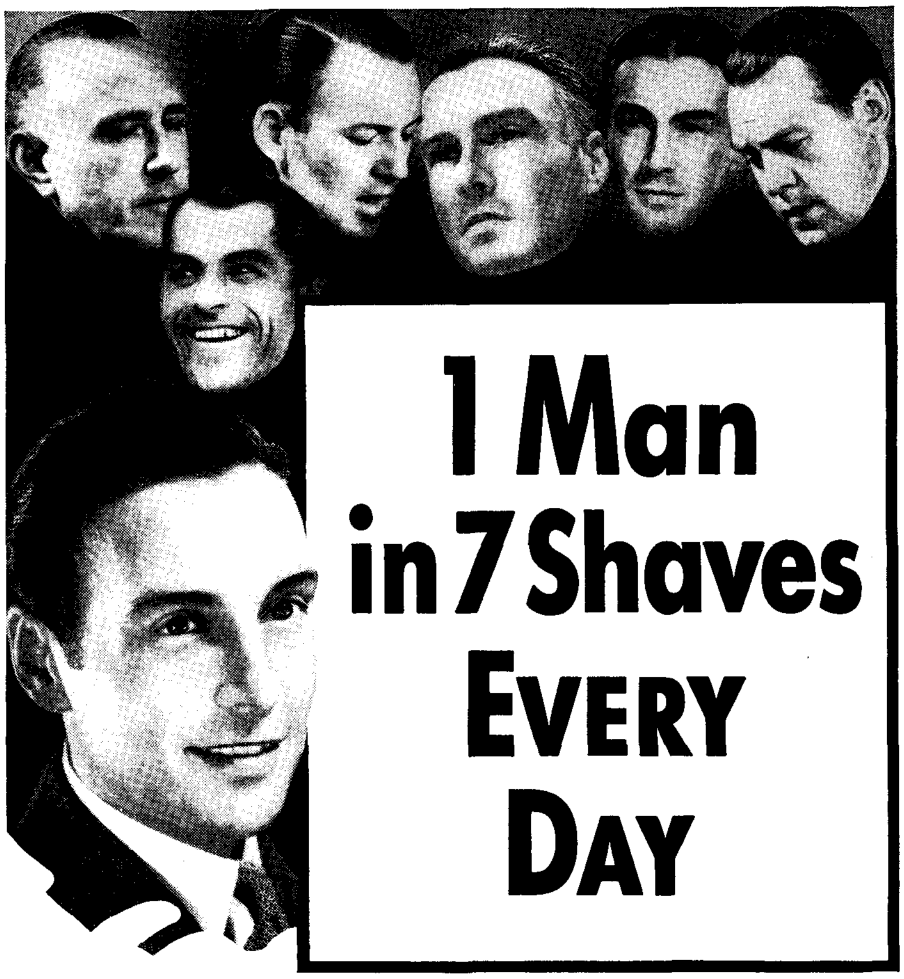
If he had exposed her in the senator's parlor, she would have talked. John Featherly could have made her talk. He knew how to make people talk, even girls as courageous as Sally Porter.

By shielding her, he had actually



"I didn't say anything when I found a spider in the bananas, but this is going too far!"

GEORGE LICHTY



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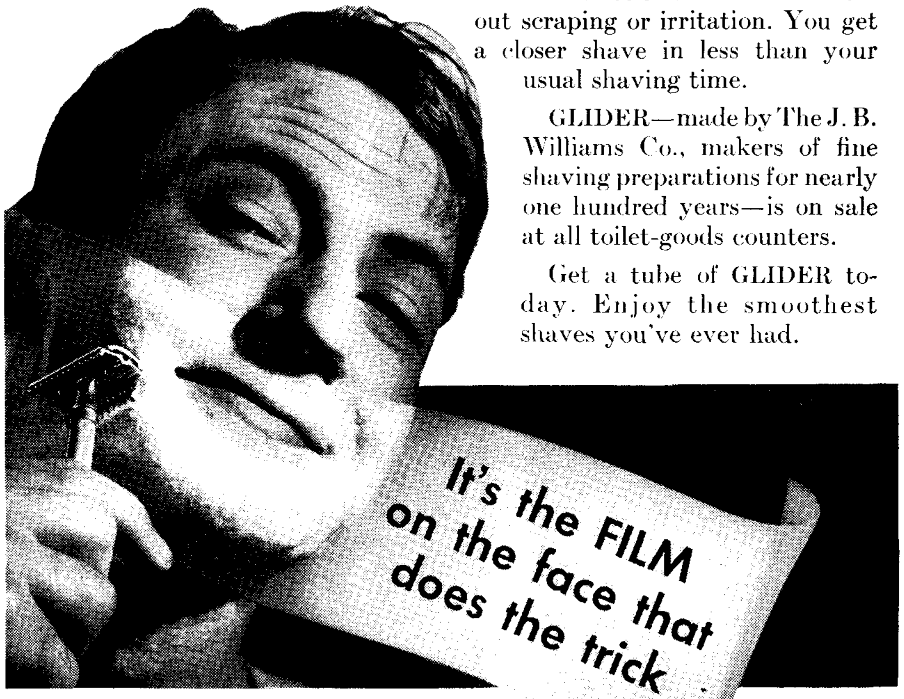
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FULL OF PEP,
DOWN TO THE FINISH

Make yourself a highball with Canada Dry Water, then sip it leisurely. Notice how it stays sparkling-fresh down to the last sip. The reason? PIN-POINT CARBONATION, a special Canada Dry Process. The proof? Leave an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water in your refrigerator. Twenty-four hours later it will still sparkle. Or judge Canada Dry Water as the experts do. Pour some into a champagne glass and notice the steady, lively "Champagne" Sparkle.

Now at new low prices.

THE WATER WITH THE "Champagne" SPARKLE

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

made himself her accessory. The only consolation was that she might not have talked, that his father's bombastic questioning and all the pressure he and Featherly could direct on her would have done nothing but open the case prematurely. It wasn't much consolation, because it wasn't honest thinking. By electing himself Sally Porter's protector, he had gone off the deep end.

All he could hope for was a chance to straighten everything out before it was too late.

When he reached his apartment, he was sleepy and hungry. He would drink the beer and eat the sandwiches he had spoken to Douglas about, then he would turn in. He opened the door and stopped. Every light in the apartment seemed to be on and Douglas, looking pale and haggard, was waiting just inside the door.

Douglas cleared his throat nervously. "Mr. Larsen—" he began.

"Well?" Eric said.

A girl had risen from the davenport, a slender, pale, black-haired girl in a rumpled pale green satin evening gown. She had been crying. Her gray eyes were tear-stained and her cheeks showed signs of tears.

She began hysterically, "Where on earth have you been? I've looked for you all over New York. I've called this place a hundred times. I even—"

"Take it easy, Coral. What is it? You can go, Douglas. You'd better go to bed. Call me at eight."

He was used to this sort of thing from Coral Mayberry. Once, when he was younger he had been flattered by it, but sometimes Coral was a nuisance. Because they had practically grown up together—their Long Island places were side by side—and because she had no brothers she had long ago elected him her brother-without-portfolio. Coral was rich and willful and spoiled.

She waited until Douglas had gone. She was making some effort to control herself.

She gasped: "Do you know Barney Teel?"

Eric was reaching toward a box for a cigarette. He withdrew his hand and straightened up again. "Yes, Coral."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"I was in Princeton with him. I know a little about him, not much. He's a very up-and-coming reporter. You're in a position to know more than I. What's this all about?"

She was clasping her hands tightly in front of her. She wasn't putting on an act. She was under a real strain.

"Do you know anything about his father?"

Eric slowly shook his head, and he was mystified. "No. Wait a minute. Yes. He's some sort of sub-editor on a newspaper in Indiana. Isn't it the Fort Bend Courier-Journal?"

"Is he drunken and worthless?"

"I don't know, Coral. What difference does it make? What's going on?"

"Will you find out?" She was still sniffling. "Will you find out all you can, Eric? I don't know how. You do. I don't care what it costs. But find out all you can."

ERIC knew she was a little hard, a little daring, a little too inclined to risky experiments with people.

"Coral, you'd better have a drink."

"I've been drinking your whisky ever since I got here."

"Why won't you tell me what's the matter?"

"I can't!" she wailed. "Please don't ask me any questions. Will you do it? At once?"

He smiled uncertainly. "That's a pretty tall order. Won't it keep till morning?"

"No!" she cried.

"All right," he said. "Try to compose yourself." He dialed the private number of Zorane's apartment. Featherly answered.

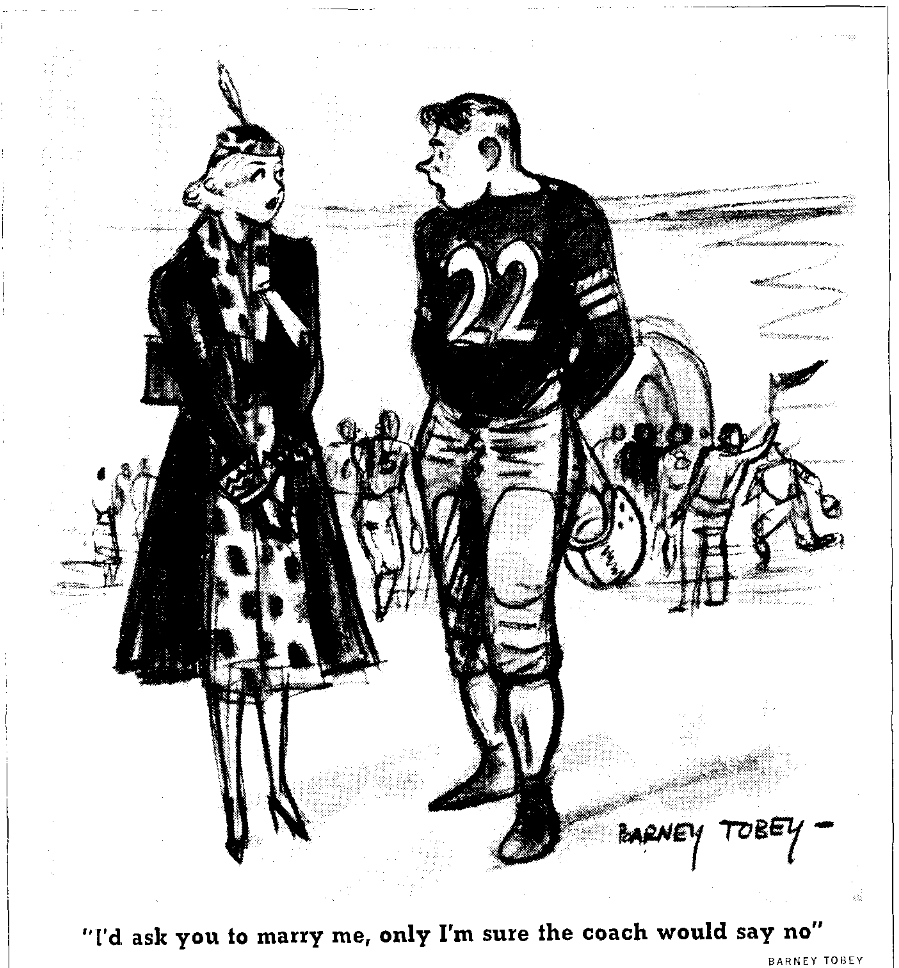
"It's Eric, John. Alone?"

"Yes."

"I want to find out all that there is to know about a man named Teel, a newspaperman on the Fort Bend Courier-Journal. Send the best man you can dig up out there. Find out where Teel came from."

"Now?"

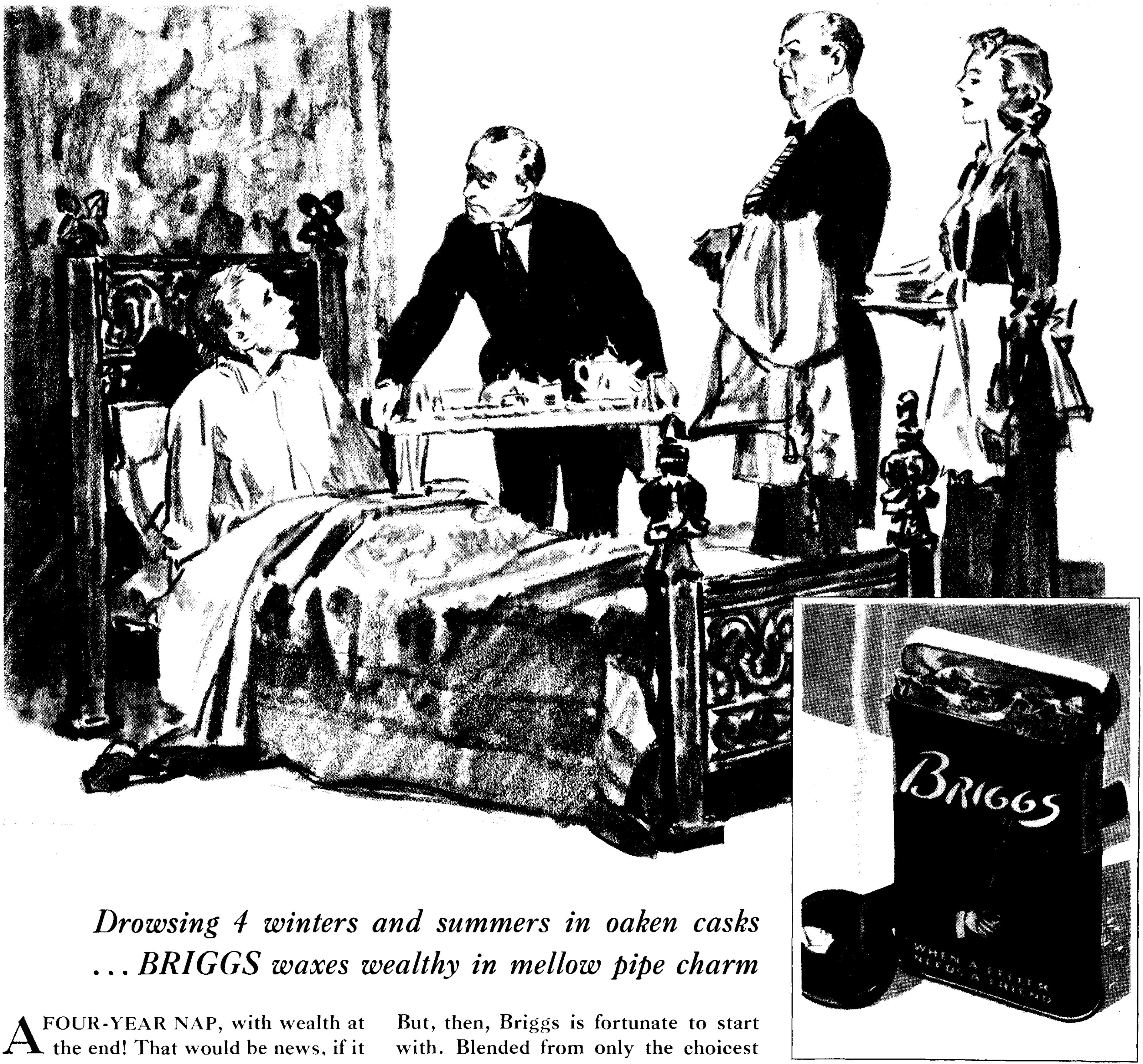
"As soon as you can. Have him char-



"I'd ask you to marry me, only I'm sure the coach would say no"

BARNEY TOBEY

Sleeps 4 Years . . . Wakes Up Rich!


BRIGGS
WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Drowsing 4 winters and summers in oaken casks . . . BRIGGS waxes wealthy in mellow pipe charm

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A FOUR-YEAR NAP, with wealth at the end! That would be news, if it happened to a man. It's twice the news, when it happens to a tobacco!

That's just what *does* happen to Briggs. For 4 long years it rests in oaken casks, accumulating a fortune for your pipe. Growing rich from a longer siesta of seasoning than is given to many blends selling at $5 a pound.

But, then, Briggs is fortunate to start with. Blended from only the choicest pipe tobaccos that Nature grows. And of those tobaccos, only the mildest and most flavorful leaves.

At 15¢ the tin, richly aged Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary tobaccos. But those extra pennies . . . are *miracle* pennies in the extra quality and enjoyment they put in your pipe!

BRIGGS

THE BITELESS BLEND

When a feller needs a friend . . . page Briggs

BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS

PORT
10 T
THINK BEFORE YOU DRINK
Say Seagram's
AND BE SURE!
Say Seag

SAY SEAGRAM'S

At the bar, at the club or at home— Be Sure of Finer Taste

For 80 years men have enjoyed the luxury of Seagram's finer tasting whiskies. The careful craftsmanship that governed The House of Seagram back in 1857 has been faithfully followed through four generations. Today the public accepts the name "Seagram" on a label as a symbol of unvarying quality that wins respect wherever it is seen.

If you like a whisky of rare, distinctive character—you can make no better choice than that finer imported 6 year old whisky—Seagram's "V.O." . . . Or if your taste runs to a hearty masculine whiskey—try Seagram's Pedigree—an 8 year old Bonded Whiskey of superlative quality. Even more widely known are Seagram's popular priced Crown Blended Whiskies—finest of the finer blends. And when the occasion calls for gin drinks, you will find that Seagram's King Arthur Gin makes a perfect Martini—the real test of a smooth mixing gin. Whichever way you choose to celebrate, "Think before you Drink . . . say Seagram's—and be sure!"

PEDIGREE MANHATTAN—For each drink, use ½ Italian Vermouth, ½ Seagram's Pedigree Whiskey. Ice, stir well, strain into a cocktail glass. Add a Maraschino cherry.

A "V. O." OLD-FASHIONED—½ lump sugar in a teaspoonful of water. Crush sugar. Dash of Angostura Bitters . . . 2 oz. of Seagram's "V.O.", a couple of cubes of ice and a twisted lemon peel.

* * * *

SEAGRAM'S "V. O." RARE OLD CANADIAN WHISKY

Distilled, Aged and Bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. 6 years old. 90 Proof.

•

SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Distilled in Canada, 8 years old. Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the Canadian Government. 100 Proof (Rye or Bourbon).

•

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies and 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.

•

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.

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SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

90 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Copr. 1937, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices: N. Y.

TOM AND JERRY—Beat up white and yolk of one egg separately—mix. Add a tablespoon of sugar, 1 dash vanilla. Put tablespoon of mixture into mug, add 2 oz. Seagram's Crowns—Five or Seven. Fill with hot water and serve. A fine warming drink for "after the game".

GIN SLING—For each drink, 1 lump sugar in Old Fashioned glass. Crush sugar, then squeeze oil from peel of 1 lemon. Add 2 cubes ice, 2 ounces Seagram's King Arthur Gin. Nutmeg optional.

am's AND BE SURE

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

DRIVE UNDER THIS GUARANTEE WITH
EVEREADY PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARKS

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
specifically
[illegible]

that "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze, if used according to printed directions, in normal water cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a whole winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water.

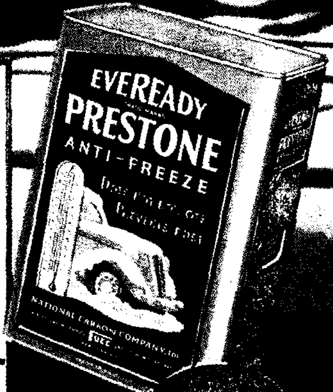
GENERAL OFFICES: NEW YORK, N. Y. BRANCHES: CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE UCC AND CARBON CORPORATION

FIND YOUR CAR ON TH[illegible]

The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you *can* get it for "Prestone" anti-freeze...and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of "Prestone" anti-freeze—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 60° below zero.

The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "—" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¼ gallon to the quantity called for.

MODEL	1 GAL.	1-½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2-½ GAL.
Auburn				
6-52, '34; 6-53, '35; 6-54, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
850, '34; 851, '35; 852, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Buick				
40, '34, '35, '36, '37	+ 6	−18	−54	
60, '32; 50, '33, '34, '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
60, 80, 90, '36, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
80, 90, '32; 60, '33, '34, '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
80, 90, '33; 90, '34, '35	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
Cadillac				
85, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
370-D, '34, '35	+14	0	−21	−50
355-D, '34, '35; 80, 85, '36	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
452-D, '34, '35; 90, '36	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
60, 65, 70, 75, '37	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
60, 70, 75, '36	+22	+15	+ 8	0
Chevrolet				
Stand. '33, '34, '35	−12	−62		
Master, '33, '34, '35	− 6	−47		
All Models, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
All Models, '37	+ 6	−18	−54	
Chrysler				
6, '32, '33, '34, '35; AF, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
AF-8, Imp.-8, '35; 6, '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Roy.-8, Imp.-8, '33; AS-8, '35; Royal, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
DeL-8, '36; Imp., '37	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
De Soto				
6, '34; AF, AS, '36; 6, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
AF, AS, '35	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Dodge				
6, '32, '33, '34; D-2, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
Senior-6, '30; DU, '35; D-5, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Ford				
V-8, '32 to '36; V-8-78, '37	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
V-8-74, '37	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Graham				
80, 90, 110, '36; 95, 116, 120, '37	+10	− 8	−34	−62
73 Spl. 6, 72-8, '35	+14	0	−21	−50
74-6, '35; 85, '37	0	−34	−62	
6, 8, '33; 6, 8, '34; 75, '35	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Hudson				
6, '35 (early); 6, '36; 6, '37	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '36, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
8, '34, '35	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
6, '35 (late)	+14	0	−21	−50
Hupmobile				
417, 421, '34; 521 (J), '35	+10	− 8	−34	−62
518 (D), '35; 6-618-G, '36; 6, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
422, '34; 8-621-N, '36	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
426, '34; 527, '35; 627, '36; 8, '37	+19	+10	0	−15
Lafayette				
6, '34, '35, '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
"400", '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
La Salle				
35-50, '35; 50 (Str.-8), '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
350, '34	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
345-B, '32; 345-C, '33; 37-50, '37	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
Lincoln				
Zephyr, '36, '37	+22	+14	+ 4	− 6
V-12, '33 to '37	+21	+17	+10	+ 2
Nash				
1070, 1130, 1170, '33; 3720, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
1220 (Big 6), '34; Adv. 6, 3540, '35	+14	0	−21	−50
3620, 3640, '36; 3780, '37	+14	0	−21	−50
Adv. 8, '34, '35; Amb. 8, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
1090, 1190, '33; Amb. 8, '34	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
Oldsmobile				
F, '35, '36	+ 3	−25	−62	
F, '34; L, '35, '36; F, '37	+10	− 8	−34	−62
L, '33; L, '34	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
L, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Packard				
20, '35, '36; 6, '37	+14	0	−21	−50
8, '33 to '35; 1400-1-2, '36; 120, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Super 8, '35, '36	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
1500-1-2, '37	+19	+10	0	−15
12, '33 to '37		+21	+16	+10
Pierce Arrow				
836, '33, '34; 1601, '36; 1701, '37	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
840-A, '34; 845, '35	+22	+15	+ 6	− 5
1602-03, '36; 1702-03, '37	+24	+20	+15	+ 9
1240-A, 1248-A, '34; 1245, 1255, '35		+21	+16	+10
Plymouth				
PC, PD, '33	+ 3	−25	−62	
PF, PG, '34	+ 6	−18	−54	
PA, '31; PB, '32; PE, '34; PJ, '35	+ 8	−12	−43	
P1, P2, '36; P3, P4, '37	+ 8	−12	−43	
Pontiac				
'30, '31; 6, '32, '35	+ 6	−18	−34	
8, '33, '34, '35; 6, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
6, '37	+10	− 8	−34	−62
8, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8, '37	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
Reo				
FC, '35, '36; Roy. '35	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
8-25, S, '32; S-2, '33; S-6, '34	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Roy. N-2, '33; Roy. (8), '34	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
Studebaker				
Dic. 8, '32; 6, '33; Dic. 6, '36, '37	+ 6	−18	−54	
Com., '31 to '33; Dic., '34, '35; Pres., '37	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Pres., '33, '34, '36; Com. '34	+14	0	−21	−50
Pres., '30 to '32, '35; Com. '35	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
Terraplane				
6, '32, '33; 6 Spec. (early), 6 DeL. (early), '35; 6, '36, '37	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '33	+10	− 8	−34	−62
6, '34; 6 Spec. (late), 6 DeL. (late), '35	+14	0	−21	−50
Willys				
77, '33 to '36	−21			
37, '37	− 6	−47		



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A GALLON

When you get "Prestone" anti-freeze you get your car off your mind. Protection that can't be guaranteed, is no protection at all. When you *can* insure your car against BOIL-AWAY, FREEZE-UP and RUST for the whole winter, under the "Eveready" "Prestone" guarantee, why consider any other anti-freeze?

"Prestone" anti-freeze does not boil away; therefore, *first cost is last cost*...one shot protects your car until spring.

ter a plane if necessary. Expense is no object."

"Is that all I have to go on?"

Eric looked over to Coral, who was pacing up and down the room.

"Is that all you can tell us, Coral?"

"That's all."

"That's all, John. I'll call you later."

Putting the phone back, Eric said: "What's Barney been up to?"

The dark-haired girl made a gesture of hopelessness. "I'm in love with him. I don't suppose you knew about it."

"I've seen little references to you and Barney in the gossip columns. Nothing definite."

"I'm mad about him."

"Is he mad about you, too?"

She said, with a deep sigh, "He hasn't said so. I don't know. I think he's afraid of my money. I've given him plenty of encouragement. Darling, he's the only man I've ever really wanted."

ERIC nodded with understanding. Looking back over the years, he seemed to recall that every fifth man she met was the only man she'd ever wanted, but perhaps that was unfair. Obviously, she didn't know that Barney Teel was marrying another girl next week. And he hadn't the heart to tell her. She would have hysterics for hours.

"And you aren't going to explain anything?"

"I can't, Eric. Oh, darling, I love him so!"

He looked at his wrist watch. "It will be exactly three-twenty-six when you hear the little chimes," he said. "Will you kindly get the hell out of here and go home and let me get some sleep?"

"You'll let me know the instant you hear from Indiana?"

"The very instant, my pet."

"Eric, this is practically a matter of life and death. Don't breathe a word to anybody of anything you find out."

"Of course not."

"You're a darling." She kissed him impulsively.

When she was gone he phoned Featherly again: "John, have you done anything yet?"

"I'm checking over a list. I think I know just your man."

"Be sure he's clever—the cleverest man you can find. Tell him to ply Mr. Teel with strong drink—or shellac. It's all very mysterious, John. A young lady named Coral Mayberry wants the information. She is scared stiff but not talking."

"The heiress?"

"Yes. And this interests me. The time element is important."

"How was the dinner?"

"Delightful, John; simply delightful. The senator was charmed. Miss Porter was beautiful, amusing and convincing. I made some real progress. It was the right move."

"Toward what—the Little Church Around the Corner?"

"John, I'm afraid you're an incurable romantic. Good night."

He went into the kitchen, opened a bottle of chilled beer and unwrapped the chicken sandwiches Douglas had made for him. The spinach and parsnips Sally had inflicted on him had left him with a ravenous appetite. The beer was cool and nutty, and the sandwiches were damp and delicious.

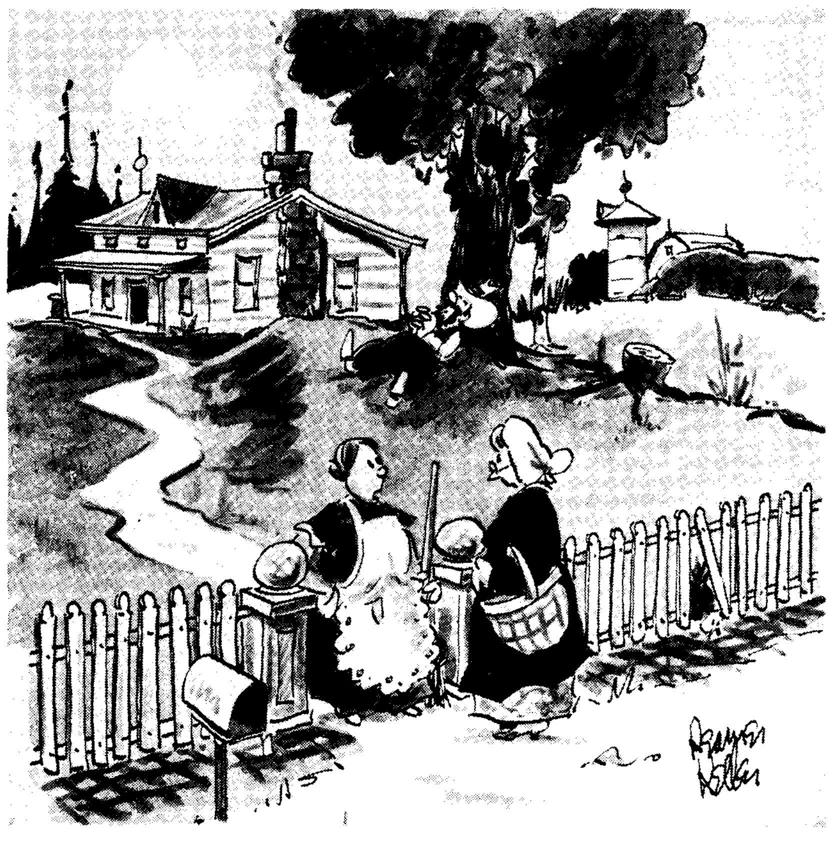
He recalled other of Coral's emotional moments. In times past, she had telephoned him from such widely separated places as Istanbul, Rio and an Arizona dude ranch. She had waked him up at all hours to demand advice or consolation. She had become, since her debut, something of a social renegade, and she was seen more and more in the popular hot spots with dashing young men on the make like Barney Teel.

He was puzzled by Barney's choice of a girl like Sally when he might have been marrying a girl like Coral, for he believed that every action of Barney's was coldly calculated.

It occurred to Eric, as he sipped the beer and munched the sandwiches, that Barney would be ideally suited to Coral. He led an interesting, somewhat picaresque life. He was undeniably attractive and clever. He wore his clothes beautifully. He was smooth. He had acquired flawless poise.

Eric moved his head slowly up and down with the movement of his jaws. "I think," he thought, "that Barney and Coral would be very happy together."

(*To be continued next week*)



"I could of sold the place to some city folks, only they was afraid Paw went with it"

REAMER KELLER

FAST DELIVERY demands FAST FIGURE WORK so SHEFFIELD FARMS COMPANY chooses the "COMPTOMETER"

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FOR AC OR DC CURRENT

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PRECISION-BUILT ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

$7.50

Approved by Underwriters Laboratories. Fully guaranteed for one year.

MEN OF AMERICA! The day of fancy prices for Electric Dry Shavers is over! For here's Majestic—as sweet a little dry shaving power plant as ever annihilated a stubborn whisker—and only *$7.50.*

Think of it! This precision-built, faultlessly engineered electric dry shaver with double-edged, two-way cutting head and self-sharpening blade can now be had at a price which a year ago seemed out of the question!

Just another demonstration of what can be done by way of taming costs when demand reaches the point where large-scale production is possible.

Majestic is not only a great little shaver—it's a great little saver—saves time, saves money and saves your skin. No more blades, soap or water, cream or lotions. Just plug in and shave as you are, wherever you are, as often as you like—with no danger of soreness or irritation.

That's your shave deluxe—economical, modern, up-to-the-minute 1937 style! You're next! No waiting! There's a handy coupon just below. Fill it in now and mail it with check or money order for $7.50. It will bring you your Majestic in its genuine leather traveling case and packed in gift box, by return mail.

Electric Razor Corporation C11-7
Merchandise Mart
Chicago, Illinois

Rush a guaranteed Majestic Electric Dry Shaver prepaid. Enclosed is $7.50.

Name..............................
Address..............................
Town..............................*State*..............

Record Breaking

Continued from page 17

charging straight at the bar at good speed, take off seven, eight or ten feet away, and land safely on their feet well beyond the bar.

Champions of the 90's sometimes cleared 18 feet of ground horizontally in a high jump. I doubt if any present-day star clears over 14 feet horizontally, and I have watched jumpers with good records who were *not clearing* 10 feet horizontally. The high-jump record of the 90's was 6 feet, 5⅝ inches. It is now 6 feet, 9¾ inches. Those 4⅛ inches may be proof of something, but hardly of an increasingly vigorous race.

Rules and technique have had less to do with running; and so the present-day running records afford a fairer comparison with those of the past. Take the mile run, the event that comparatively shows the present-day runners at their best.

The mile record of the 90's was 4 minutes, 16⅗ seconds. It is now 4 minutes, 6⅘ seconds—a reduction of 9⅘ seconds. Let's see how that betterment has been brought about. For some years now, managers of track meets have been staging mile races. The usual plan is to match three or four or five of the leading milers, ballyhoo the race like a super-colossal moving picture, have radio stations standing by to broadcast the race as it progresses and metropolitan newspapers saving front-page space next morning.

Such racing means much glory for the winner; and liberal expense money being allowed all contenders, the best runners in the world found it worth their while to start in such races, and then go out from the gun and run their heads off for a new record. The public meanwhile being steamed up to expect a new record, good gate money resulted.

That sort of racing is *fair enough.* It is also the way to make a new record. But consider how that 4 minutes, 16⅗ seconds record of the 90's was made. What Tommie Conneff did that day was to go out and run another mile race. He could have run faster; but at the three-quarter pole his opponents gave up chasing him, and Tommie, who never *believed in killing himself,* ran the last quarter at his ease.

No Faster than Necessary

Now Conneff came to the three-quarter post that day in 3:07. What could he have done that last quarter in if pushed? That, of course, is a guess, but here's the quality of the man: He had speed enough to run the best half-mile runner of his day to the tape in a match race, and he had the stamina to win both the one- and five-mile American Championships in the same year twice. If there was one thing Conneff could do well it was to finish strong when he had to. He proved that in a hundred races.

Conneff took his racing casually. He was a Pullman-car conductor on the Boston-New York night run for a time, and one Saturday, after being up on his *job all the night before, he* turned out for a three-quarter-mile handicap race in Boston. He ran scratch, of course, and his time, 3:02⅘, was the world's record until two years or so ago.

Now take Conneff, the champion amateur of the 90's, and George Tincler, the best professional miler of that day. Tincler was possibly a faster man than Conneff. Suppose liberal expense allowances had kept Tincler in the amateur ranks and suppose somebody got Conneff a job that wouldn't keep him up all the night before a race. Stage match races for that pair, stir their racing pride, develop their appetite for publicity, steam them up to *the idea of new records,* let them train to the minute and then what? I'm leaving it there.

Except in sprint races, the old-time champions never went out from the gun; and they rarely ran a yard faster than they had to, to win. Tom Burke of the 90's—Olympic, American and Intercollegiate champion in the same year—had it in him (as did several professionals of his day) to break any amateur record of that time, between 300 and 1,000 yards. He did break several of them, but never except when he was forced to.

Burke ran in a quarter-mile championship one time on the old Manhattan red clay track. The track was sodden from a heavy rain, and before the runners had gone 100 yards the soles of their shoes were covered to the ends of their spikes with the sticky red clay; yet Burke equaled the then world's amateur record of 48⅗ seconds. *He had no notion* of a record when he started, but the great Bernie Wefers (100- and 220-yard champion) was also out for the quarter that day and Burke had to run to beat him. Now what price that inch-deep of wet clay on the bottom of his shoes? Also, give Burke and Wefers a dry cinder track with a 220-yard straightaway and how *fast* would they have run that quarter mile that day?

Down and Out

During the last quarter of the last century there were scores of professional all-round athletes touring this country. Caledonian and Hibernian societies held regular field days for them. There was a living in it for the good ones; but they had to be good. And tough. They would travel from meet to meet, frequently sitting up all night in day coaches to make connections. I never heard of one of them traveling in a Pullman. They would take in from two to four meets a week, and compete in—well, some would take in a dozen events at a meet.

There were some amazing performers among them. Consider Donald Dinnie: That braw Highland man could run 100 yards in 10 seconds; high-jump 6 feet; broad jump 25 feet; hop, hop and jump 46 feet, and meet the best of them in standing jumps. He would run a good quarter or half mile if there was a bit of change in it. Between times he would be throwing the heavy hammer, putting the heavy stone, and tossing the caber (which is a young telegraph pole), and at any of these three last-named exercises he was the equal of any living man If the program called for it he would take on a wrestling bout or two. He would swing into action in mid-forenoon and hold the field till late afternoon. At intervals in the exercises he would repair to the refreshment tent and nourish the body with a bottle or two of Scotch ale and a plateful of buttered scones. That six-foot-one, 215-pound Highlander striding into the arena in his bright plaid kilts to the piping of Scotch war tunes by four rows of pipers—well, he made an eye-filling picture.

One of my happy memories is of seeing Dinnie in action in his great days. Another is of seeing John L. Sullivan when he was the great John L. And what of John L. of the 80's? There was somebody! We have no device to appraise boxing skill, no scales to weigh the force of the knockout blow that means even more than boxing skill to a champion; but here's about John L.

Sports writers have written much of the terrific punching power of Jack Dempsey of a few years ago. Nothing like him ever for punching power—so we

Do you know the answers?

1 Do germs cause colds?

2 Is there a known cure for colds?

3 Can colds be prevented?

4 What do lemons and Luden's have in common?

5 What is Luden's 3-Way Action?

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS!

1 Medical science has yet to discover the cause of colds.

2 Until the cause is known, no *definite cure can be established.*

3 We quote this from a Medical Journal: "The researches (of doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

4 Lemon juice is alkaline in effect. This is why your doctor may recommend lemonade if you catch cold easily. Luden's Menthol cough drops also contain an alkaline factor. They help to build up your alkaline reserve.

5 Luden's 3-Way Action begins the *instant* you put the pleasant-tasting lozenge in your mouth. (1) The menthol helps to clear your head. (2) Raw, inflamed membranes are soothed. (3) You start to build up the alkaline reserve so important to cold resistance.

5¢
LUDEN'S
Menthol COUGH DROPS
NET WEIGHT 1⅛ OZ
Now WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED
LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S 5¢
OPEN THIS END

TRY A BOX TODAY!

have been told a thousand times. Now there's no doubt about Dempsey's being pretty good; but when he defeated Jess Willard for the championship, he knocked Willard down half a dozen times without knocking him out. When he defeated Firpo, he knocked him down seven or eight times before he took the count. All right. It is the record of Sullivan that he never had to knock an opponent down twice to put him out. Once John L. knocked a man down that man stayed down—that is, he took the count or was carried from the ring.

Sullivan was the world's champion both with bare knuckles and padded gloves. This country was cluttered up in his day with scores of husky young men who thought pretty well of themselves as ring fighters. Managers popped up from everywhere with potential champions. Sullivan met them all and took them all; put them out in quick time—usually in two, three or four rounds, and always in such fashion that none of them hollered for a return match. Some of them he did not have to knock out. They jumped from the ring after a minute or two with him.

He Never Gave Ground

Having disposed of all the challengers for a fight to a finish, Sullivan offered $1,000 to any man who would stay up before him for four 3-minute rounds under the Queensbury rules, which meant padded gloves. He toured the country, traveled from town to town taking on anybody and everybody, took them on, night after night, and knocked them kicking in one, two or three rounds. Sometimes he took on two a night.

Sullivan was just short of six feet, and weighed 195 pounds in condition. He had wide shoulders, a deep arching chest, trim waist and flat hips. His legs were a bit on the slender order; but they were well-shaped, and strong enough for him to run 100 yards in 11 seconds in the lead-soled shoes he used to wear in his training—when he trained. He was the fastest heavyweight in ring history—fast with his hands and fast on his feet.

That much-used latter-day word—personality—fitted Sullivan perfectly. He had a well-shaped head, strong regular features, a clear dark skin, thick black hair and big, smoldering black eyes. After defeating Ryan, he cultivated a handsome black, curling mustache. He used to refuse to shave it off before a fight—he would not do those bums of opponents that much honor, he used to say. He would take a blow below the belt without even turning his head toward the referee in protest, but let an opponent try to twist that mustache and he would roar to the heavens at the barbarity of the procedure.

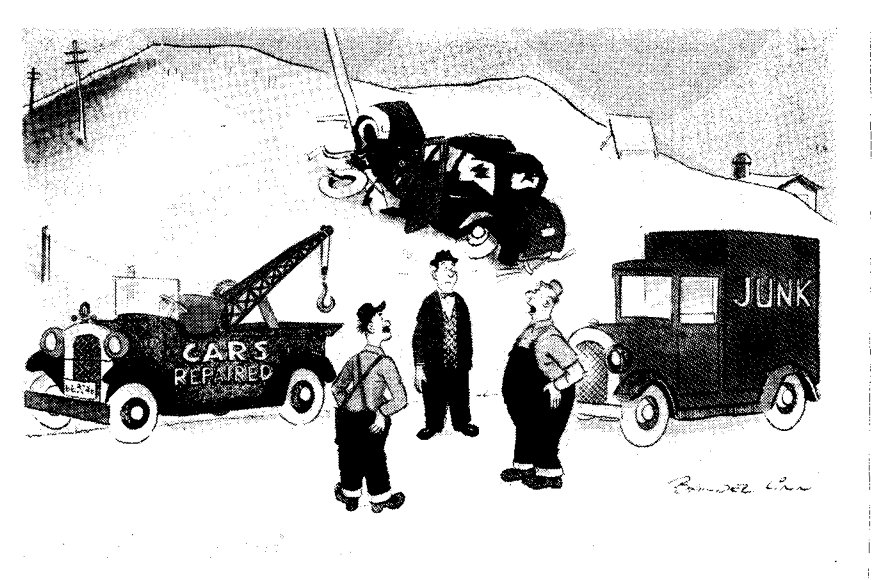
In all his ring battles, Sullivan never once gave ground before an opponent. He bored in, bored in always. Even that lamentable night when he lost to Corbett—his only losing fight—even then, years past his prime, prematurely aged from careless living, gray of hair, heavy of foot and thirty pounds overweight, the fat of his belly sagging down over his belt—even then, he was moving forward always through the more than twenty rounds, jeering at Corbett, daring him to stand his ground and battle toe to toe. Corbett of course was too intelligent for that.

John L. was twenty-three years of age when he won the world's heavyweight championship from Paddie Ryan. Ryan was the taller by four inches and the heavier by twenty pounds, but Sullivan took him in quick time. He came walking down Washington Street in Boston after that fight, and I was one of about 300 boys who swarmed after him and beside him as he walked. A tall silk hat covered the thick black hair; a reefer coat encased the magnificent torso. He wore tight-fitting striped trousers and patent-leather shoes; and he carried a cane that looked to weigh four pounds but which he swung like a thistle stalk as he walked.

That big, powerful man walking down Washington Street that sunny morning never hit the ground. His feet must have touched the sidewalk here and there—of course. They must have, but there is my impression of the great John L. He came along like a breeze of wind, swinging his cane with one hand, waving the other in salute to the ceaseless cheers, booming greetings to friends in a bass voice that was half an octave lower than any other bass voice in the world.

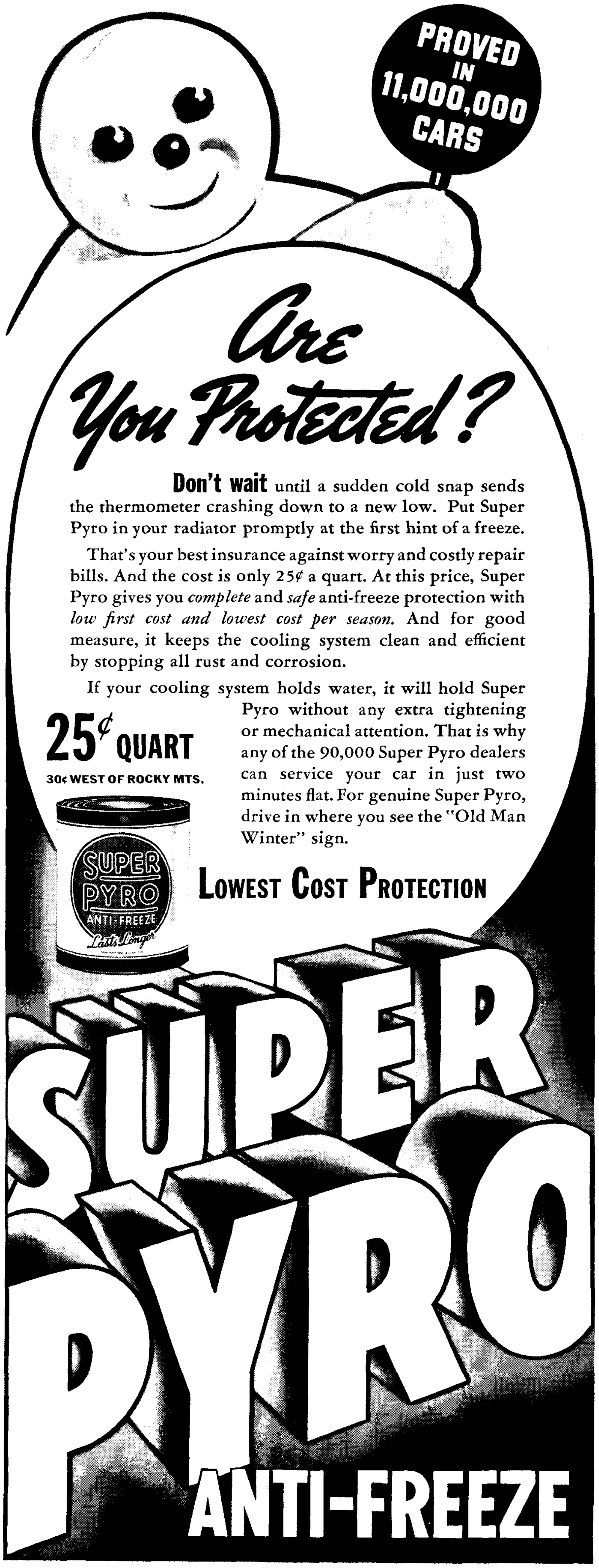
One of my dreams used to be of sitting into a session of Donald Dinnie and John L. Sullivan, they swapping tales of their great days in the arena. Donald would be having his bottle of Scotch ale at frequent intervals, and John his English ale, which he used to say was the one good thing that ever came out of England. Donald would order a plateful of scones every now and then to nourish the body, and John would have his three fingers of rye after every fourth or fifth bottle of ale to wash the phlegm out of his throat.

John L. and Dinnie lived and died about the same time. I like to envision them restored to the vigor of their middle twenties and entering Valhalla together, there to be met at the gate by a husky bearded man, and he saying: "My name is Homer and I'm only a storyteller, but I have a lad here in your class. John—and you Donald—meet Ulysses." What a talkfest then, with Homer probably chanting another Odyssey when it was over.



"Well, make up your mind!"

BANDEL LINN


PROVED IN 11,000,000 CARS

Are You Protected?

Don't wait until a sudden cold snap sends the thermometer crashing down to a new low. Put Super Pyro in your radiator promptly at the first hint of a freeze.

That's your best insurance against worry and costly repair bills. And the cost is only 25¢ a quart. At this price, Super Pyro gives you *complete* and *safe* anti-freeze protection with *low first cost and lowest cost per season.* And for good measure, it keeps the cooling system clean and efficient by stopping all rust and corrosion.

If your cooling system holds water, it will hold Super Pyro without any extra tightening or mechanical attention. That is why any of the 90,000 Super Pyro dealers can service your car in just two minutes flat. For genuine Super Pyro, drive in where you see the "Old Man Winter" sign.

25¢ QUART
30¢ WEST OF ROCKY MTS.

SUPER PYRO ANTI-FREEZE Lasts Longer

LOWEST COST PROTECTION

SUPER PYRO ANTI-FREEZE

All Work and No Pay

Continued from page 10

"Won't be no different," said he.

Whereupon we tried to buy this and that, but the fellow was wary. Did we have a coupon book issued by the company? We did not. Well, then, we could hurry along and buy what we needed at independent stores.

"Tryin' to find out somethin', hey?" said the manager. "Well, we don't have to sell nothin' to nobody—'specially spies. Scram!"

Six Years and No Cash Money

But long before the millworkers descended upon Mr. Linger, Mrs. Linger gave up her studyin' of the letter. Anyway she didn't care what of importance was missing. She wasn't going to write to no congressman and she didn't hold with no bill which promised her forty cents an hour because, no matter what the law might say, she wasn't going to get no forty cents an hour.

"And neither," said she, replenishing her lower lip, "is nobody else."

"The matter that ain't in that letter," said Mr. Linger, scorning her lack of interest, "is where do we get the postage stamps and what happens to them that don't write?"

And this, when the overalled and Mother Hubbarded neighbors gathered upon the splintery shelf which the Lingers called a porch and in the thin shade of the three starveling pines in front, became the topic of the day's conversations. Who would pay the postage? Who would furnish the paper and the envelopes? And what would the mill people say if you didn't write? A mill spy sat in the post office, you see, and made regular reports to the owners.

"Natural," said Mr. Linger, "we can go to the company and get a store book of coupons. With them coupons we can get paper and envelopes and ink and a postage stamp. In a way that's right fine. In a way you don't need no money. Look at that."

Mr. Linger handed us a pay envelope.

"You won't find nothin' in it," he said. "Neither did I. In fact, I been gettin' those pay envelopes with nothin' in them for six years. Let's see: it was six years ago Christmas. Then I got seventeen dollars and somethin' in cents. But I was a new hand in these mills then and hadn't run up much on the company store. Laur," he said, turning to Mrs. Linger, "see if you ain't settin' on the rest of them pay envelopes."

With appropriate groans, Mrs. Linger gave herself several hitches and a couple of heaves, both hands engaged in nether exploration. The effort was successful. She produced a couple of packets of pay envelopes, the contributions of eighteen or twenty of their neighbors

"I clean forgot them," she said. "I been wondering what made this seat so oneven."

We found the envelopes quite interesting. Like the first one Mr. Linger had thrust upon us—his own—they offered proof that it must be extremely difficult to attract the attention of the Federal Income Tax Bureau as long as you work in a South Carolina textile mill. The first envelope we looked at informed us that its owner had just been paid thirty-five cents for the week—a week of forty hours. It was all there for anybody to figure out. The gentleman was credited with a gross pay of $13.95. That was the first item. Then followed the reasons why he hadn't collected $13.95. For Social Security the company had withheld fourteen cents. For rent $1.70 was deducted. Group insurance took off another seventy cents and the company store had shaken out $11.06. Even with our lack of mathematical genius we were able to discover why he had got just thirty-five cents in cash for forty hours of labor.

Mr. Linger assured us that this worker had been able to come out ahead because, while married, he had no children and that his wife had stomach trouble, relieving thereby a considerable strain on the family food budget.

The next envelope was a woman's. This industrious soul had come out a winner too. She had spun thirty-two hours that week, having surrendered eight of her forty possible pay hours to her mother's funeral. She had not gone to the funeral, her mother having died in Rome, Georgia, at the advanced age of forty-four. A forbidding matter of transportation had kept the daughter home; yet she had gone in spirit, sitting in her room "a-prayin' with a jute bag hangin' over the window fer shadin' out the sun."

Anyway, her gross pay for the week had been $11.55. The envelope told her that eleven cents had been deducted as Social Security tax. Eighty-five cents went for rent. Electric light, seventy cents. Insurance, thirty-five cents. And the company store had deducted $9.47. So she got exactly seven cents that week, which, as even she was free to admit, was seven cents more than nothing. Moreover, it might have been worse.

"They ain't takin' nothin' on the tooth the doctor took off me till later," she said, exhibiting the vacancy. She had four or five teeth left, too. Probably an oversight.

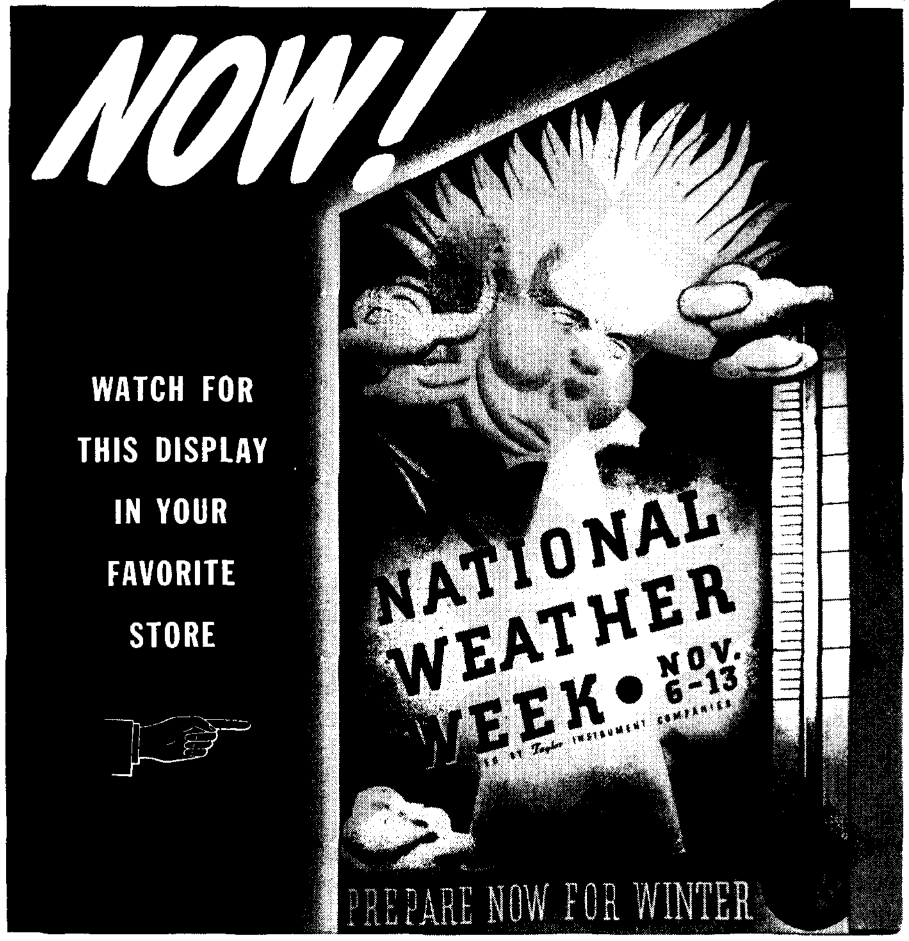
Picking Off the Pennies

It is as beautifully simple to become hog-tied by debt in a mill village as it is elsewhere. But on empty envelopes it is just a trifle harder to get out. Let's select an instructive story from a Spartanburg woman who has, she said, "sorta let the mill have its own way about me." Seven years ago she and her husband got jobs in a large mill which did virtually everything in a large way. For several months they managed to draw a little something in their weekly envelopes, the company store and incidentals never getting quite all of their gross pay. But one day a lady go-getter called—"a tall-flirtin' female"—from the main office of the mill's stores, this mill having a number of units and their stores being rather a large enterprise in themselves. A most solicitous "city heifer" she was.

Within fifteen minutes the pressure lady from the stores had convinced the mill woman that she could save 19.7 per cent of her food bills if she had proper electric refrigeration. Ten minutes later the worker had signed up for a radio too. Naturally she paid for them, at so much out of the envelope each week. Enjoyed them too. But when she stopped paying she doesn't know. She had had no money in her envelope since that glorious day, having never got out of debt to the company store. And yet she had worked every week of those seven years, except for a month or two in 1936 when pneumonia had her down.

Before we could scan the next envelope, a Mr. Furner joined us. We shy from offending Mr. Furner, being no Apollo ourself, but first glance gave us the impression of an Adam's apple on stilts. He was equipped for a spell of travelin' out. He wore a pair of new cotton pants, stiffly sized and pressed to a razor edge. His blue shirt too was new and while he wore no tie he had one in

Get ready for winter


NOW!
WATCH FOR THIS DISPLAY IN YOUR FAVORITE STORE
NATIONAL WEATHER WEEK
NOV. 6-13
BY Taylor INSTRUMENT COMPANIES
PREPARE NOW FOR WINTER

Last call for everything you need to assure indoor and outdoor comfort and health—from blankets to ski suits . . . to Taylor Outdoor Thermometers and Stormoguides

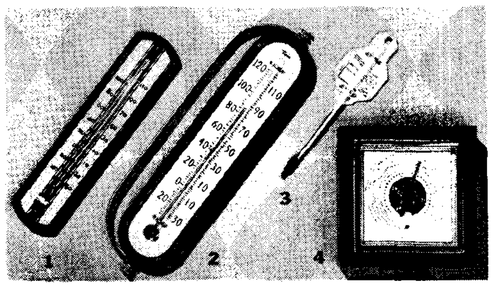
"EVERYBODY talks about the weather—but nobody does anything about it," said Mark Twain. National Weather Week is to remind you that you can do something about it.

Stores all over the country will help you prepare for the cold and stormy months to come. They will suggest that you get NOW the things you need for work and play—indoors and out—in crisp, clear weather and on stormy days. "Prepare Now for Winter" is the slogan.

National Weather Week is a plan sponsored by Taylor, the oldest and largest American maker of accurate thermometers and weather instruments for the home—indoor and outdoor thermometers, cooking thermometers, fever thermometers, Humidiguides and Stormoguides. Every Taylor Instrument today bears the name Taylor *AND* a Five-Year Guarantee of Tested Accuracy. You can't plan successfully to do something about the weather without the aid of Taylor's accurate temperature and weather instruments.

So what do you lack? Be sure to include Taylor Thermometers and Weather Instruments when you "Prepare Now for Winter." *The time* is November 6 to 13. *The place*—the store displaying the National Weather Week Emblem. Go there for a new booklet, "What Do You Know About The Weather?" The questions and answers will test your knowledge and make an interesting game. Get your copy now. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. Plant also in Toronto, Canada.

EVERY FAMILY NEEDS THESE TAYLOR INSTRUMENTS



1. Indoor Thermometer for Winter Comfort
2. Outdoor Thermometer for Winter Health
3. Roast Meat Thermometer for Winter Meals
4. Fairfax Stormoguide for Winter Weather

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity

WANTED: Healthy Boy ...by lonesome pup

. . . and inside the house anxious grown-ups were puzzled about their boy, who had somehow ceased to be his healthy, normal self.

This actual case is far from unusual. The source of trouble was found by the family dentist in an apparently healthy tooth . . . badly infected below the gum line.

Tooth decay is so universally prevalent that the average child, surveys show, has two infected teeth when he reaches grade school. By the time he is 31, six teeth will be gone; five more infected. And all too often tooth infection may lead to serious illness.

It is a fact of vital importance to every man, woman and child, that today *most tooth decay can be prevented* . . . through adequate professional care and daily brushing and massage with a reliable dentifrice.

Because of this fact, the House of Squibb developed Squibb Dental Cream.

It is quick-acting and effective. It does *more* than clean the teeth. It contains an antacid to neutralize the bacterial acids of the mouth wherever it comes in contact with them. It is safe to use . . . refreshing to the taste and leaves the teeth and mouth thoroughly cleansed. Remember—*most tooth decay can be prevented!*

So make it your personal responsibility to see that all members of your family give proper consideration to the care of their teeth; and particularly to the kind of dentifrice they use.

For those who prefer powder—Squibb Tooth Powder has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream.

PERFECTED - IN THE SHAPE YOU PREFER
SQUIBB Toothbrush
FOR FAM
SQUIBB Dental Cream
The Acid-neutralizing Dentifrice
For the correct and scientific care of the teeth and gums
SPECIAL! VALUE

A SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU:

90¢ VALUE 59¢

Your druggist now offers a bargain opportunity to discover the excellence of Squibb dentifrices: large, 40¢ size of either the Dental Cream or the Powder—plus a fine, 50¢ Squibb Toothbrush (your choice of the four most popular types)

BE SURE TO GET SQUIBB QUALITY *Squibb makes hundreds of drug products. When buying any home necessities, be sure to ask if Squibb makes it.*

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—*a safe internal regulator.*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN—*pure and promptly effective.*

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL—*exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D . . . a true economy.*

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—*free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . another sign of purity.*

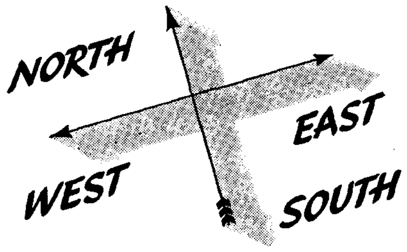
SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE—*refined to an unusual degree of purity.*

SQUIBB

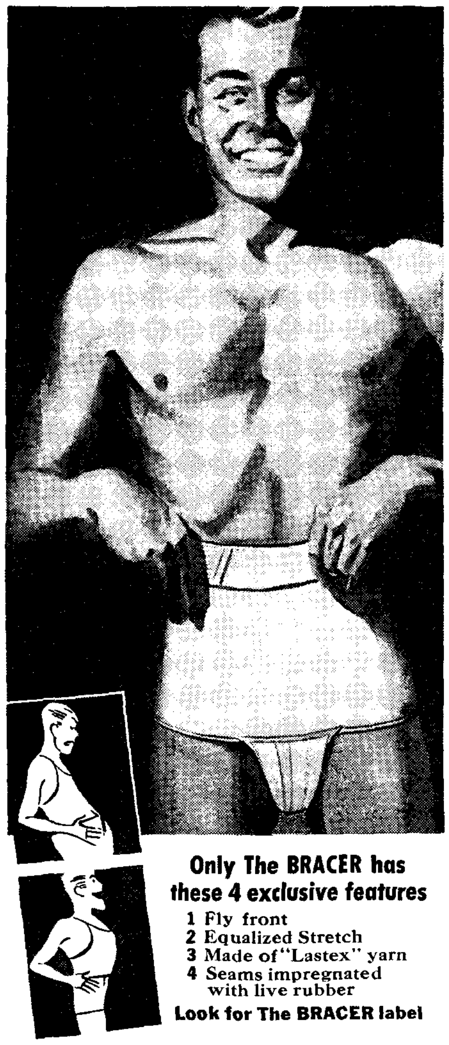
ACID-NEUTRALIZING

Dental Cream

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



Men look better feel better, too, in THE BRACER


Only The BRACER has these 4 exclusive features

1 Fly front
2 Equalized Stretch
3 Made of "Lastex" yarn
4 Seams impregnated with live rubber

Look for The BRACER label

WHEREVER you are—whatever you're doing—you'll look better—feel better, too, in The Bracer!

This new-type supporter belt is the favorite of men everywhere. A Bauer & Black product, The Bracer is scientifically made of the finest materials, under the most sanitary conditions. Bauer & Black, the world's largest manufacturers of athletic supporters, have made in The Bracer the world's finest supporter belt. So don't accept substitutes!

The Bracer is knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn with four removable ribs to prevent rolling and an exclusive fly front. No buttons or buckles to bother you.

Try The Bracer. On sale at department, drug, haberdashery and sporting goods stores.

THE BRACER

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail this coupon with a check or money order. Price $2.00 (Canada $2.75).

BAUER & BLACK, Dept. A-47, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. (In Canada, Sta. K, Toronto.)
I am enclosing check or money order for______
Please send me______Bracers
My waist measurement is______
Name______
Address______
City______ State______
My dealer's name and address is______

his pocket. Over his right arm hung a black coat and under his left was a paper bag containing fat-back sandwiches and six hard-boiled eggs. He showed them as evidence that he was taking no chances of finding his daughter not at home.

"I aim to take a vacation," explained Mr. Furner. "Wasn't thinkin' to last night. Mrs. Furner said—"

"How much are they givin' on the dollar?" demanded Mr. Linger.

"Eighty cents like," said Mr. Furner.

Mr. Furner Does Some Financing

Mr. Linger, aided by five or six others, explained. For some months Mr. Furner had been working in this particular Greenville mill for nothing a week. After he had gone we found several of his pay envelopes. We'll use one as a fair sample. He might have worked any number of hours a week—from thirty to forty or even forty-five. He got paid at varying rates an hour, the standard being thirty cents. But what with deductions the company might make based on its estimate of the quality of Mr. Furner's product or the quantity thereof, his hourly rate might readily average twenty cents—or less. Rarely could Mr. Furner tell at the end of a day whether he had made thirty cents an hour or less. If he didn't turn out so many units of work in an hour he would not receive thirty cents. Or if his product did not measure up to certain standards of excellence he would receive less than thirty cents.

Anyway we'll look at one of Mr. Furner's envelopes. This one gives him credit for working thirty-eight hours for the week. It says further that his gross wage for those thirty-eight hours was $11.40. When deductions had been made for insurance and Christmas savings he had $10.15 left. From that residue the company store took $6.90, leaving him $3.25. But there was one more deduction—incidentals. And the incidentals took the $3.25. This left exactly $0.00 in Mr. Furner's envelope, a balance clearly marked on the envelope—$0.00. We inquired into these incidentals and were promptly rewarded. They accounted for a pad of paper and two pencils for Mr. Furner's youngest heir, who, being but nine years old, was still in school, and for a box of candy for Mrs. Furner, a Mickey Mouse book and a brush for cleaning the Furner cookstove. We think that is the complete list. At least those were all we managed to jot down. At any rate incidentals and Mr. Furner's indebtedness to the company store—the latter a matter of a hundred and some dollars—had reduced him to a net income of $0.00 for that week and was going to keep him at that wage level for some time to come, as it had for some months gone.

At this rate it is crystal clear that Mr. Furner was in no position to go travelin' out, such activities requiring a stock of cash money. But, determined upon a holiday and bent upon a bit of cash to see the venture through, Mr. Furner did what a great many of his fellow mill-workers do.

He went to the company store and "bought" a book of coupons. In other words, he was given a book of coupons (in this instance five dollars' worth) and his indebtedness to the store was increased just that much. With these coupons he might purchase food and merchandise in the company store. But he didn't want merchandise; Mr. Furner hungered for cash money.

Possessed of the book, he strode forthwith to a benevolent gentleman standing at the door. This gentleman was a coupon broker. Mr. Furner gave his five-dollar coupon book to the broker, who instantly discounted it at the rate of eighty cents on the dollar. Thus Mr. Furner became the possessor of four dollars in currency, to do with precisely as fancy dictated.

Now that broker had no particular use for Mr. Furner's coupons, which, one learns with some surprise by reading the warning on the book's cover, are not transferable. But, like all successful brokers, he was reasonably eager for profits. Therefore, the broker took the book back to the gentleman who had "sold" the book to Mr. Furner and received ninety cents on the dollar for it.

Everybody involved was quite satisfied. Mr. Furner had four dollars which had cost him five. The broker had made a swift fifty cents. And the company store had the book back.

Perhaps we should have warned you. The name of the millworker on whose porch we sat is not Linger. Likewise Mr. Furner's name is not Furner. They were insistent that I conceal their identity. And their explanation was clear. Publicity would cost them their jobs. And they assured me that they had seen too many men and women pound the *roads from mill to mill seeking jobs* they would never get because they were listed as trouble-makers. Even new mills eager for experienced hands, they told us, refused to hire "talkers." When you apply for a job you must give the names of the last two mills employing you. Before you get the job they are consulted. So we're protecting Messrs. Linger and Furner.

With considerable reluctance we must depart for a moment or so from Mr. Linger's dooryard and leave the money-eyed Mr. Furner to squeak-stalk down the mill street in the general direction of Columbia. We don't know how many textile, spinning and garment mills conduct their affairs precisely like the one he and his fellow Carolinians work for. But we ran into quite a few that do. And we are assured by the workers, by social agencies and by government authorities that the number is large. Unhappily we were unable to visit them all, it becoming necessary for us to devote a few of our remaining days to setting down what we learned in our meanderings through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and the lovely Carolinas.

Industrial Advantages

It is but fair that we assume that conditions like these are not welcomed by the governors of the nine Southeastern states who but recently launched an industrial expansion campaign which, they fervently trust, will fetch to their domains Northern industries to partake of the advantages their states offer. These advantages, according to Mr. Lawrence W. Roberts, Jr., their industrial consultant, include: "Unlimited supplies of raw materials, ample power at low rates (perhaps the lowest in the nation), unexcelled transportation facilities to growing markets and native-born labor, efficient and reasonable."

Conditions such as we have cited above and will proceed to reveal do not have the approval of the Southern Garment Manufacturers Association, whose Secretary-Counsel, Mr. W. Gordon McKelvey of Nashville, Tennessee, is the author of a stalwart open letter to his associates. The letter is worth anyone's reading whether a garment-maker or just a trouble-maker.

After deploring the presence in factory communities of "preachers of discord and avarice," he warned his clients that "Communists are taking advantage of the situation and the splendid opportunities afforded them by the so-called Champions of Labor." Then, writes Mr. McKelvey:

"Are you numbered among those who shrink in cowardly shame because you have contributed to enslave our wage-earning masses because you have failed to heed the signs of the times and per-

THE OLD WAY You bought a file like your wife buys a hat . . . the clerk hunted through five or ten boxes, unwrapped yards of brown paper . . . and wondered whether you actually knew what you wanted . . . it took lots of time and patience . . .

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PATENTED

A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

mitted a proud, one-hundred-per-cent American citizenry to be shouldered with odious and intolerable working and living conditions that have cursed other countries and even sections of our own country?

"Don't you feel," continues Mr. McKelvey to his clients, "that you personally owe it to your employees to allow them to share in some of the prosperity that has been yours? Are you content to know that they are not receiving sufficient earnings for the preservation of body and soul? How can you expect their loyal co-operation to you in times of adversity and threatened disorder if you have not won their confidence in meting out to them earnings with which to maintain themselves decently?

"Do you expect to exercise your rights, to have peace, prosperity and happiness in the conduct of your business without interestedly, diligently and courageously discharging the obligations you owe your employees? It is for you to answer. . . . Upon your shoulders rests at this hour an inescapable responsibility—an opportunity to exercise vision and unselfishness, an opportunity for the preservation of industrial relationships and, above all, an opportunity to save your business from social disaster and the welfare of your employees from the most devastating scourge ever to seek to imperil and conquer our Southern industry. . . . Again I earnestly urge that you begin now the forming of your plans to make possible as substantial an increase in the wages of your employees as can possibly be made. It will pay you the largest dividends you have ever received from any investment."

No Money and No Explanations

We read Mr. McKelvey's stirring letter just after we had left a shirt factory near Greenville, South Carolina, which was paying its workers such inspiring sums as $1.95 a week, ninety-one cents a week and fifty-nine cents a week. We took photographs of a few of their pay envelopes. We read it again after we had regaled ourselves with pay envelopes of men and girls who were getting as much as $2.67 a week and similar generous sums near Lagrange, Georgia—one reaching the dizzy heights of $6.13 for a forty-five-hour stint. Mr. McKelvey and most of his clients would have regarded with a minimum of pleasure the financial problems of the mother of five children—a widow. She had worked 182½ hours in eight weeks in a garment factory in the Douglasville, Georgia, district for which she had received a total of $37.08.

We couldn't help noticing, when we looked over pay envelopes of this crowd, that no deductions were noted thereon. These particular workers were denied the solace of knowing where their earnings had gone. In the widow's instance there was no company store to hold her in debt. As far as she and her sister workers knew, there was no Christmas fund to contribute to. It is wholly possible that there may be some of you who are more or less vague about your personal ledgers, but we assure you that you are efficiency experts in comparison with her. We asked her what was the largest sum she had ever received from the mill. She said that she thought she got as much as eight dollars several times "back a while." She wasn't quite sure but she thought that was when she was "gittin' recovery pay." We struggled with that for a while and presently discovered that she had drawn as much as eight dollars a week when her mill was operating under a code of the National Recovery Administration.

Now we are not foolish enough to contend that the lighthearted recipients of such wages must be numbered among America's most efficient workers. It may very well be that some of the mill hands we talked to aren't extremely valuable ladies and gentlemen. Yet, they were working—working in these mills and factories. And we are forced to the conclusion that they must have been of some value in these mills and factories because invariably factory managers told us that the textile business was bad and that there were many workers haunting the employment office doors seeking the jobs of those fortunate enough to be on the pay roll.

Whatever might be the caliber of the workers we saw, it remains that they were producing yarn, hosiery, shirts, pants, dresses, overalls, bolts of fabrics and other valuable commodities which were being sent into the markets bearing no sign nor mark that the hands that made them were those of a dim-witted clod or of a master workman.

Certainly they looked quite able-bodied. We didn't keep count of the number of mill hands we talked to. We'll take a chance and call it a hundred. The overwhelming majority of them ran true to type—lean, strong-boned, long-muscled, many on the gaunt side. Although our eyes are not a doctor's, we saw very few of the palpable manifestations of disease. Every mill village had its quota of one-armed men—workers who had left an arm in the machines. We asked social workers and physicians about it—but not company doctors. What they told us did not raise any alarm about the health of the millworker.

Quite frankly we might need a period of training to accustom us to the ordinary fare of the millworker. Hominy grits, sauerkraut, corn pone, fat back (bacon almost wholly innocent of lean meat) and canned fruit will not only stave off starvation but make quite a man of you if you're used to them. But after a few meals of it you are in excellent mood for a change of diet. And some of the workers, a trifle more enterprising perhaps than their neighbors, manage such variety, particularly in the growing months. They have gardens of sorts. But for the greater part the mill villages are too huddled for gardens.

Lacking proof to the contrary, we are compelled to accept the word of a dozen mill officials that they are paying their workers "all we can afford." We happened upon one mill—a big one "with traditions" not far from Greenwood, South Carolina—which was particularly loud in its protestations of financial malnutrition. It added that identification would make its ruin immediate, its creditors already being apprehensive.

Stop Eating and Own Your Home

This mill was eager to get rid of its incidental real estate as swiftly as possible—its company village, the homes of twelve hundred worker families, for example. The company houses were considerably less than palatial, most of them being innocent of running water, toilets, electric lights and, of course, baths. Quite a number of these houses were roofed in name only. You would have to have considerable imagination to call them cozy. The occupants, an oddly joyless lot, had been paying rent at the rate of thirty-five cents per room per week.

And now this beset corporation was urging upon these tenants that they should "own their own homes and enjoy a new social status in the community." These houses, which bore very little evidence that paint had been invented, could be purchased at the exceedingly modest rate of four dollars a week. Of course the tenant did not have to buy. He could continue to pay rent. But hereafter the rental would be a straight three dollars and fifty cents a week. Inasmuch as most of the houses contained two and three rooms this amounted to a

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DAILY
DOZEN

Exercise and strengthen the intestinal muscles

This is the story of a young lady who was *determined* to be healthy. Every morning, she did her setting-up exercises. Over the week-end—tennis and swimming. Yet, she still suffered from *constipation.*

Then she heard of a new kind of exercise—a laxative with "exercising action."

After breakfast and dinner, she takes a teaspoonful of Saráka.* Its principal ingredient is bassorit, sap of an East Indian tree. In Saráka, this comes in tiny granules which are easily swallowed with a glass of water. During the next two hours, these granules undergo an amazing change. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft BULK.

"Get busy and exercise," this extra bulk signals to lazy intestinal muscles. "This is what you've been waiting for during all these sluggish months—something to exercise on—something to make you stronger."

Bulk Plus Motility*

In addition—to make sure that the extra bulk keeps *in motion*—Saráka contains a specially treated frangula, which mildly stimulates the intestines to healthy activity. So you have Bulk Plus Motility. The results of this combination are thorough—but not violent. Most users have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was unknown.

Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit-forming. You will find this modern laxative at your druggist's. Save money, by buying the new "Hospital Size." Or mail the coupon today for the free trial-size tin.

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considerable upping of the rent. Therefore, it would be more in keeping with sound business principles to buy. And if one signed up to buy one of these half-shot shanties he was assured that if subsequently he left the company's employ, voluntarily or otherwise, he would receive his purchase payments back—minus three dollars and fifty cents a week.

Several of the workers, tossing the situation about in their minds, bumped into a question which had not been answered by the bright young realtor who was the company's selling agent: What guaranty would they have that they could count upon a wage sufficient to feed and clothe them in addition to meeting the payments on the home?

We found no mill or factory foolish enough to open its books to us. We found very few willing to open their doors to those parts of their plants we were particularly eager to study. Perhaps it is just as well. Bookkeeping and economic structures are not our fortes. Probably we shouldn't have understood such secrets had they been revealed.

Dixie Dithers

But there were certain things we did understand. It was perfectly clear to us, for example, that resentment, fear and hatred of "the system," is not limited to the employee and to those who are inciting the employee to strikes and rebellion. Some of these agitators are Communists. Some are Socialists. Some are just Pinkos. And others are merely labor skates to whom their job is a job and nothing more.

But none that we met were more vigorous in their clamorings against the employer than were the mill officials in their denunciations of the federal administration, the New Deal, Mr. Roosevelt and in particular the impending Black-Connery Bill. And among these were representatives of mills which, we were reliably informed, had sustained themselves in the depression's worst droughts on loans from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and, in Tennessee and Mississippi, had profited materially in accepting the Tennessee Valley Authority's cheap electric power. In Tupelo, Mississippi, one of the eager acceptors of this low-cost government power told us that this boon had saved his mill (a great one) more than $17,000 a year. And yet this mill had closed its doors rather than appear with its striking employees, some of whom had been getting as much as seven dollars a week, before the National Labor Relations Board.

And we had no trouble comprehending the reasons for the Dixie dithers abounding in the offices of those infuriated mill officials who would consent to discuss the subject at all. Most of them were briefly and violently explosive, in no humor for argument or discussion. Mr. Hugo Black, because as senator he sponsored the wages and hours bill, was a traitor to the South and therefore to the United States. A traitor had been promoted to the Supreme Court that the ultimate appeal of the American businessman might be swept aside to make clear the way for Moscow's favorite son—Mr. John L. Lewis. Do you hear? And the late Mr. Connery, co-sponsor of this vicious legislation, was a hireling of Yankee manufacturers who wrote the bill thinking thus to kill off the rising rivalry of Southern industry. Thus they talked.

Suppose manufacturers of textiles had accepted government loans? Was it not their right? They demanded that we put those questions to the country. Well, sir, what then did this man Roosevelt mean by smiling upon legislation which would make it impossible for the borrowers to repay? Was that his way of forcing private industry to surrender to government control?

"And yet," we said to one of those officials, "we have just come from the offices of a mill in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, which says that it welcomes the Black-Connery Bill, is urging its passage." And we told him the name of the company.

"Still another Yankee trick," he roared. "That's a Yankee-controlled outfit. It thinks by paying forty cents an hour for a forty-hour week it will drive competition out of business."

Yankee trick or not, he was quite right about the reasoning of the owners who told us they looked without dismay upon the wages and hours bill. Such mills admitted that their tolerance was born of a desire to "clear the field of chiselers and weak competition."

Such mills are, in the main, units in widely scattered chains—rich, modern producers of famous merchandise and, for all we know, your money's worth. For there are mills which pay fair wages, work forty hours, consider the health and morale of their operatives to be something worth supporting, which find it profitable to give their hands a break and which agree enthusiastically with Mr. W. Gordon McKelvey of Nashville, Tennessee.

Such mills, alas, are in the minority. Yet, like the galleys in which Mr. Linger and his neighbors work (and we've used Mr. Linger's mill merely as a far-too-prevalent type on which to concentrate our fire) almost all of these decent establishments will agree that Mr. Lewis and his C.I.O. combine to form one of America's latter-day calamities.

But they will also inform you that the chiselers, the fly-by-night shirt-tail magnates and the huge sweatshop mills where thousands work in the reek of poverty and the shadow of peonage are doing more to fasten Mr. Lewis' grip upon the textile worker than Mr. Lewis and all his skillful, relentless agents and organizers ever hoped to do by themselves.

"If John Lewis and Sidney Hillman are spending much money in their efforts to unionize the textile mills," said one manager of a first-rate mill in Lyman, South Carolina, "they're poor businessmen. Empty envelopes will drive more workers into the union than they can recruit. We'll do it with the speed-up, the stretch-out and empty pay envelopes."

And after talking to the workers about it, we're inclined to agree with this gentleman. But we shall tell you about that in a subsequent article.

Spunk Does It

After a while the inspection of pay envelopes at Mr. Linger's became a bit monotonous. About the only break in the parade was caused by one which told us that a young woman of Greenville had made ten dollars and seventy-two cents and had got ten dollars and sixty cents. She explained it. She was not married. Moreover, she was not afraid.

The week before that her gross wage was eleven dollars and forty-seven cents. The mill had deducted for old-age benefits and group insurance, and a dollar for the Christmas fund. She had gone to the cashier and made considerable fuss. She hadn't been asked to join a Christmas fund and she didn't propose to be drafted into one.

"I told him," said she demurely, "that I'd take care of my own money for Christmas. Anyway, I said, why was he so anxious for me to have Christmas money? I asked him did he think I was going to take a part of it and buy him a pair of shoes to take the place of the ones he wore out chasing one of the girls, with his wife thinking he was at the American Legion. He said I was getting too fresh and might be looking for another job. I said that when I be-

LIQUOR PACKAGES AS TAMPER-PROOF AS AN EGG
THERE'S A KNACK TO THIS
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You're SURE of genuineness when you buy liquor sealed this way.
SNAP
Telltale metal band snaps when cap is unscrewed.

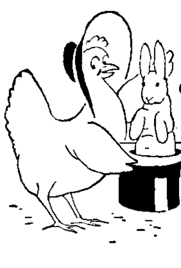
HOW'S YOUR TECHNIQUE?

Never let an egg guess you're scared to open it. Be resolute! Decisive! Or you'll have to go wash your hands!

Now with Pilfer-Proof Seals the technique is different. Just grasp the cap and turn. You'll hear a snap as the locking ring gives way. That signals "All's well," shows the liquor is genuine, proud of its ancestry, not bootleg or cut stuff.

Discerning hosts are learning to spot reliable brands by Pilfer-Proof Seals. For names of several brands . . .

See inside front cover, page 35 and inside back cover.



Opening an egg is a bit
of a trick.
Opening a Pilfer-Proof's
simple and quick.

Melissa,
the egg's mama

Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA

gan looking for another job he would be awful busy explaining what I would say to his wife. So I'm out of the Christmas fund. All they take off me is these taxes. He musta told my foreman because the foreman got kinda tough. But I ain't afraid of that foreman. I told him that reports wasn't the only thing he was after when he visited a certain schoolteacher about twenty miles from here every Thursday night. No, I'm getting along okay."

Children Can Be Useful, Too

So it seems there is one of the mill village schoolteachers who was quite anxious that her employers, a Greenville district mill, should be impressed with her loyalty. She worked out a neat espionage system of her own—or had it worked out for her. One morning she stood at the schoolhouse door while her small pupils filed in. They were of the school's elementary grades and rather more trustful than they would be later. As each youngster passed her she asked him or her whether Ma and Pa had joined the Textile Workers Organization Committee and whether the T.W.O.C. was discussed at home.

If the youngster said yes she assigned him to a seat on the left of the schoolroom, explaining that she was rearranging the class a trifle. If the child said no, a seat on the right was assigned. Then after getting all the kids seated she told the little goats on the left to gaze upon the clear-souled little sheep on the right and envy them because, you see, their parents were such fine, patriotic Americans.

But that's not all. From among those little sheep she selected a dozen in whom she could impose complete trust. She instructed them to mingle freely and inquisitively with the goats during play period and report to her—discreetly, of course—what they had learned of what went on and what was said in the pro-union homes.

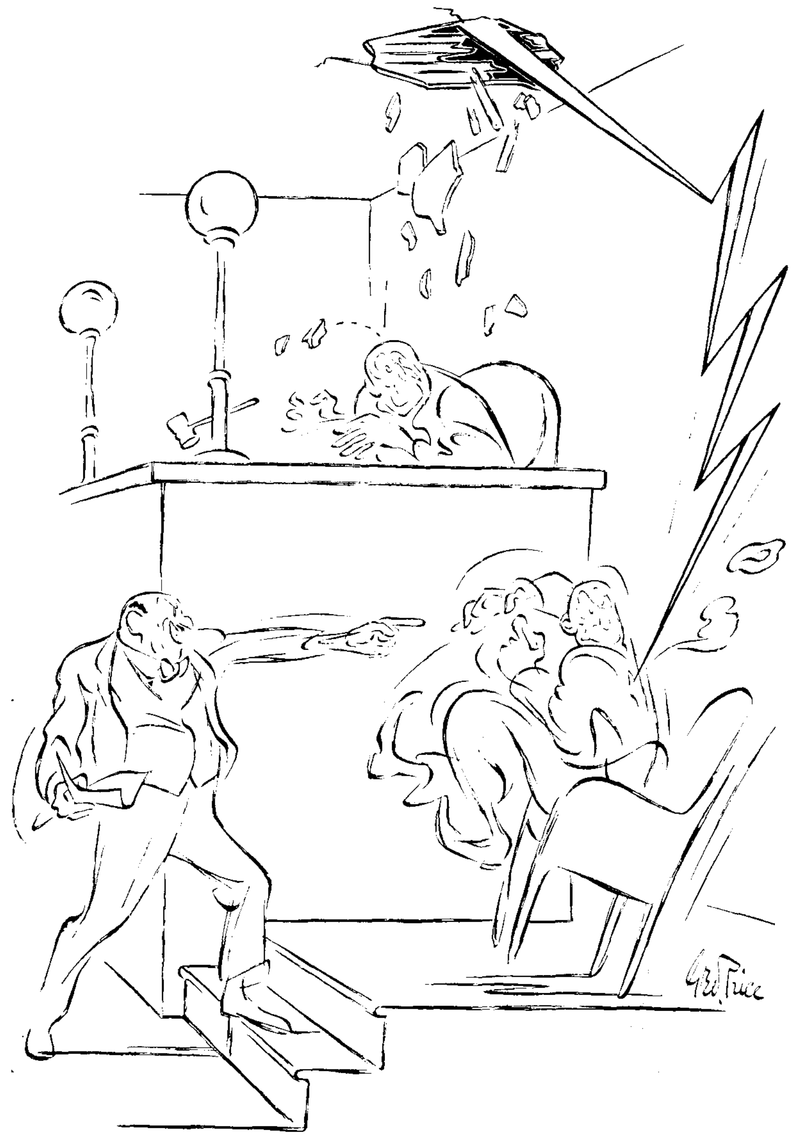
This splendid device was in operation in at least one mill village school. It is a village wherein everything except the United States post office is owned by the great mill which employs nearly two thousand hands. There was quite a little excitement in the village when we got there.

The village preacher had vanished. After his absence from the village streets had become so noticeable that investigation seemed necessary, they went to his parsonage—a three-room cottage, which, like the church, had been built by the mill. All they found was a few fragments of defunct furniture and a pile of canned sermons imported from Atlanta for delivery from mill village church pulpits. Sometime during the week this holy man had departed—at night—taking his wife and three children with him.

But that wasn't the worst of it. He had gone owing the company store, the company doctor and the company dentist a total of one hundred and seventy dollars.

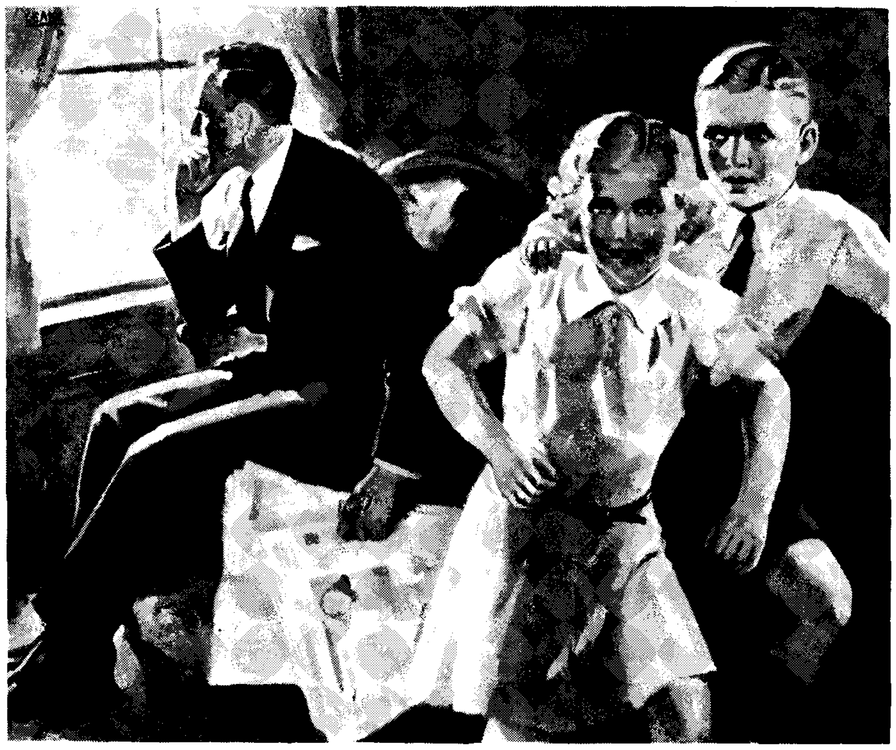
"Of course," said Mr. Linger, "that's another way of beating the game. Trouble is you got to be a preacher to do it. They don't watch preachers like they do us. And where's a mill hand going to get another job at the only thing he knows how to do?"

"If it was anybody but a preacher," said Mrs. Linger, repacking her lip, "I wouldn't say a word."



"Ah-hah! Fibbing, weren't you?"

GEORGE PRICE



TIP-TOEING OUT OF HIS LIFE

Real barriers to the true enjoyment of family life are those created by worry over the future and a sense of financial helplessness.

The father who is beset by these fears misses the things he wants most, just because he is so very fond of his family and feels such an intense sense of responsibility toward them.

Many men are getting rid of these worries by facing the situation as squarely as they would face a business problem. They are finding that life insurance is the way to make certain that whatever happens, the family will always be protected, that plans for their progress will be carried out.

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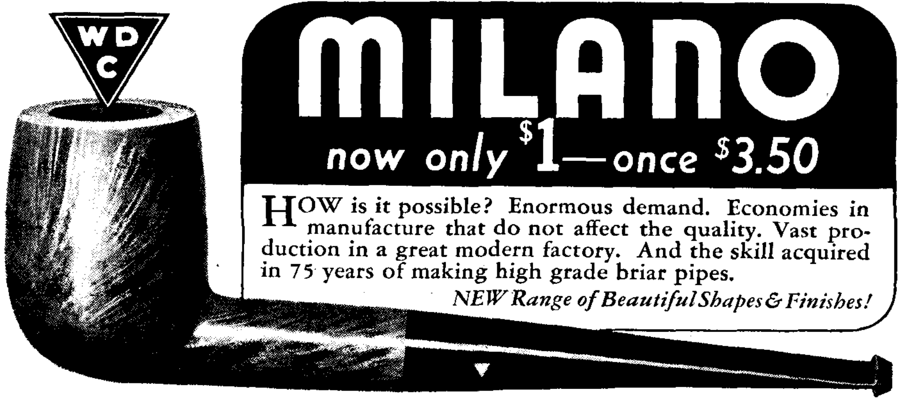

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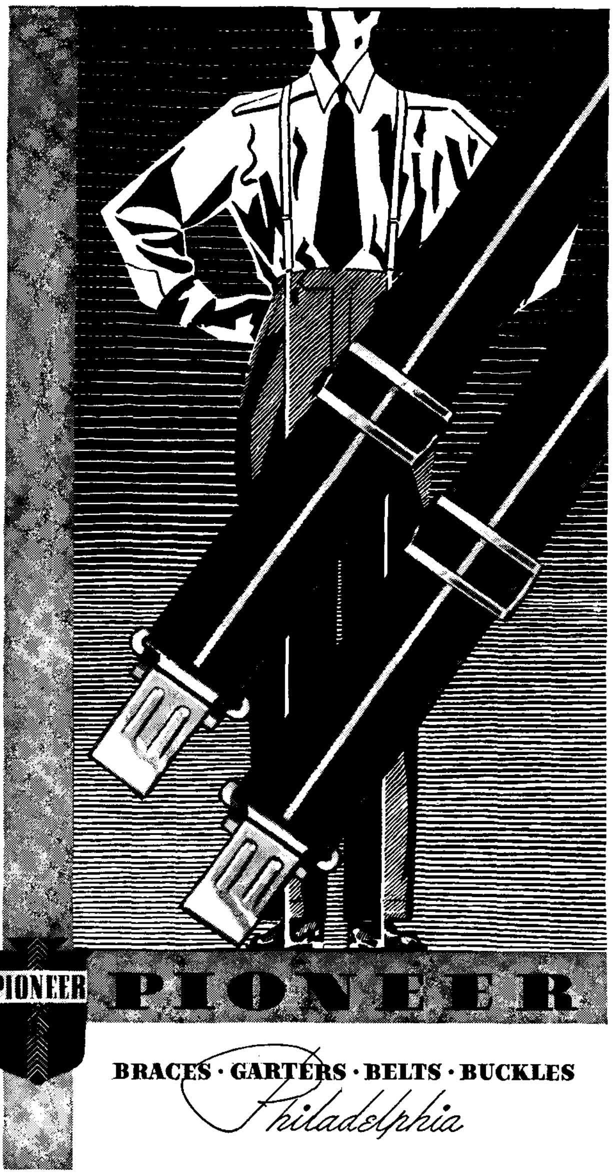

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Nyalgesic is penetrating . . . soothing—a liquid analgesic which aids in bringing relief from muscular aches—from rheumatic and neuralgic pain due to exercise or exposure. It isn't oily—never stains or blisters. Nyal druggists, everywhere, recommend it.

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

WORTH LOOKING FOR

Man Hunt

Continued from page 12

sugar cane. Once they made a little detour to walk through a bamboo grove Pilkins had found. It was so dense no sun got through, and the bamboo trees made a strange tinkling sort of music in the trade breeze. She seemed to like that.

They stopped at a little inn on the other side of the island for a late lunch. Bill said he would wait for her in the car, but she said no indeed, she did not want to lunch alone.

"Not in my state," she said ruefully. "I might get to thinking again. I don't want it to become a habit."

He took her into lunch. He paid the check too, telling her he would put it on the bill. He was careful to leave his cane in the car—he had managed to poke it on the floor close to the seat where she wouldn't see it. It was getting harder for him to walk now.

She didn't tell him her name, but when he had driven her back to the boat just before sailing time, she asked his, and how much the bill was.

"Bill Braydon," he told her. He didn't know what to do about the bill, so he asked her if three dollars would be too much.

She said, good gracious, he'd starve to death, and gave him ten, and then he gave her back five. Other passengers were returning too—all happy and full of enthusiasm. She spoke to no one.

"Listen," Bill said. "I hope you won't think it impudent of me, but is there anybody you'd like me to pop in the nose for you?"

The funniest look went over her face.

"Is that part of the service?" she asked him.

"I work for myself," Bill said. "I'm a free agent."

It was time for her to go now. The warning gong was sounding. She stood there a moment looking up at him.

"Goodby, Bill Braydon," she said slowly. "What this world needs is more men like you in it."

That was all. She walked very quickly toward the gangplank, turned and waved to him. He was to remember how she looked—sad and afraid again.

He waved his cap and smiled. He waited until the ship sailed, then went back to the car and drove home.

Miss Pilkins was sitting on the porch.

"Where on earth have you been?" she demanded.

"Now, now, Pilkie. That's a question only a wife should ask. Help me get this shoe off."

MISS PILKINS untied his shoe and pulled it off gently. Then she gave a long and suspicious sniff.

"Hmmmm—" she said. "Not a drink. Well, I never. And here I was afraid you were getting yourself lit; not that I'd blame you very much after all you've been through."

"I've had the most amazing . . ."

"You have a temperature."

"I've had the most amazing—what's that smell?"

"Wet blankets in the oven to bake out your leg. I suppose you know it's going on another rampage."

"Pilkie, I've met the most beautiful girl."

"Oh—so it was a girl, was it?"

"She was in trouble."

"Beautiful girls are always in trouble. Stranded, I suppose, without any money. How much did you give her?"

"I didn't give her anything. She gave me five dollars."

"Well—that's amazing all right. You can tell me all about her in the morning."

"I'll tell you now."

"Tomorrow," Pilkins said. "Hurry now. In bed with you."

Miss Pilkins gave him a hypo to ease the pain in his legs, and when it had begun to work, and the leg was packed in hot blankets, he felt content. He felt a little woozy too. He could hear his own voice telling her all about his day, and especially about the girl. Once he heard Pilkins giggle, but most of the time she just let him ramble. Finally he slept.

The next morning when he awakened, Miss Pilkins was not there. The Japanese boy brought him his breakfast and the newspaper and told him Miss Pilkins had given strict orders to keep him in bed, and that she'd be back pretty soon.

When she came in, she looked very brisk and smug.

"I thought you'd given me some of my own medicine," Bill said. "I thought you'd walked out on me."

"IT TOOK me until midnight to get you calmed down. You were in a state, you were," she told him.

"Yes, I know. I suppose you needed a little rest."

"Nonsense. As a matter of fact, I've been doing a little detective work."

"Really? May I ask what about?"

"About that girl. There was something you said when you were making your big speech—one of your big speeches—that worried me. I had a little chat with the ship reporter. I took care of his wife when she had her last baby. I just dropped in to see how the baby was getting along."

"And what did you find out?"

"I said I supposed he didn't notice any particularly beautiful girl when he met the ship yesterday, and he said that if there was a beautiful girl on board he hadn't noticed, she must have been hiding down in the hold."

"Well—"

"There were three, it seems. One was a Eurasian, tall with black eyes. Then there was a definite blonde. Rather obvious. Wearing white and three orchid leis."

"They're out."

"He had only a glimpse of the third. He wanted a picture of her. He always takes the pretty girls sitting on the rail showing their legs if he can manage it. He didn't manage it with this one. She was wearing blue—navy with touches of a lighter blue on her blouse."

"That's the one. Go on, Pilkie."

"He said she was a beauty all right. He asked the steward about her. Her name's Carol Kingsley, and she's from San Francisco on her way to Hong Kong. Beyond that nobody knew a thing. The steward told him she'd stayed in her stateroom the whole way over. She didn't mix with the passengers. Of course that made them all very curious. They thought she must be a movie star."

"Is she?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that at all. The steward remembered one thing about her, though. He told the reporter there were a great many people down to see her off."

"That doesn't give us much to go on."

"No-o-o-o," she admitted. "I didn't think so either. Last night when you were making your speeches, you told me about stopping at the pawnshop. You even told me where it was. I—well—I went down there and had a little chat with the old man."

"Pilkie, you're a genius."

"I don't know. Maybe I'm just a snooping old fool. You see the thing that worried me was that you were positive that she didn't display any jewelry

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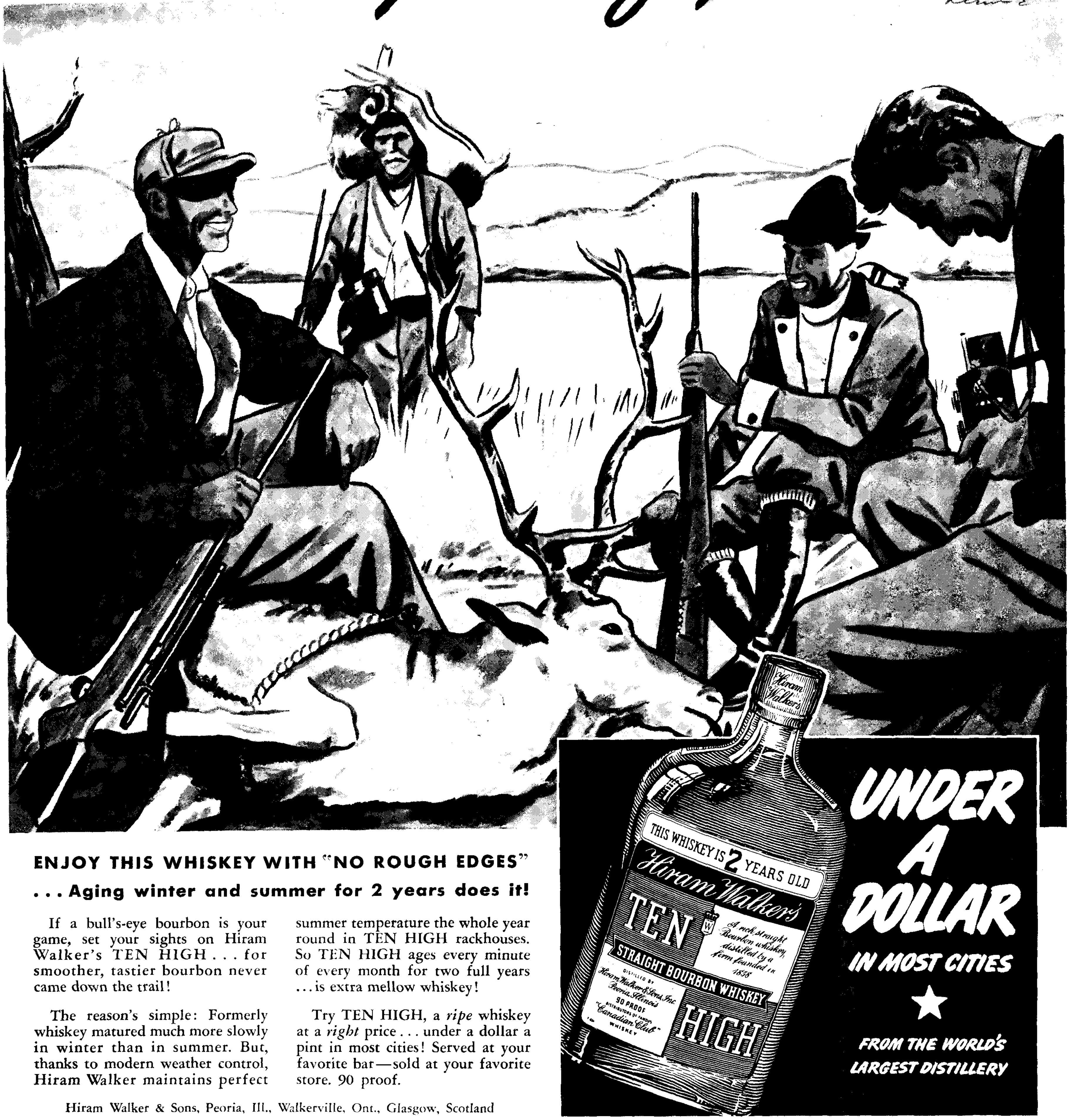
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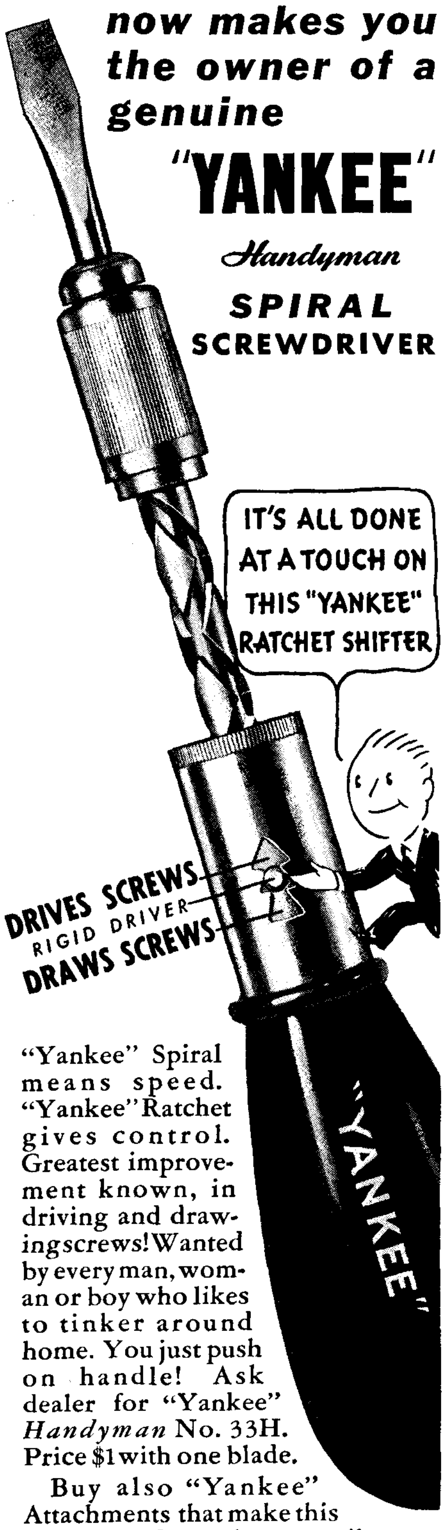
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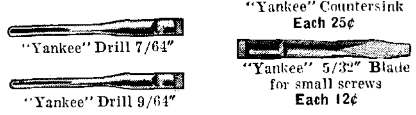

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or try to sell him anything. Anyway, I just had a little chat with the old man. I told him she was a patient of mine, and that she had had a very severe shock."

She walked over to the window and looked out.

"Now I don't want this to upset you," she said. "I had decided not to tell you, but you're so much better this morning. . . ."

"Pilkie, what is it? What did she want in that pawnshop?"

"Well—" Pilkins said. "It sounds a little melodramatic, but it seems that she went in there to buy a gun."

There is nothing harder on earth than to sit and think and do nothing. For a week Bill sat with his foot on a cushion and thought. First he thought of sending a radiogram to the captain of the ship to keep an eye on Carol Kingsley, but Miss Pilkins pointed out that even if the girl did want to buy a gun, it did not follow that she intended to use it on herself or anyone else. Maybe she was going into the interior of China and wanted a gun merely for protection.

"Don't you know someone there who could meet her and just sort of feel out her mood?" Pilkins asked, but Bill said no, nobody he'd trust.

It was good for him to worry about something other than himself, and he did get better. He was almost well again—that is he would be if he continued to be very, very careful of that leg—and Pilkins insisted that soon the doctor would be firing her.

The strange part of it was that Bill's worry didn't lessen with the days. It increased as the girl neared China. He didn't know yet that he was in love with her, but he did know that he would never be satisfied until he knew she was all right. It occurred to him one day that if he caught the China clipper, he would arrive in Hong Kong before her. It was absurd, of course, to fly from Honolulu to China after a girl he'd met once—she might even be married for all he knew—and Bill had to do quite a lot of rationalizing to make it sensible.

He told himself that his work was going to pot without him. That the doctor was an old fuss-budget. That Pilkins was babying him. That his leg was as good as new. Oh, he did a lot of rationalizing, Bill did! He even told himself that the girl had nothing to do with it. If he happened to bump into her, he would be pleased, but it was most unlikely.

HE DIDN'T breathe a word of this to Pilkins. Poor old Pilkie was quite capable of bopping a patient on the head if she thought it was for his good. Pilkins would say, "Don't be ridiculous," and call the doctor. The doctor would say, "Do you want to lose that leg?" or some such foolishness.

It took a little contriving to evade Pilkins. He managed it at last by sending her out to do some business for him, and sneaking away while she was gone. He left a note for her. He explained that he was flying to China on important affairs that wouldn't keep. He thanked her for being good to him. He left directions for forwarding his things to the such-and-such hotel. When he had finished, he knew it wouldn't fool her a bit, so he scrawled at the bottom, "Oh, heck, Pilkie! I've got to find out about that girl," packed his bag, called a taxi, and left. Later, when the big plane was zooming out over the Pacific, he felt a little ashamed of himself and a little smug. More smug than ashamed. He would write Pilkins, he promised himself. Maybe he could get her a good job in Siam. He would make it up to Pilkins somehow.

Bill arrived in Hong Kong a few hours before the girl. He was waiting on the dock when her ship came in. She was one of the last passengers to come ashore. He waited to see if anyone was there to meet her. No one was. She stood there by herself, looking frightened and bewildered, as if she didn't know what on earth to do now. Then he walked over to her.

"Taxi, lady?" he said.

She turned and stared at him, and gave a little gasp.

"Now look here—" she said.

"Please," Bill begged, "I can explain. I'm not a taxi man. I tried to tell you in Honolulu. I'm an engineer. I've been on a vacation, and I'm on my way back to work in Siam. I flew here by clipper. No—wait—I don't expect you to believe me. All I ask is that you let me take you to the American consul. He knows me. He'll vouch for me."

She laughed—a queer, shaky little laugh

"Bill Braydon," she said. "I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life."

LATER when the American consul had vouched for him—he insisted on that—he took her to lunch. He didn't ask her any questions. He kept telling her about Hong Kong, the places he wanted her to see, the people he wanted her to meet. She listened quietly, and when lunch was over and he'd lighted a cigarette, she said, "There's something I've got to tell you."

"You don't have to tell me anything."

"But I want to. I've wanted to ever since that day in Honolulu. I'm on top of it now, Bill. I'm in a jam clear up to my eyebrows, but I'm on top of it."

"Yes," he said. "I think you are."

"I suppose it isn't very unusual," she said. "I guess it happens lots of times. You see, Bill, when I finished college two years ago, I became engaged to a boy I'd known all my life."

"Yes."

"He was sent over to China by one of the big oil companies, and I expected to come with him, but Mother was ill and I couldn't leave her. My father's dead and I have no brothers or sisters. It was one of those dreadful, long-drawn-out illnesses, and there were times when I thought I'd never get to Lyn—that's his name, Lyn Barker—but all the time he kept writing me that he loved me and was waiting for me."

"Yes-s-s."

"Mother died three months ago. She was so sick toward the last, I didn't write Lyn as often as I should. But after she died, I wrote him, and he cabled me to come at once and marry him."

She laughed again—that queer, shaky little laugh.

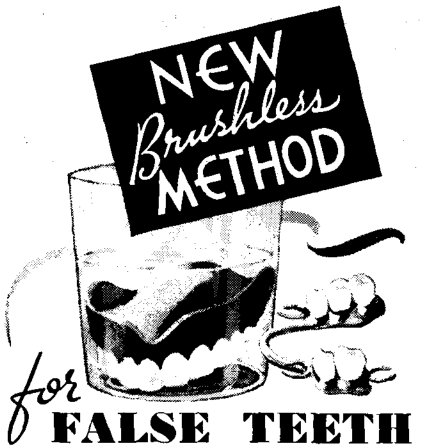
"He wrote me the dearest letter, all about where we'd be married, and where we'd live. It was like heaven to be able to hope and plan again. Mother's sickness was so expensive, there wasn't much money left, and I didn't want Lyn to be ashamed of me, so I spent a lot of it on clothes. All my friends and Mother's were grand to me, Bill. Everybody was down to see me off. There was a tremendous mob, and piles of gifts, and flowers, and letters and telegrams."

"And then?"

"You know how it is sailing out of San Francisco. It began to get rough right away. When we went under the bridge I was seeing three bridges. I went back to my stateroom. The flowers kept falling over. The trunk fell over too, and I kept picking them up. Finally, I dumped all the flowers in the bathtub and went to bed. Then I remembered the letters and telegrams. There was a letter from Lyn I'd missed somehow in all the rush. I opened it."

"Yes, Carol."

"He said that he loved me and always would, but that he loved someone else more. He said that he was sorry, but that it was just one of those things, and



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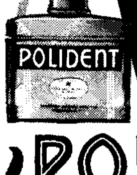

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that he hoped I'd understand and not blame him too much."

"The old line," Bill said.

"There I was—out at sea, going to a man who didn't want me and without enough money to get home again. I was ashamed to go back anyway, Bill, and afraid to go on. I was all mixed up. I didn't dare get off the boat in Honolulu to stay, because I have friends there and I didn't want them to know the truth. I didn't know what to do. I still don't."

"I do," Bill said. "I know exactly what to do. But you have to trust me, and you have to do exactly what I say. I'm going to take you to a married friend of mine. She's a peach and you'll like her. I'm going to tell her that you came over here to be married, but that you haven't seen the man for years, and after you got on the boat, you got scared."

"Well, that's true enough."

"Of course it is, and she'll understand it perfectly. You see, Carol, she came over here, too, to marry a man she hadn't seen for years. When she was on the boat, she couldn't remember whether his eyes were blue or brown. She got the jimjams. She was scared to death. She was over here two months before she decided she knew him well enough to marry him."

"Wait a minute," Carol said. "You're not fooling me one bit, Bill Braydon. I see what you're up to. You're going to let her assume it's you I came to marry. Then all your friends will be lovely to me. You're giving me a build-up."

"Well, suppose I am?"

"But I can't—I won't. . . ."

"Ah-ah-ah!" he said. "You promised. Besides I'm going to enjoy this. We're going to have fun."

For two weeks they had fun. Bill Braydon had tumbled at last. He knew by this time that he was in love with her and he knew also—or thought he did—that she was still in love with Lyn. Well—might as well find out!

He did a little quiet snooping, and found out something about Lyn Barker and his new girl, and where they went. And one night he arranged a big party at a club dance where he was pretty sure they'd be.

Bill could never remember some of the details of that night. His leg had begun to hurt him again. No gentle ache this time, but a piercing, stabbing pain. He hadn't told anybody he'd been ill, being still young enough to be ashamed of weakness.

HE KNEW that Carol had never looked so lovely or so white as when she leaned over to whisper to him that Lyn was there.

"At the back table to the right, Bill. With the pretty blonde in blue."

A good-looking youngster—Lyn. One of those nice, untried youths who go to the Far East and get themselves in deep water too near shore. He looked pretty white himself, sitting there, just watching Carol. Finally the girl who was with him went off with some other man in a huff. Then he came over to Carol.

He said, "Hello," and she said, "Oh, hello, Lyn. Do you know Bill Braydon?"

There were more introductions then, and Lyn said, "Been over long?"

"Let me see. How long have I been over, Bill?"

"Well—" Bill said, "yesterday we drove around, and three nights ago we went to a party, and seven—no eight nights ago we went to two dinners—"

"Three dinners, Bill."

"All right, three dinners, and I hadn't a chance to speak to you all evening, and—"

"And then in Honolulu you drove me up the Pali—"

"And we looked at pineapples and walked through a jacaranda grove."

"It was a bamboo grove, Bill."

"That's right. It was a bamboo grove."

"Carol," Lyn said, "shall we dance?"

"Not this one," Bill told him. "This one's mine. You see, I have to leave early. Yes—I know this is my party, but I have to leave on serious business. This is my last dance. I'll bring her right back, Mr. Barker."

They danced.

"Bill," Carol said, "you're walking out on me."

"No, I'm not. I'm not walking out on anybody—not very far."

"Bill, please stay. Don't you see? He's going to turn turtle again. It may take him a little time, but he's going to want me back."

"Yes, I see."

"Bill, you're so strange. Are you ill?"

"Me? Never felt better in my life. I'm just going away for a little while, Carol. I'll be back."

HE TOOK her back to the table to Lyn, and left. By the time he reached his hotel, he was in such pain he could scarcely stand. He managed to make the door, and then by slow stages the elevator. There stood Pilkins.

He said, "Pilkie, if he isn't good to her, I'll break every bone in his body."

Miss Pilkins took one look at him, and came over and took his arm.

She said, "Of course you will, Bill. I'll help you."

"What? And get ourselves hanged? Don't be ridiculous. I'm sick." He was.

Days later he opened his eyes to see Pilkins sitting beside him.

"You're all right," Pilkins said.

He lay quietly then. There was so much he wanted to know, but was afraid to ask. He told himself there was no need to ask. He knew the answers.

Pilkins seemed to know what he was thinking, because she said: "You're not well enough to talk, but you can listen. When you flew out on me in Honolulu, I had a little chat with the doctor. I told him you were chasing a beautiful girl across the Pacific, and he said that if I wanted you to have two legs to walk on, I better chase right along after you."

She chuckled a little. "I was just hankering for an excuse to come to China," she admitted. "It has such a nice, old civilization. Don't you think?"

She busied herself about the room, while his eyes followed her. This was all very interesting, but not what he wanted to know. He kept right on asking questions with his eyes.

"Yes," Pilkins said. "You've been pretty sick. Almost as sick as you were in the islands. We've had a time with you all right—the other nurse and I."

She chuckled again.

"You better not try any monkey business on her," she told him. "She's a strict one, she is."

Pilkins waited a moment for that to sink in. "My, but we did have some excitement around this hotel. A young man kept hanging around and pounding on the door. He said girls didn't come to China to help nurse men they'd picked up on docks. That made her pretty mad." She stopped talking.

"Well—" Bill said.

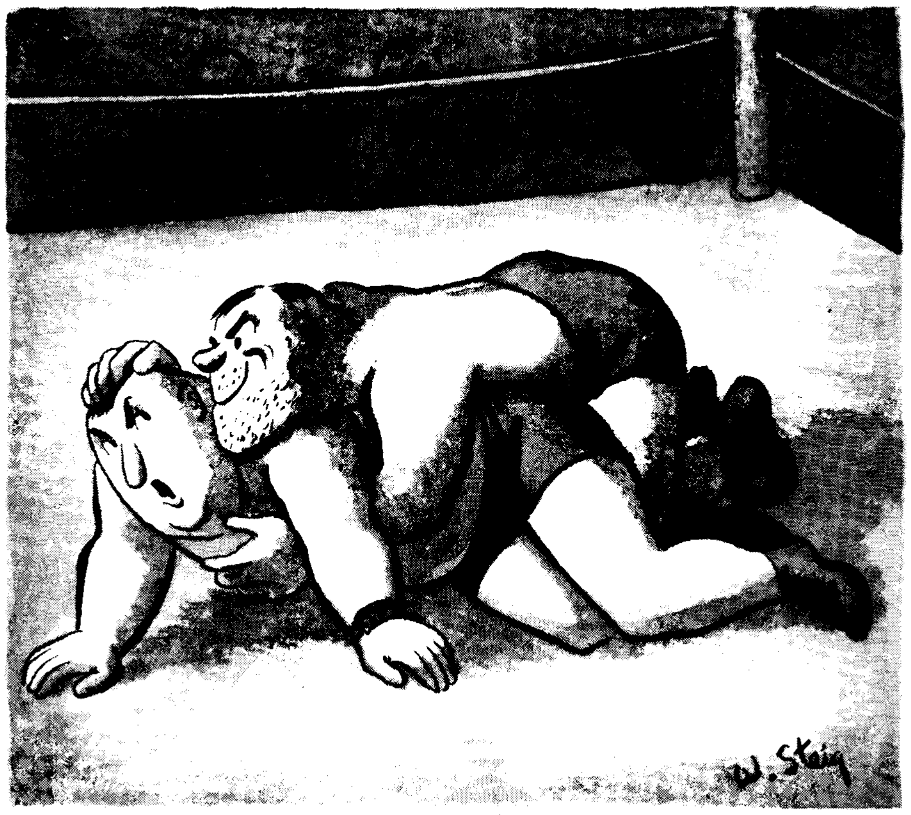
"I thought I told you not to talk."

With that Pilkins walked out of the room and left him flat. She had him back where she wanted him now, and she wasn't going to let him forget it. He lay there with his eyes shut, and presently the door opened and Carol came in.

He raised his head then, and he said, "If Pilkins catches me talking, she'll crown us both, but there's something I've got to ask you. Will you—do you—"

Carol said, "Of course I will. I made up my mind to that long ago. Now you go back to sleep."

So! Two women riding herd on him! He said, "See you in Siam," and went back to sleep.



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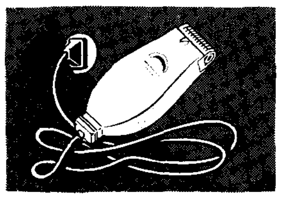

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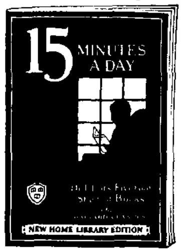

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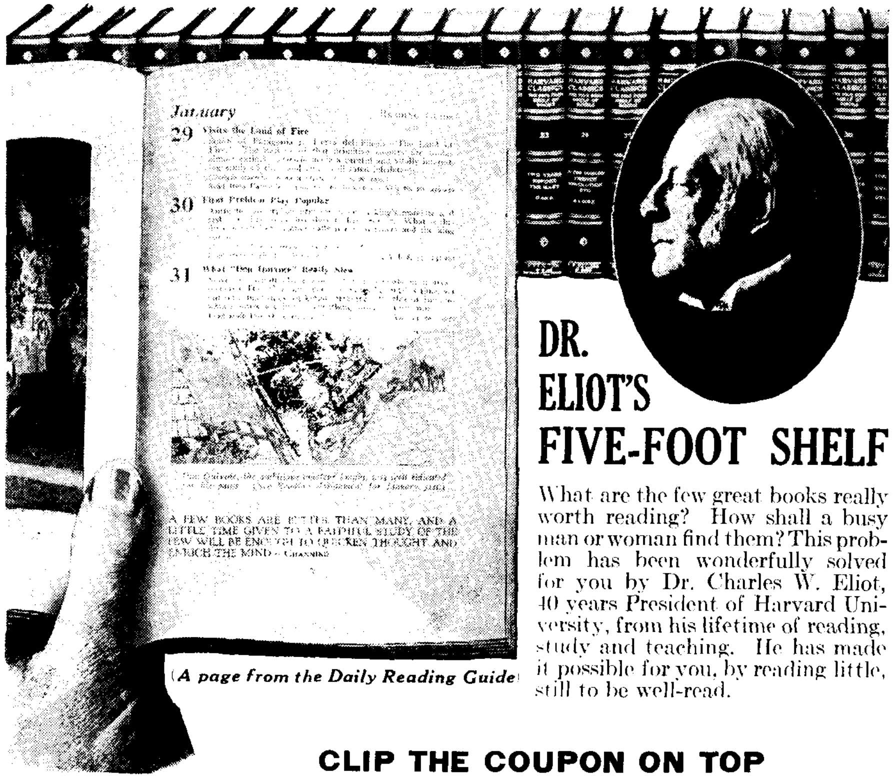

A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND —Channing

(A page from the Daily Reading Guide)

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CLIP THE COUPON ON TOP

Armistice Night Dinner

Continued from page 16

He watched her step away through the dusk, quiet and reserved in the excited atmosphere of the celebrating city.

A big truck full of German prisoners went careering down the street, as happy and exhilarated as anyone. But now his leg was aching badly, so he rose to get back to the hospital and bed, the only place where he was warm and comfortable. Passing the crowded café in the Grande Place, he glanced regretfully inside, looking in vain for the Irish face of the sergeant. Someone was playing the piano, and waiters were scurrying about with trays loaded with drinks. It was a cheerful scene but not for him, and he turned up the Rue Ville-es-Martin toward the hospital. As he did so two figures overtook him. One was the girl in black. The other was a burly American doughboy.

THE soldier stepped even with her and said something. She paid no attention, quickened her pace, and the two were soon lost in the street ahead. He limped slowly along, when suddenly a cry came from the next block. It wasn't a shout of celebration; it was a cry of distress. In a minute he had caught up and saw them struggling in a doorway, the girl in the doughboy's arms.

"Hey, soldier, lay off that jane, will you?"

He released her and turned. "Yeah! So what's it to you, huh? Wanna make something out of it?"

"Just lay off her, that's all."

"Hope to spit in your mess kit if I do." With that the big fellow jumped him. Six months in a combat unit from base port to front lines had taught him a few things about a scrap, and for a while he held his own, landing a solid poke on the other's chin and a smack across the eyes. Through the give and take of blows and scuffle he heard the girl out in the street calling for the military police, heard a whistle in the distance and the sound of pounding feet. Then his leg began to hamper his movements, and his strength ebbed. There was a wicked blow on the forehead, a crack behind the ear, and down he went.

The fall knocked him out. When he came to she was dragging him into the narrow entry and slamming the big door. Outside, harsh voices were shouting.

"Thass him—don't let him get away, Corporal. . . . They's another one behind the door, Sarge—grab that bird there. . . . Roughing it up with some French dame. . . ."

The blows on the door sounded like thunder. They were audible over the house and throughout the entire block. But it was Armistice Night. No one came. Everyone was in the streets celebrating.

He lay there panting, exhausted and bleeding in her arms, feeling the throb of her heart, her breath on his face. The pounding continued. It seemed as if the whole town must surely hear, but no one stirred above, no one descended and they were undisturbed. Finally the noise slackened. The voices died away and the M. P.'s moved off with their prisoner.

His head ached. His mouth tasted of blood. Slowly she pulled him to his feet and up the first flight, step by step. His legs were curiously weak but her embracing arm and the nearness of her was soothing. Bruised and sore all over, he was also elated and warm in the unexpected comradeship of their adventure. Another flight? Impossible. He sank down to rest, his head buzzing. Finally, half dragged by the girl, they reached the top floor. She unlocked the door of a room and helped him through the dark onto a bed. He lay there panting while she lit a small kerosene lamp.

"*Ah.*" She examined his head by the light of the lamp. Her voice was tender as she flew across the room, putting water on a gas burner to heat, opening and shutting drawers, pulling out bandages and finally bathing his battered face. It hurt and made him wince.

"Ah, poor little one," she murmured compassionately. There was the cut on his forehead, a knot behind the ear, and one good leg was torn up and down his shin where he had fallen against the stone curb outside. But he was happy at last. Someone cared. The aching loneliness of the afternoon vanished. Despite the pain he was contented and joyful. She came over with some liquid in a glass. He smelled it. Cognac! He was going to get that drink after all. The warmth in his heart soon extended to his body. What? What was that? What was she saying?

Oh, that was it. "Food—are you hungry? Have you eaten?" He shook his head, grinning, and turned his pockets inside out. She tossed back her head and laughed. With her hat off he noticed how nicely her hair clung to her neck, observed the whiteness of her teeth when she opened her mouth. It was a cheerful, gay laugh, and her movement as she patted him on the shoulder and spoke was cheerful too. From the machine-gun fire of words he could make out little, but he guessed she was telling him to lie still while she cooked dinner.

His heart leaped. When you haven't eaten a home-cooked meal for eighteen months, when your last meal was a dish of hospital slum served in a greasy mess kit seven hours away, when you are alone and penniless in a strange land on Armistice Night, an invitation like that makes your heart leap. He was in a home. Small, but a home. A home with personality, too. Yes, that was it, she was going to cook. He was to eat dinner there, a real home-cooked meal. He watched her deft, quick movements, filling pots with water, putting them on the burner taking out pans.

SHE came over. Cool fingers passed across his hot face. She pulled up a blanket and he lay quietly watching her work. From below the noise and rumor of Armistice Night in the streets rose to his ears.

He glanced about the room. It was beneath the attic, the roof sloping down toward the one small window on the street. The furniture consisted of a bed, a table and two chairs. At a small sink in the corner she apparently washed; on the two-jet gas burner she cooked her meals. No rugs on the floor. No heat save that of the burners, no light except the flickering lamp. The wallpaper was faded and cracked in spots, but the room was cheerful and comfortable and clean. When you have been sleeping for months in the open air and the front-line trenches, in stables and barracks and hospitals that were often leaking tents, this room was heaven.

On a small dresser was the faded photograph of an oldish man with whiskers in uniform, a *kepi* on his head. Next to it was the picture of a young Chasseur Alpin with the same alert face, the same trim figure as the girl. He decided to try out his uncertain French.

"*Vous père?*" He pointed to the faded photograph.

"Yes—my father." Her face lit up with pleasure that he had noticed it, but a wave of sadness followed. "He died at Montfaucon." The date came, but he couldn't understand.

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"And the other," he said haltingly, "your brother?" "*Oui*." She turned her head and there was a catch in her throat. "He died at Souchez."

And so, piecemeal, he got the story, as he watched her as she moved from stove to sink and from the sink back to the stove. Mother dead, father killed in action, brother dead at the front. Alone she lived in this garret without heat, earning the price for it by work in a shop in the Rue Carnot. The line of Kipling's flashed across his mind: "Tireless in pleasure, merciless in toil." That was it, merciless in toil.

In a moment she was tossing a wide-checked red and white cloth over the table. It was worn and patched, but clean. He tried to think back to when he had sat down to a meal on a tablecloth. Funny about things like that; you never miss them until you don't have them. Then you miss them plenty.

HE ROSE, his head still dizzy. Fingering with pleasure the rough tablecloth, he sat down. Soup, hot soup, not slum. And there was bread with butter, fresh bread, not baked three days before. With the meat she brought out some wine. It was a wine he had never tasted before, a white wine, soft and gentle. He sipped from the glass.

"Good," he said, pointing at the bottle.

She laughed with an eager delight. He smiled back. It was easy to smile. He drank it in; the peace and quiet of the room compared to the dirty slum line in the basement of the hospital, the hot food, the wine, the feeling that he was in a home, that at last someone cared. Of all the meals in his life this Armistice Night dinner was the best.

She brought out some cheese. Then she asked a question he couldn't understand. She leaned across the table, repeating her question, and as she did he noticed the curve and fall of her breast under the little black dress. His name?

"Henry. Henry K. Morrison."

"*Ah, Henri!*"

"*Oui. Et vous? Vous—nom?*"

"*Germaine.*" He thought it was the most musical name he had ever heard. "Germaine Dupont." She pushed back her chair and rose. She was happy to see him eat, to watch the color come back into his face. This thin, pale boy had come six thousand kilometers to jump into the fight of her people, and then weak and wounded he had jumped into her personal fight. She rose, lovely and slender in the light of the lamp from the bureau as she stood over the table, glass in hand.

"*Aux Etats Unis, aux Etats Unis et les soldats d'Amérique qui sont venus en France.*" With a gesture she raised her glass and drank.

He understood. A toast to the United States. So in turn he stood, not with her grace and ease, because somehow he felt as if all France were watching. He remembered the words he had been hearing on everyone's lips all afternoon.

"To France and her soldiers—and her women. . . ." Funny, he couldn't go on. He was dizzy. The glass was falling—the glass. . . .

With one jump she was there. Catching him as he fell, she pulled him across to the bed. When he came to she was lying beside him, caressing his hair, speaking a torrent of words not one of which he understood. But if those words meant nothing, the tone of her voice was plain enough. He opened his eyes and smiled, happy to see her, to feel her warm body close to his, her breasts pressing on him, that anxious look in her eyes.

"Germaine—" His voice was dry and weak. "Rest, my little one," she whispered, "rest easily—" She started to move, to rise, but he didn't want her to move. With his waning strength he held her close. He wanted her to lie there forever in his arms. She yielded; slowly her face came closer; her mouth drew near to his. Through their embrace the noises of Armistice Night in the street below rose to the little room, but neither heard them. . . .

There was a small streak of sunlight on the floor from the tiny window when he woke up. His leg ached and his head throbbed, but he felt happy and alive. Something hummed and steamed. It was a coffeepot on the little gas burner. Germaine was not there. She had gone to work without waking him.

The red-checked tablecloth was all set for breakfast. A clean cup and saucer were on it, a small packet of sugar, bread and butter. He washed at the sink, dressing as well as his aching leg would permit, wound his puttees, and ate breakfast. Leave a note? No, he couldn't write the damn' language. He'd be back that evening.

Down the stairs and into the sunlight of the Rue Ville-es-Martin where he decided to grab a truck going up to the hospital. This was part of his Armistice Night dinner he didn't look forward to, because the major would probably give him hell, but he relied on the fact that there would doubtless be a lot of men who failed to check in at reveille. He wandered down to the Place Carnot and was standing on the corner when someone called his name.

"Hank. Hey, there, Hank." The familiar voice of Sergeant O'Brien. "Say, you better hop up to the hospital if you want to catch that boat. They were hollering your name all through the wards this morning."

"Boat? What boat?" His heart was pounding curiously. Twelve hours before he had only one thought: to get home. Now the idea of leaving hurt.

"The Martha Washington. They've turned her into a hospital ship and the worst cases are off this afternoon. You better snap into it. . . . Hey, fella, wait a minute!" A huge camion rumbled past and, as it paid no attention, the sergeant stepped out and whistled shrilly through his teeth. The driver of the truck heard, saw the waving hand and slowed down.

"Hop along, soldier. You ain't got much time."

THE gray-haired American sitting with his wife on the bench along the Boulevard President Wilson overlooking the ocean heard the last strains of *Sambre et Meuse* fade away, the final fanfare of trumpets as the Armistice Day parade disappeared up the Rue Ville-es-Martin toward the infantry barracks that had been Base Hospital No. 101 nineteen years before. The November haze was descending over the town and there was a chill in the air.

"Thou art cold, *cheri?*" she said, noticing him shiver.

The cold, or was it memory? "Getting damp, dear." He rose stiffly, for on days like this the old wound in his leg always bothered him.

They stood up and wandered down the street past the café in the Grande Place, noisy with soldiers from the garrison, sailors with their girls from the port. Inside someone was playing a piano, and the waiters were scurrying around with trays full of drinks. But the couple did not stop. They turned and walked slowly up the Rue Ville-es-Martin hand in hand. Dusk had settled slowly on the town as after several blocks they came to a four-story house.

"This is the place, Germaine?"

"*Non, mon petit; non, mon Henri.* Not here. The next door. *Voilà.* That is where we have our Armistice Night dinner."

He looked. "Yep. That's right. The same house, the same door. In France nothing changes."

He leaned over and kissed his wife.

"Nothing, *cheri.*"

Odd Facts of Old Boston

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Her Weight in Gold

When John Hull's daughter, Hannah, was married, he promised that her dowry should be her weight in pine-tree shillings. She "weighed in" at 125 pounds which came to about 10,000 shillings or approximately $2,500 for her dowry.

Just 100 Years Ago

One hundred years ago, smoking was forbidden in any street in Old Boston under the penalty of a substantial fine. The mayor, who was a cigar smoker himself, created a smokers' hide-out on Boston Common.

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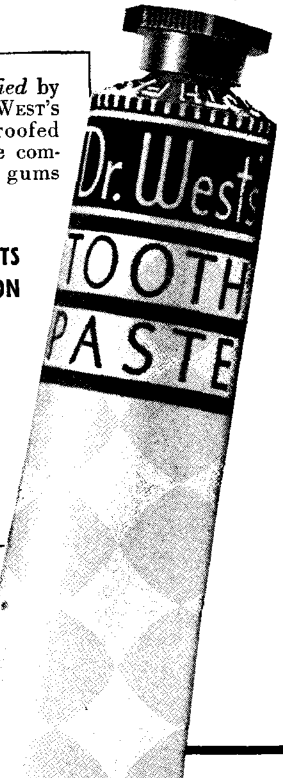

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Under His Wing

Continued from page 21

Shorty became friends when each found the other reading extensively about this newfangled aeroplane, then beginning to make headlines.

Brodie learned to fly, and thenceforth Shorty was his mechanic, promoter, stooge manager, front, voice and ticket chopper. One important chore was to watch Brodie while he was aloft so that whenever he fell and smashed the plane, Shorty could tell him why he fell—at least, the reason that appeared most likely to a trained observer on the ground—and then put the airplane together again. Brodie had certain peculiarities. For instance, he would not fly higher than 25 feet. "Slow and low" was his motto. Shorty, always in danger when abroad on the field of having his hair parted by his flying colleague's plane, climbed in grimly with Brodie one day and jawed and cajoled him into ascending 600 feet just to convince him how safe it was to be away up there in the deep air.

A Flair for Experimentation

Flying was a gingerly matter, in those days. Trees were the index for pilots; if the leaves were stirring ever so little, it was too windy and Otto would not risk a hop. This provoked another of Shorty's duties. You see, exhibition flights were usually a matter of contract with state-fair managers, or such. They would billposter the flights for certain hours just before sunset was the usual time, for the early birds had learned air was quietest then and at dawn.

When the cautious pilots would decide not to fly, the promoters would storm up and demand they go aloft immediately, make good the advertisements, satisfy the crowds that had come out for blood. Our heroes had a little act for those embarrassing moments. Brodie, confronted by the irate promoter, would call Shorty over. "Why," he would demand, "is my aeroplane not ready for my flight, as scheduled?" Shorty would fidget, and look guiltier than usual, and blurt out: "Mr. Brodie, the gingerscoopus pin in the pulpovometer is broken!"

Brodie would fix a blazing eye upon Shorty and demand, "I thought I told you long ago to send to Paris for a supply of gingerscoopuses so that we'd always have an extra on hand?" Next day, if the leaves weren't stirring, the gingerscoopus would be miraculously repaired.

Shorty enlisted in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army, in 1916, because the prospects of war seemed more exciting than a life of perpetual co-piloting. Shorty went from private to major in four years. The unschooled boy, with his mechanical genius and flair for experimentation, became the field boss of engineering school graduates of high degrees. In the Army, later in the civil industry, he associated with the most skillful men, the cleverest brains; part of his great talent is a blotting-paper mind, which made his colleagues' education his. Shorty is grateful: "Any contributions I have made," he once wrote to the Chief of Staff of the Army, "any success that I have had in aviation are the result of the training, opportunities, and experience given me by the U. S. Army Air Corps and I owe my Government a debt of gratitude." It is said the general swooned.

But if Shorty is obligated to the Army, both military and civil flying are indebted to him. The sum of his work comes near to being the approximate total of aviation progress. He initiated, developed and personally tested parachute flares for night landings; and plane lights, for the same purpose. In 1919 Shorty determined the need for "anti-knock" fuel for high-compression and supercharged engines, and proposed work toward it; with the result that C. F. Kettering of General Motors became interested, and undertook the development of the fuel—which you have for your car today. Also in that year, Shorty went up to 30,000 feet to conduct tests in order to prove his theory of the possibility of higher speeds at higher altitudes.

Such trivial matters as limited gasoline capacity never bothered Shorty when he started upstairs: most of his landings, from his high-altitude flights, were "dead stick"—that is, really, dead engine; propeller, or "stick," not turning from motive power. On his pre-record hops, Lieutenant G. W. Elsey usually went along as observer. Elsey was a quiet, studious fellow, who had attention only for his work and left the flying of the plane entirely to Shorty, for whom he entertained confidence and affection in equal amounts. Moreover, he was never feazed by eventualities; and, in the fashion of engineers, he had little ear for jokes. Now Shorty is a great one for quips; and in the long, silent glides from the upper air, when in their powerless airplane there was no sound except the whistling of wind in the wires, and they could talk from one open cockpit to the other more easily than at home in the parlor, he would seek to entertain Elsey. Shorty does not remember that his observer ever replied—save once. That once cured Shorty of twitting him.

They were coasting down from 30,000 feet. Far below, perhaps 1,000 feet above the ground, there was an unbroken layer of clouds; around and above, clear sky. It takes a long, long time to kill altitude in a conservative glide, so minute after minute passed, and they seemed no closer to the clouds below. Half an hour—45 minutes—more than an hour: Shorty, bored, thought to have some fun. So he began looking over from side to side, with an expression of feigned bewilderment, and turning to Elsey with gestures to indicate his fear they were getting no place, and seemed lost.

"Do you think, sir," asked his engineer observer, with grave detachment, "it is possible that we have missed the earth entirely?"

A Stratosphere Pioneer

Shorty conducted the first tests of a controllable pitch propeller, and invented one which still pays him royalties. He made the tests of the first turn indicator, and out of that work recommended the same combination of blind-flight instruments that is in use today. Almost a generation ago, in 1919, he made the first deliberately blind flight in aviation history over a plotted course.

All the foregoing work gave extraordinary impetus to headway in the air; and, of course, won for Shorty his meed of praise within the industry. His most spectacular achievements, so far as newspaper headlines were concerned, came early in 1920 when he established world altitude records solo and became the first human being to penetrate the stratosphere. At his top he got to 36,000 feet—footage since exceeded through improved equipment, but wonderful for its day.

When you fly to great altitudes, and you are not in a sealed cabin supercharged to atmospheric conditions under which you can live normally, you must inhale raw oxygen to maintain the mixture of air necessary for your bodily existence.

Shorty's oxygen equipment, seventeen years ago, was not so efficient as today's. He schooled himself to expect failure. He wandered around Dayton, Ohio, mumbling to himself: "In case of darkness, oxygen failure, pull into a spin" until folks suspected he was a defaulting banker. Thousands upon thousands of times he recited this, until it was part of his instincts. He pasted the warning in big letters over his instrument panel. The idea was that in a spin, a comparatively slow method of descent, the change of pressure would not be too dangerous for his heart and other organs. It is known that consciousness lost in upper air comes back when you re-enter lower altitudes; therefore, Shorty counted upon snapping out of his dreams and taking charge of the plane for a normal landing.

Then He Fainted

On his first altitude record attempt, February 6, 1920, he was far above 30,000 feet when he suddenly realized that all was not well. His oxygen regulator had failed; his eyesight and reflexes were vanishing. Throughout the flight he had been reading and reciting, "In case of darkness, oxygen failure, pull into a spin." Instinctively, he reached for the controls, but it was—too—it was too—late. . . . He no longer remembered where the throttle was. He fumbled around with his thick gloves for the stick, to pull it back for a spin; and then—blackness.

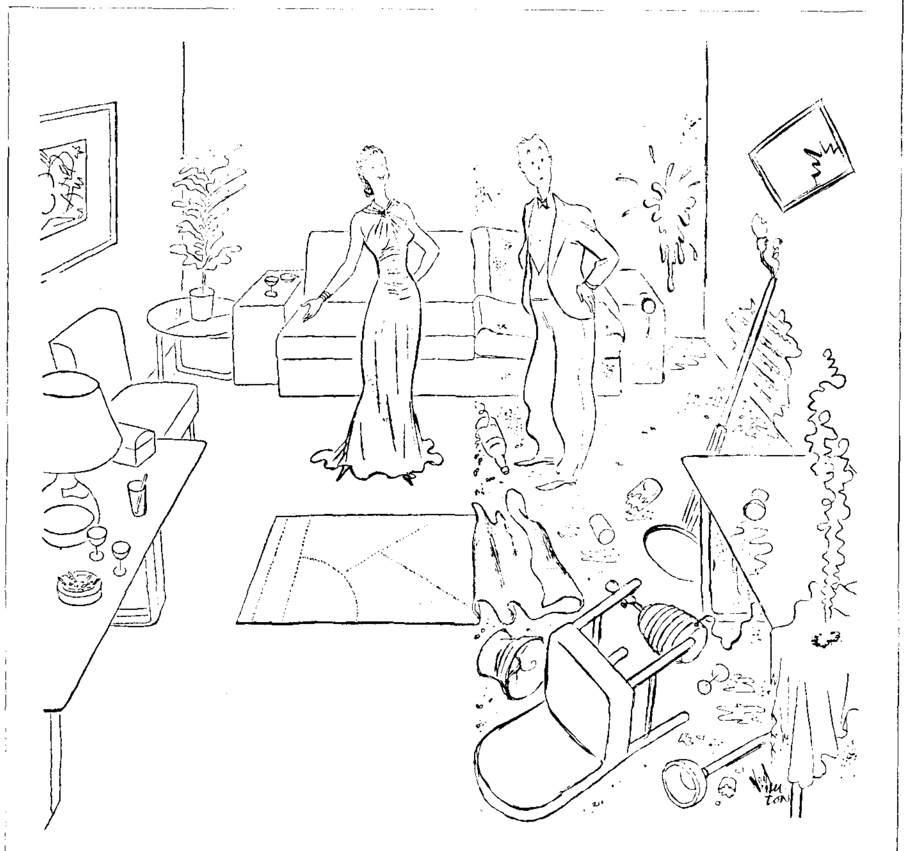
After a while he became aware of dreamily watching something go 'round and 'round over his shoulder. He studied it for a long time before he realized that it was Dayton, Ohio; that he was seated in a spinning plane; and that, instead of the control stick, he was pulling with all his might on his left foot!

In his next and last record flight, twenty days later, he sought to avoid a repetition of oxygen failure. He carried two supplies; one connected with the automatic regulator, the other with a rubber tube he put aside for emergency. At 36,000 feet the automatic supply failed. Shorty reached for the other bottle. He could not locate it; his senses were failing. He bent over and poked around on the floor, but could not see; he thought perhaps his face mask had slipped and covered his eyes, not realizing he had gone "black." Foolishly, he tore off his face mask in his efforts to look for the oxygen bottle, lifted his goggles from his eyes. Then, desperately, he gave up and reached for the stick. But now, somehow, he found himself mumbling, "In case of darkness, oxygen failure, put in *dive*." So he pushed the stick ahead, motor roaring—and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Straight down, from the stratosphere to within perhaps 2,000 feet of the earth, 34,000 feet or approximately six miles, in less than three minutes—the unconscious pilot slumped over the stick, holding the ship in a full-power dive, while his body was subjected to devastating sudden pressure changes. Miraculously, he came out of the dive. He does not know how or why: observers on the ground later told him the recovery was, technically, nice as you please. Consciousness returned; but everything was still black. *His eyeballs had frozen when he lifted his goggles.*

His face was sticky and wet from blood. The film of ice that had formed over his eyes had broken when he got into low and warmed levels, and lacerated his lids. He found that by closing his eyelids by hand, and resting, he could then hold them open for a few seconds before the eyeballs would roll up again. Long enough, at least, for a glance at the ground. Flying thus, blind most of the time, in exquisite pain, seeing perhaps for one minute in ten, orienting himself by feeling the sunlight upon his closed eyes—he found his way to his base field. He maneuvered an approach, saving his eyes as much as possible. At the end, he rested one elbow on the cowling, held his eyes open, cut his engine, and came in. He was still many feet off the ground when his eyesight failed again. He sat there, blind, held steady, felt the wheels touch and the ship roll to a stop. Then he fainted.

He was in the hospital for weeks. The doctors marked lines on his chest to study and chart the frightful dilation and hammering of his heart. The force of the dive had burned the varnish from the ship, and the change of pressure had



"Well, anyway, half the people were well-behaved" NED HILTON

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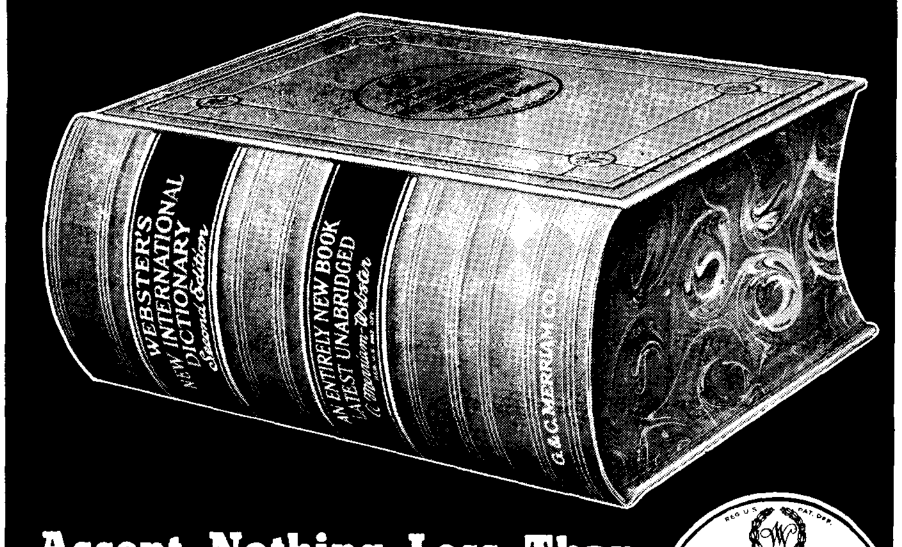

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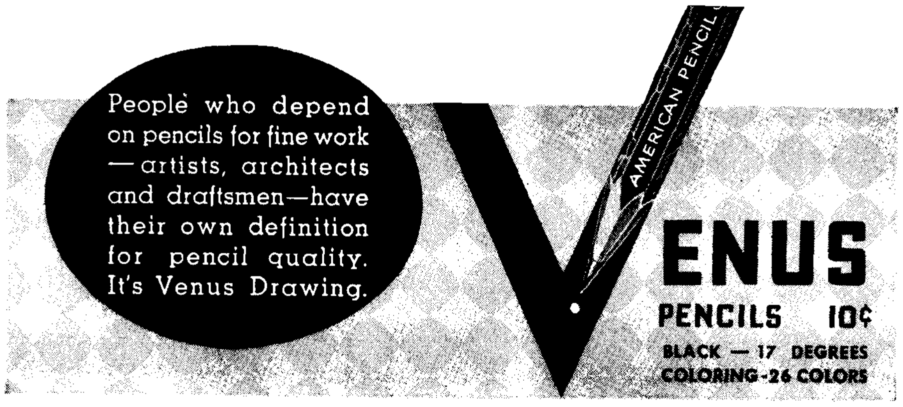
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He resigned from the Air Corps in 1920, and went through not only the commonplace activities of civil flying of that period—barnstorming, racing, and the like—but continued to set up milestones. He did important aviation insurance research, held commercial Air Mail Pilot's License Number 1, and organized and operated for the Ford Motor Company the first large commercial air line in this country. Between Dearborn and Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo his line carried freight, passengers—and was the first private company to carry United States Mail. An official of the company, trying to sell the Ford plane to an interested air line, wanted Shorty to certify it would still fly safely with one motor dead.

"*If I should certify that this plane can* fly with any one engine out, which it cannot do," said our hero, "and Mr. Henry Ford finds it out, he'll fire me, won't he?"

"Yes," said the official.

"And if I don't so certify, you will fire me?"

"Yes," said the boss.

"Then I resign!"—and Shorty did. Years later Henry Ford learned this story; found out, moreover, that Shorty had been framed. He fired the man involved, sent for Shorty to make amends, and today they are great friends.

He continued his association in research with the Army; and he had miscellaneous flight activities which kept him busy until he joined the Air Commerce Bureau as Chief of the Air Line Inspection Service in 1933. It was then you came to know him as the man who went out to investigate accidents. He conducted the public hearings and drew up the official conclusions with regard to every major aviation accident of recent years, including the Hindenburg disaster. *He* developed a technique of his own for getting at the causes; and, both here and in Europe, is esteemed to be without a peer in this work.

It is nothing that he has put down on paper, Shorty explains; it is in his heart. It goes back to the earliest days of his flying; to 1910, in Chicago, and Dan Cramer. Dan was an engineer on the Illinois Central Railroad. On his days off he would come to the airport where Otto Brodie and Shorty were flying; and they, and everybody on the field, learned to love him. Then, one day, Shorty watched his friend fall to death in a spin —or "rotational accident," as it was called in those days. Shorty, heartbroken, felt himself strongly moved to attempt to learn why Dan had been killed; what caused these mishaps that snuffed out friend after friend under his eyes.

Orderly, Patient and Stubborn

Shorty, thereupon, went minutely over the wreckage of Dan's plane; looked for structural defects, pictured in his mind the disaster as he had witnessed it; tried to reconstruct, in his thoughts, the situation as it must have faced the dead pilot. Just a few days after Dan, another close friend—Paul Peck—was aloft. Shorty and Otto watched him. At a good height he began to spiral. "The fellows liked to do that," Shorty recalls; "liked to show off in front of the others, what nice spirals they could make." Peck, getting close to the ground, continued to spiral. "I think Paul is having one of those rotational accidents," Shorty cried; and he jumped into his car, and was close to the spot before Paul hit. Peck was still living, and Shorty lifted him onto the back seat of the car and started off for the hospital with him. "Paul," he asked, over his shoulder as he raced along, "what was the matter?" The dying man said, "When I tried to end the spiral, the controls did not seem to take hold of the air."

Thus, out of deepest personal grief, came Shorty's intense curiosity about the roots of all misfortunes in flying. Peck's death was a first clue to real understanding of the tailspin; in his evidence were technical hints for a man like Shorty. In his modern work, virtually always something was learned that brought greater safety. For example, that Arkansas swamp accident; here, a definite cause never discovered, but there was reason to suspect interference with the pilots; hence, Shorty's air-line regulation that doors be kept locked and passengers *never permitted to enter the* pilot cockpits.

Shorty has three racial characteristics which are invaluable in analytical work; *he is* orderly, patient and stubborn. When he arrived upon the scene of a mishap he would ask: "Is it all here? No—one motor is back over the hill? All right, let's go there first—never mind this." He worked toward the ship, then; from the first sign of its wreckage to the final stop mark. He looked for signs of structural failure; defects. He studied the "flight path"—that is, the angle of glide at which the plane came to earth as revealed by trees, wheel tracks, and the like. This is important; if steep, crooked, the plane was falling, perhaps out of control. If a normal glide, the pilot was probably trying to make a controlled landing. If level, the pilot didn't know—at first—that he was in contact.

Finished with all the visible evidence of what happened when the plane came down, Shorty would collect evidence of what happened before. He would travel miles back along the route; question people of all manners and degrees. Much evidence is bound to be untrustworthy; on the other hand, some—garage or service-station men, for example—provide *knowing descriptions of how the* motors sounded; traffic policemen may be relied upon for testimony as to whether the plane was off its normal course; newsboys will tell you about the weather. Then, of course, there is expert advice from airways ground men; radio messages; condition of plane when it left the last airport.

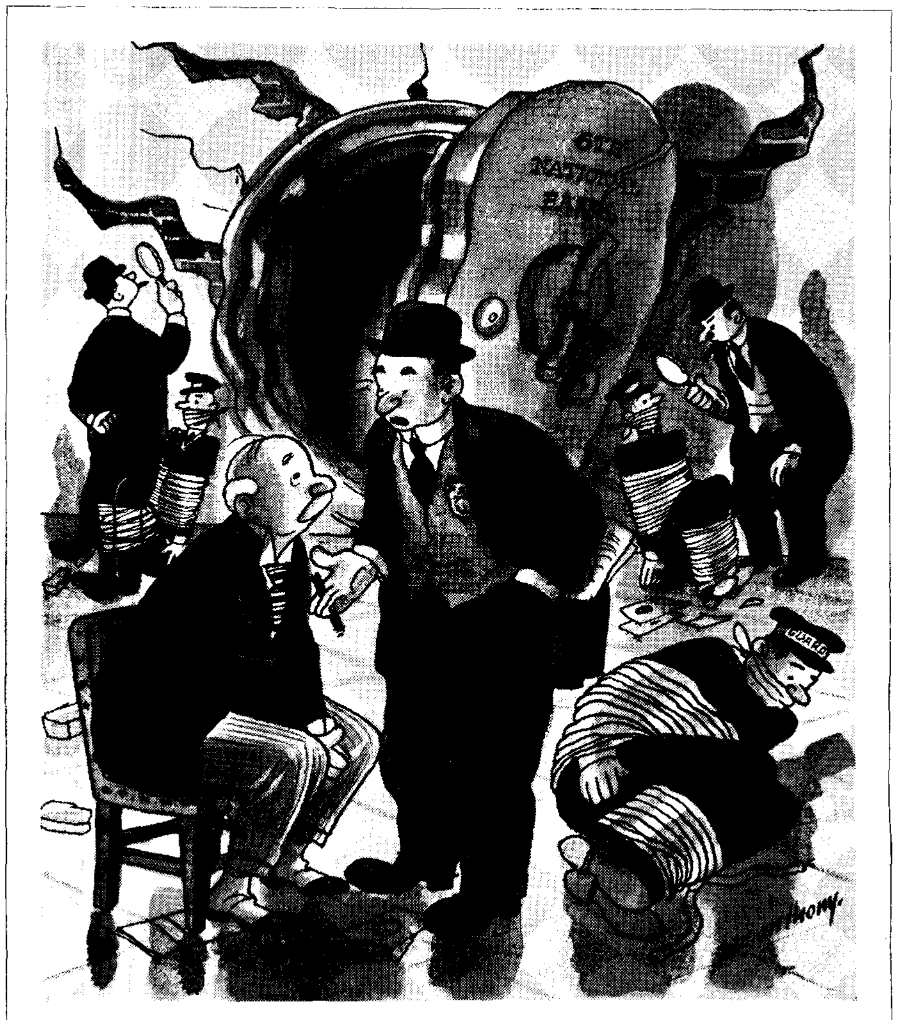
With every possible shred of evidence in hand—sometimes reaching back weeks into the pilot's life, into the factory of the plane's origin—*Shorty would* go into session with himself, alone. He would make himself the pilot of the unfortunate ship, and mentally fly it *through the whole situation*—as he was able to reconstruct that. Shorty's work, together with the Air Bureau's successful battle for authority to hold public hearings and to make public the findings, tended to dissipate the mystery behind flying accidents.

He Has an Accordion

Now he fetches his priceless experience to actual operations.

Shorty has developed checks, schemes, regulations that make flying increasingly safe. Many of these are technical; and we have no space to describe them here. You will, no doubt, be relieved to know that Shorty—instead of being soured by his experiences—believes in the ultimate whole safety of flying. "How can you doubt aviation is going to win," he asks.

We can't. The only thing we can doubt is the wisdom of ever renting a house next door to Shorty. On account of his accordion. When he was at Ford's he paid $600 for that accordion, which is the most famous bit of nonflying equipment in American aviation. He studied nights, and learned to play seven pieces. But he can never go any farther; *because when he learns an eighth piece,* he forgets the first. "It's just a blind spot," he says, "in my psychology." One of the pieces he knows is "The Rocky *Road to Dublin," and* Henry Ford always asks him to play that, for he remembers that Shorty's mother was Irish.



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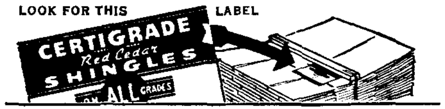

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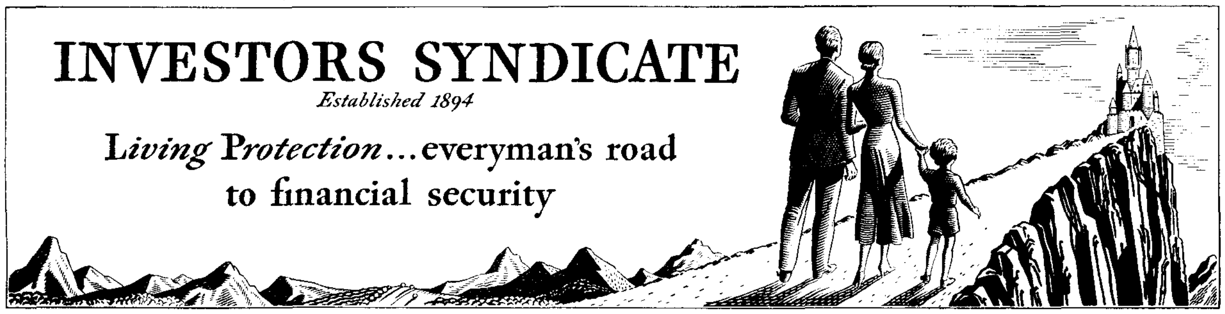
Ask an Investors Syndicate representative to talk with you. And write today to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C-711, Minneapolis, Minn., for a copy of the booklet that may prove the corner-stone of your future security—*A New Plan of Life.*



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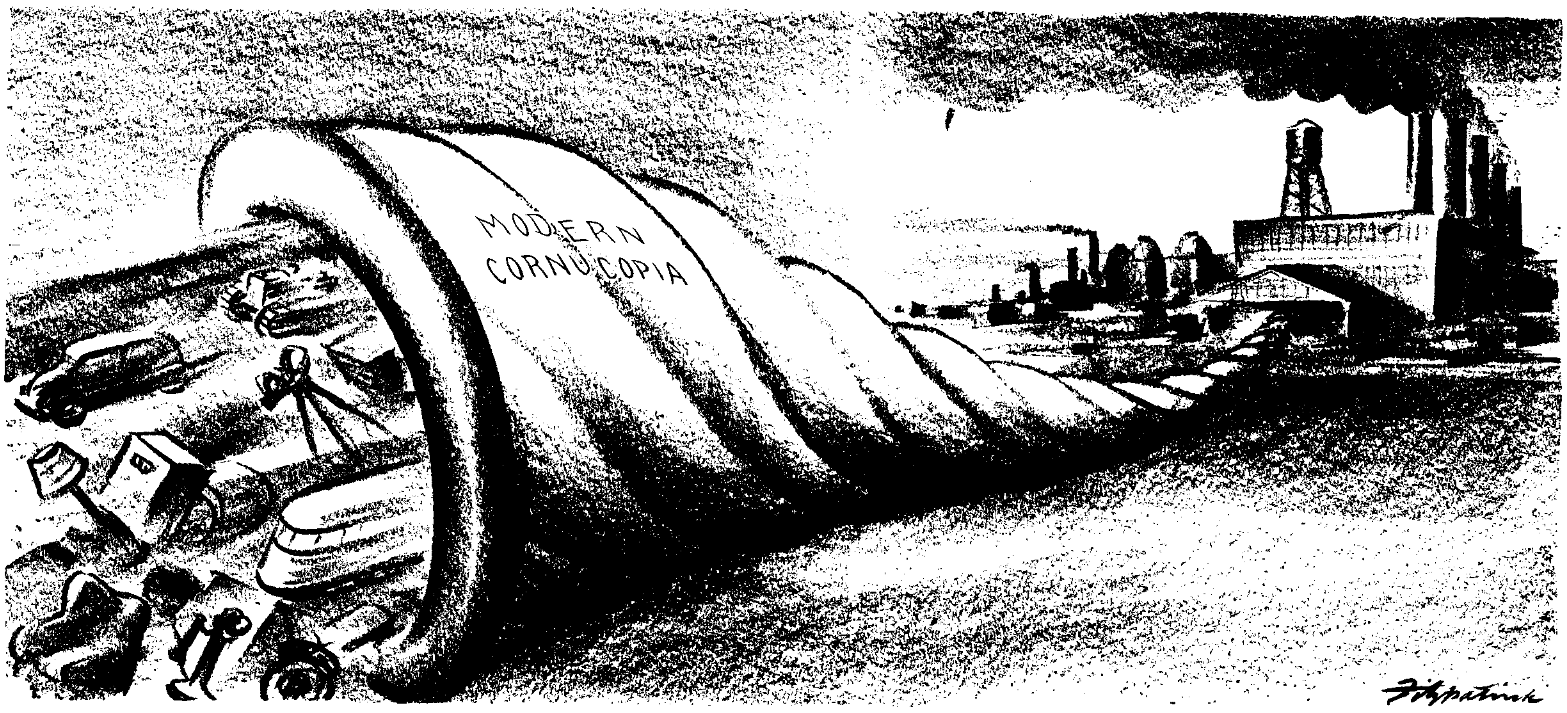

Wealth is What We Make It

BOULDER DAM on the Colorado River and the Great Pyramid of Egypt are practically identical in size.

The Great Pyramid, built thousands of years before the Christian era, required the labor of 100,000 men during twenty years, or 2,000,000 man-years of labor. Boulder Dam required less than 2,400 man-years of labor.

Engineering science thus enables one modern man to do as much massive building as 833 laborers could accomplish before power machinery was invented.

The Great Pyramid was created to gratify a king's vanity. It is a beautiful tomb and monument, and that is all. It added nothing to the life of the Egyptians. Boulder Dam, too, is beautiful. It will contribute to the comfort and resources of millions of people. Water for human consumption and for the transformation of desert land into fertile gardens, and electric energy for myriad purposes, will flow from it during long years to come.

The history of the last one hundred years is the story of growing power and increasing comfort. Neither the Great Pyramid nor Boulder Dam could have been created in the America of George Washington. Engineering science was only a little beyond that of the ancients. We lacked sufficient men for immense undertakings.

American farmers at the time of Thomas Jefferson were still using agricultural methods familiar long before Greece and Rome became centers of civilization. They lived no better than the ancients. Surplus production was a petty problem. When the Constitution was written nineteen farmers were able together to grow only enough to feed themselves and one city person. In recent years nineteen farmers have provided enough beyond their own keep to feed fifty-six Americans living in American cities and ten other people living abroad.

Yet agriculture is the one great industry which has been only partly changed by the use of power machines. Most cotton and fruit is still picked by hand. Alabama, with most handwork, has the lowest average income for agricultural workers. Nevada has the highest. The Alabama farmer has only 1.5 horsepower to add to the strength of his back. The man in Nevada has 9.5 horsepower available in his machinery. So the Alabaman produces $492 worth of crops in a year and the Nevadan creates an income of $2,263 by his efforts.

Whether we work by hand or with machinery we can consume and enjoy only what we create. There isn't any more. We got up to a very high level in 1927, the highest level of production ever reached by any people at any time anywhere. We have since been retrieving the advance we lost. Progress has been steady. Last year our national income rose to nearly sixty-four billions, according to a recent Department of Commerce reckoning.

This is better than the year before but it is a full fifth less than we earned in 1929. We are, however, still going ahead. Our production this year will undoubtedly be well ahead of 1936. This year we may create 70 billion dollars' worth of goods and services.

The shares of the national income secured by different classes are curiously stable. Labor's share was 66.5% in 1936. This compares with 65.5% in 1929 and a low of 64% in 1932. Dividends were only slightly lower last year than at the 1929 peak. Eight years of tumult and political excitement seem to have produced no important changes in the distribution of what we as a nation produce. Some individuals have more and some have less than they had eight years ago but boss and office boy occupy relatively the same positions in the economic scale.

It is reassuring, if you like stability, to be informed by these governmental figures that our national foundations are so sturdy. If we withstood the storms of the past few years, we should be secure in any probable future.

By the same token, if we want to live better we shall have to produce more. We can distribute only what we make. The methods of distribution have not been changed and doubtless will not be radically altered during the years immediately ahead.

We have seldom thought of increased production as a great national goal. In the old days increased production was the natural tendency resulting from the efforts of men to mind their own businesses. The New Deal has been more concerned about new rules for distribution than about the prosaic business of creating more for the entire nation.

If the past, and the very recent as well as the long past, is a clue to the future, none of us will live much better except as technique advances and industry expands. The fact that twenty million American families own automobiles is a miracle made possible and credible only by mass production.

The Nevada farmer who creates four times as much as the Alabaman inevitably lives better. The great problem is to increase the productivity so that all may advance in the scale of living.

Congress can actually help people to live better by considering the effects upon production of the numerous measures which will soon be before it. If the general result of legislation is not to increase production, the laws are bad, however innocent or noble their intentions. The test is very practical. Good laws enable us to produce more and live better. Laws which restrain production and compel us to live worse are bad.

The smart politician who wants to stay long in office will try to help us live better.

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Beat separately whites, then yolks of six eggs. Beat yolks until light; then beat in six tablespoons of sugar until smooth. Slowly add four jiggers of GOLDEN WEDDING, and one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg. Now add beaten whites. Beat slowly and thoroughly. Add half pint heavy cream whipped stiff. Serve slightly chilled from bowl. Decorate with grated nutmeg.

Schenley's
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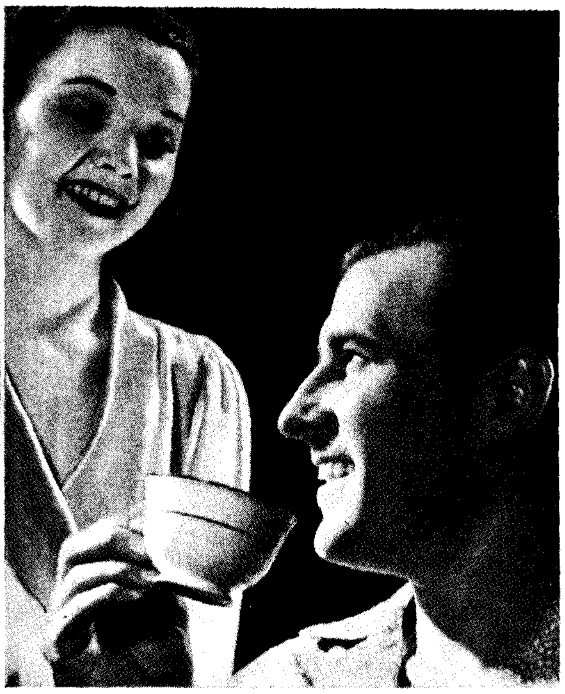
1 He can't get to sleep! He lies awake, tossing and turning, while half the night goes by. Such individuals are in need of help, for nights like that, long continued, will naturally impair a person's health and outlook. In addition to that . . .

2 . . . sleeplessness jeopardizes your job! No one can do good work when his brain is befuddled from the lack of sleep.



3 Thousands are learning of this modern way to get sound sleep at night. Wives are telling husbands. It's a pleasant food-habit. You simply take a cup of Ovaltine when you go to bed at night, and . . .

How Thousands *are getting* SOUND SLEEP!

The experience portrayed on this page is not uncommon. How one food-drink makes it easier to get sound, restful sleep . . .

From every state in the union reports continue to come in of the unusual value of Ovaltine at bedtime, in helping people to get to sleep quickly and sleep restfully the whole night through!

Such reports are bound to be of interest to anyone who can't sleep well. For example:—

R. W. Duck of Houston, Tex., writes: "*I've never written a letter of this kind before . . . For two years I would go to bed so tired and nervous I couldn't sleep . . . Three months ago I started using Ovaltine and since then I've been getting real rest. I wake up in the morning feeling healthy!*"

Mrs. E. Kelley, Auburn, N. Y.—"*My husband suffered many restless nights—would toss and turn before getting to sleep. I had him take Ovaltine and he is resting so much better. Has more energy.*"

Thousands of other letters tell the same story.

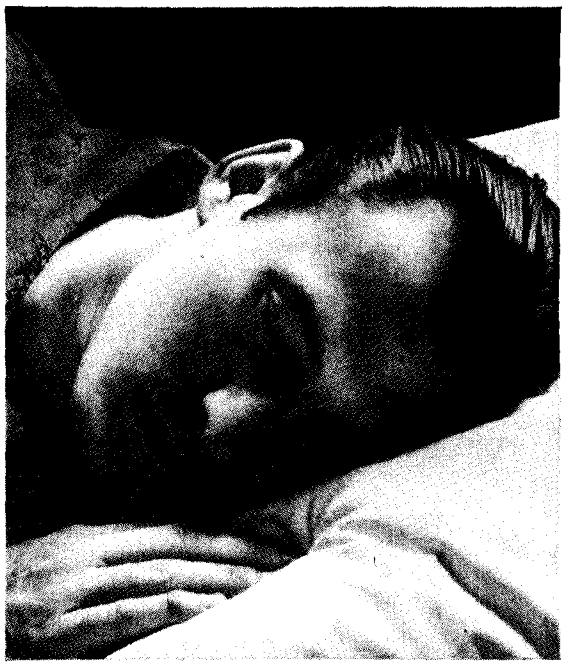
Ovaltine helps you to relax at night! It relieves that feeling of "inner tenseness" which keeps you from getting to sleep quickly and sleeping *restfully.* It enables you to loosen up so that you not only sleep promptly but with greater relaxation.

Ovaltine was not originated as an aid to sleep. It was created as a food for convalescents and is still widely used for that purpose. But doctors soon found that, when it was taken at bedtime, it also promoted sound, natural sleep.

It is of course not a drug, but a food—rich in vitamins and minerals and other food elements you need. It helps to restore your tired body and nerves while you are sleeping.

So, if you don't sleep well or wake up feeling well-rested in the morning, *try* Ovaltine. Take it regularly at bedtime—for a month at least. Then you'll make it your "nightcap" *every* night! Find out *for yourself* how much richer life can be when you get a good sound night's sleep nightly! You can get Ovaltine at all grocery and drug stores.

(Doctors approve Ovaltine. Hospitals use it—over 1,700 in this country alone!)



4 . . . sound restful sleep is the result which users everywhere report! Not only does Ovaltine foster *prompter* sleep at night—it also makes sleep more restful and beneficial—giving a feeling of greater well-being and "pep" the next day . . .

5 All you do is mix three or four teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a cup of milk and drink at bedtime. It's easy to prepare and delicious! It is not a drug in any sense. It is a food. It is not habit-forming, but it's a *mighty* good habit to form!

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